THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

DECEMBER 11, 1948

15¢

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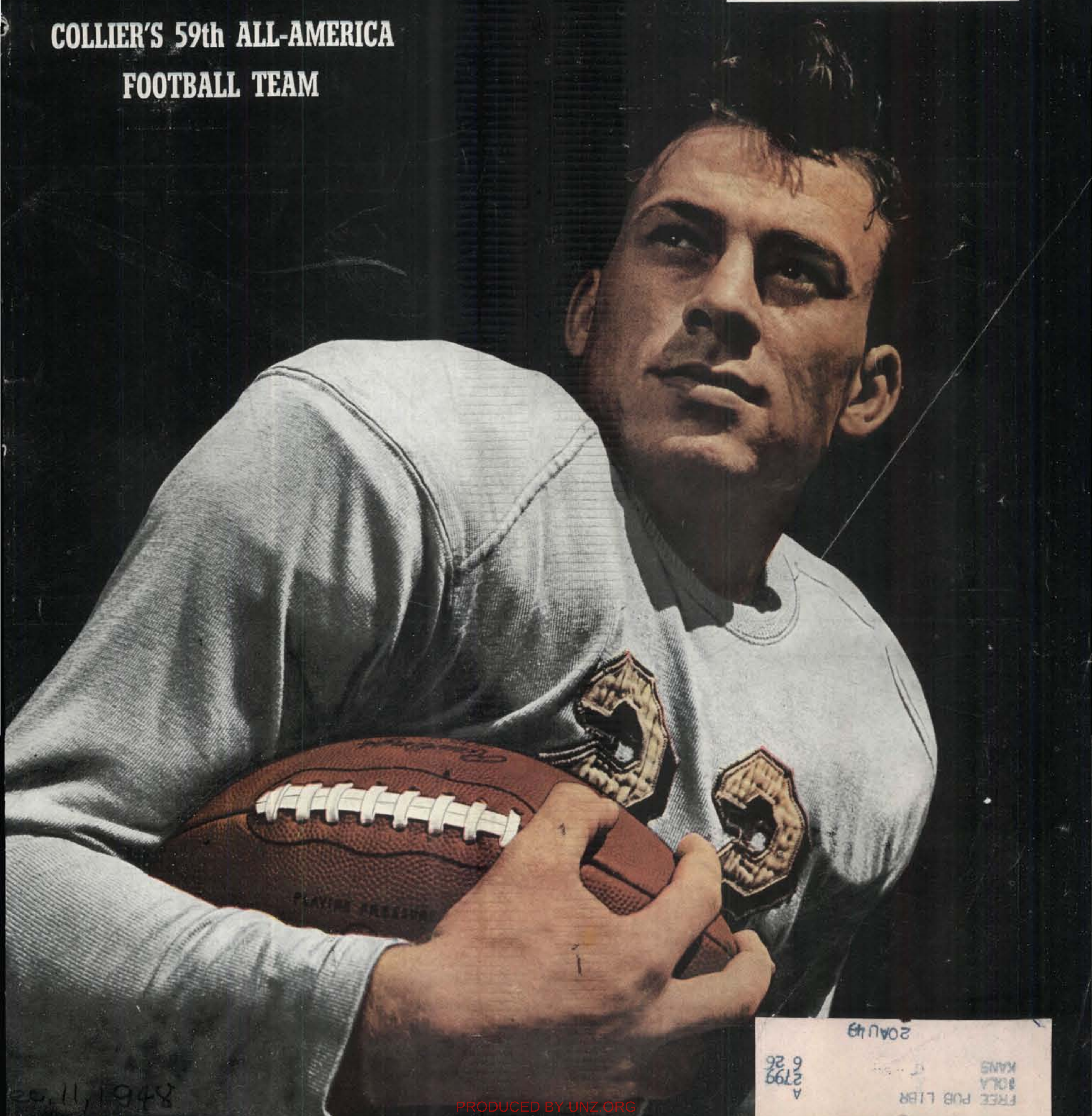
Charity Racketeers –The Meanest Crooks on Earth!

SEE PAGE 21

COLLIER'S 59th ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM



Dec. 11, 1948

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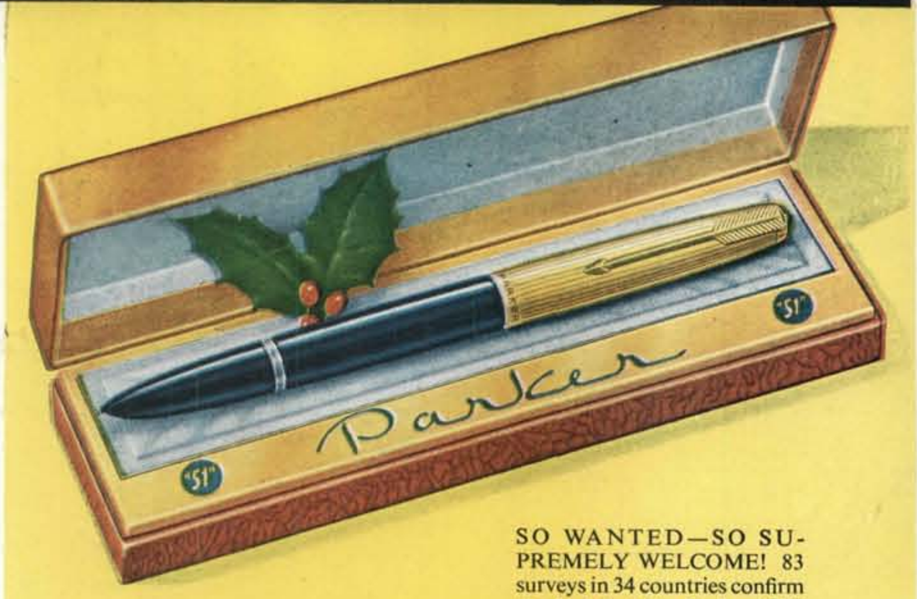
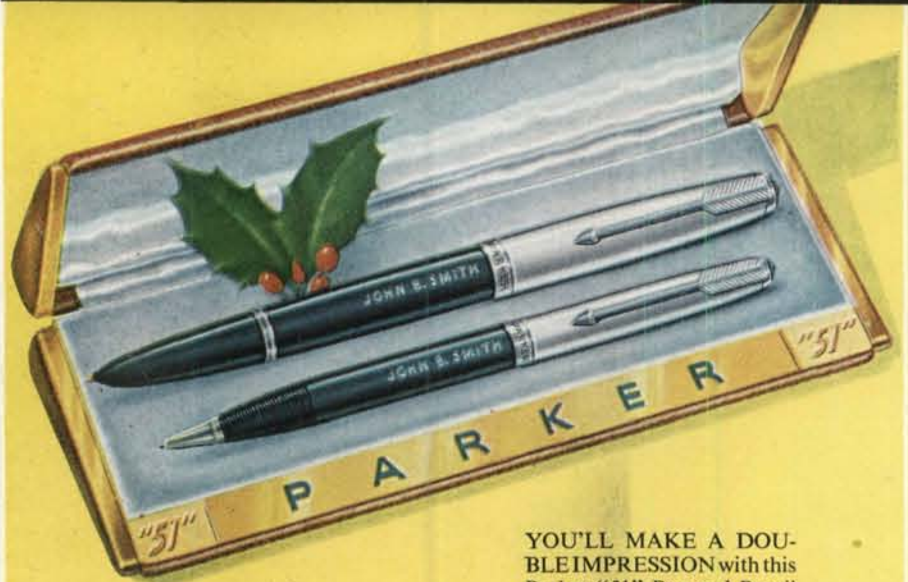
FOR THE MOST VALUED OF YOUR FRIENDS...

Parker "51"... world's most wanted gift pen

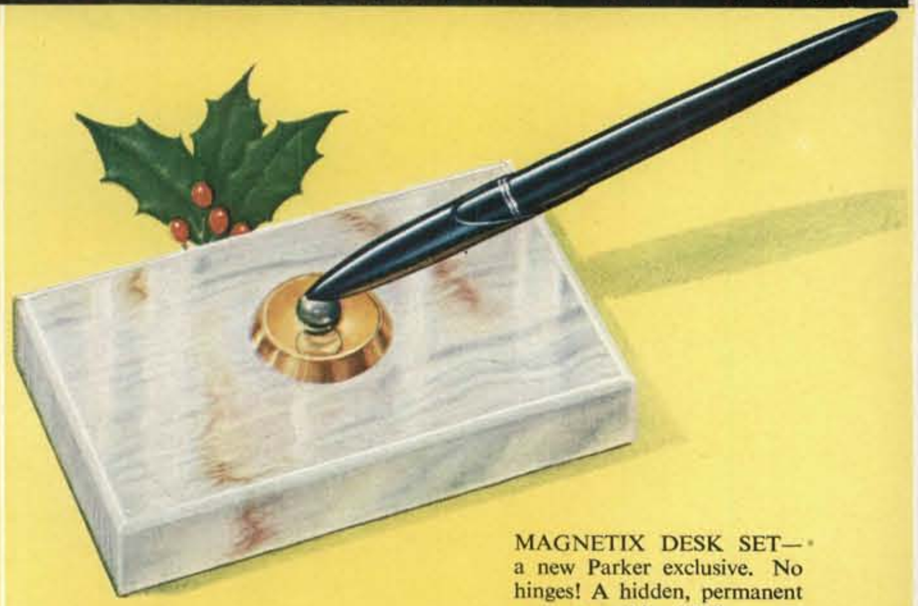


SO WANTED—SO SUPREMELY WELCOME! 83 surveys in 34 countries confirm the fact that the Parker "51" is the most appealing of all writing instruments.

PERFECT GIFTS TO KEEP THEM THINKING OF YOU!

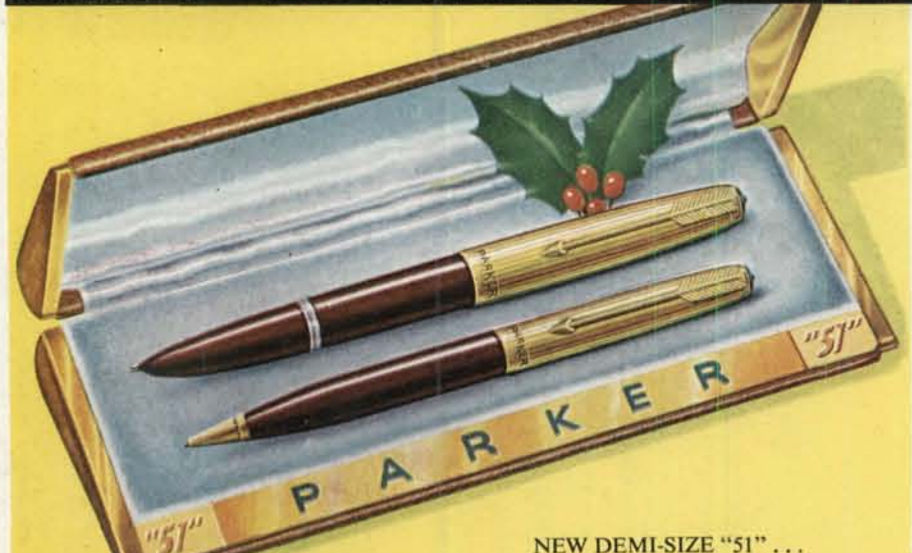


YOU'LL MAKE A DOUBLE IMPRESSION with this Parker "51" Pen and Pencil set. As with individual "51" Pens, you have a choice of caps: lustraloy or gold-filled.



MAGNETIX DESK SET— a new Parker exclusive. No hinges! A hidden, permanent magnet enables "51" pen to swing on a metal sphere. Genuine Pedrara onyx base.

THEY GIVE INDIVIDUALITY TO YOUR GOOD WISHES



NEW DEMI-SIZE "51"... in single pens or sets! Smaller, more compact. The pen is less than 5 inches long. Clips upright in a woman's purse. A favorite with men, too.

Your gift of Parker "51" is certain to win a delighted welcome. For here is the world's most-wanted pen. Actually, it's far more wanted than the next two widely known makes of pens combined.

● "51" givers deplete dealers' stocks quickly the last few days before Christmas. It's wise to select your pen or set *now*.

With its sleek beauty, its precise writing action, the famous "51" will express your warmest regard many times each day through many years to come. Choose from rich colors, lustraloy or gold-filled caps. Pens, including the new *demi-size*, $12.50 and up. Pencils, $6.25 and up. Sets, $18.75 to $80.00.

Parker "51" *Magnetix* Desk Sets come in 9 brilliant styles. Bases are of genuine onyx or glass. $15.00 and up. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis., U. S. A., and Toronto, Can.

COPR. 1948 BY THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

"51" writes dry with wet ink!

Look what's in the other fellow's Cough
2
3
1
5
4
6
7
8
ONDARY INVA ERS
1. Pneumococcus Type IV 2. [illegible]ptococcu[illegible]ans
3. Streptococcus hemolyticus 4. Pneumococcus Type III
5. Micrococcus catarrhalis 6. Bacillus influenzae
7. Friedlander's bacillus
8. Staphylococcus aureus
EVENING

GARGLE
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
Quick!

When somebody with a cold coughs or sneezes, millions of germs can come hurtling your way. They can go up your nose; fill your mouth; go back in your throat. They can join forces with other germs already there to start trouble.

Doctors call them the "secondary invaders" and say they are responsible for most of the misery of colds, and sore throats associated with colds.

Attack Them Early

If you've been exposed to coughers or sneezers . . . if you feel chilly and under par, gargle with Listerine Antiseptic as soon as you can. You may thus help head off a cold entirely or lessen its severity if it has already started.

You see, Listerine Antiseptic reaches far back on mouth and throat surfaces to kill such germs . . . attacks them before they attack you . . . helps to guard against a "mass invasion" of germs into the body.

Here's Germ Killing Action!

After a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, clinical tests actually showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces of as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after the gargle, as much as 80% one hour after.

This germ-killing action undoubtedly accounts for Listerine Antiseptic's record in tests made over a 12 year period: Fewer and milder colds, and fewer sore throats due to colds for those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day.

So, at the first sneeze or sniffle, Listerine Antiseptic, quick!

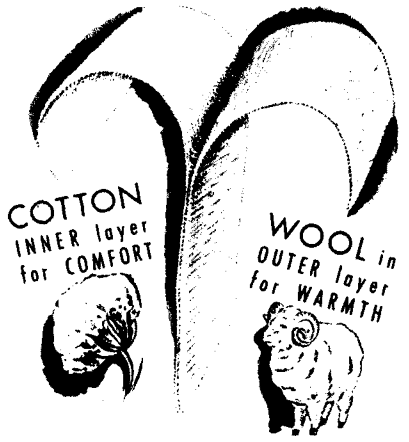
Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

Lots more warmth

Lots less weight

with Duofold you Insulate!



COTTON INNER layer for COMFORT
WOOL in OUTER layer for WARMTH

You can "take winter and like it" in Duofold — the underwear knit in two *thin* layers with air space between, held together by tiny interlocking stitches. Duofold insulates *you* against cold. The *outer* layer contains wool to protect you from outdoor penetrating cold and chill. The *inner* layer — all soft cotton — gives you freedom of action . . . freedom from wool's itch. There's only one Duofold—ask for it at better stores everywhere.

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AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING CERTIFIED WASHABLE

All popular styles for men and boys.

Duofold 2 layer HEALTH UNDERWEAR

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

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The Week's Mail

THE GATE TO PEACE

DEAR MR. CHENERY: Re the Collier's editorial for Oct. 16th, The Gate to Peace Is the Church Door, what a pity that this statement was not made seven years ago! Why was not the church sought out *then* instead of being used to further the designs of a powerful minority in our land?

Why wasn't Washington's Farewell Address, the greatest document in American history, nailed to every church door in the land seven years ago? But that would have required a martyr's courage.

And now after seven years of world distress and misery, you say, "The Gate to Peace Is the Church Door."

MRS. MARY E. SCHAEFER, Reading, Pa.

. . . I agree wholeheartedly with Collier's that there will be no peace until we find it under the banner of the Prince of Peace.

We have had enough nominal or historic or inherited Christianity. Someone has said, "Most people's Christianity is only an inherited bit of propriety." And that kind of religion does not make much of a change in a person's life.

Someone has said, "Our churches are inoculating the world with a mild form of Christianity (tolerant of sin and wickedness) that makes it immune to the real thing."

WILLIAM M. HENDERSON, Anna, Ill.

DER INT'L HA-HA!

LIEBER HERREN: We intend preventing a little to all politicians of the world by uniting all peoples in the real sense of the word. But do not be alarmed, there is no question about a new party, but we only have the idea of publishing a new periodical in which the best jokes

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 122, No. 24.
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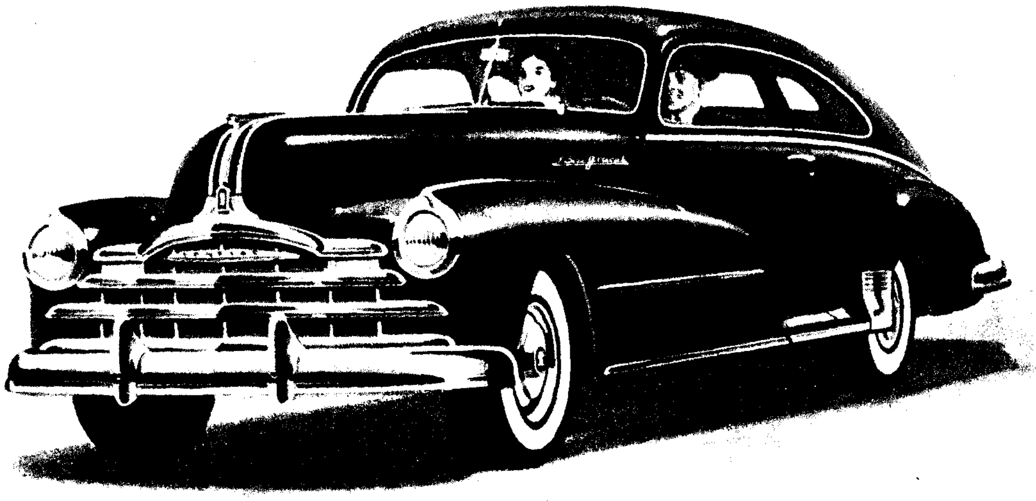
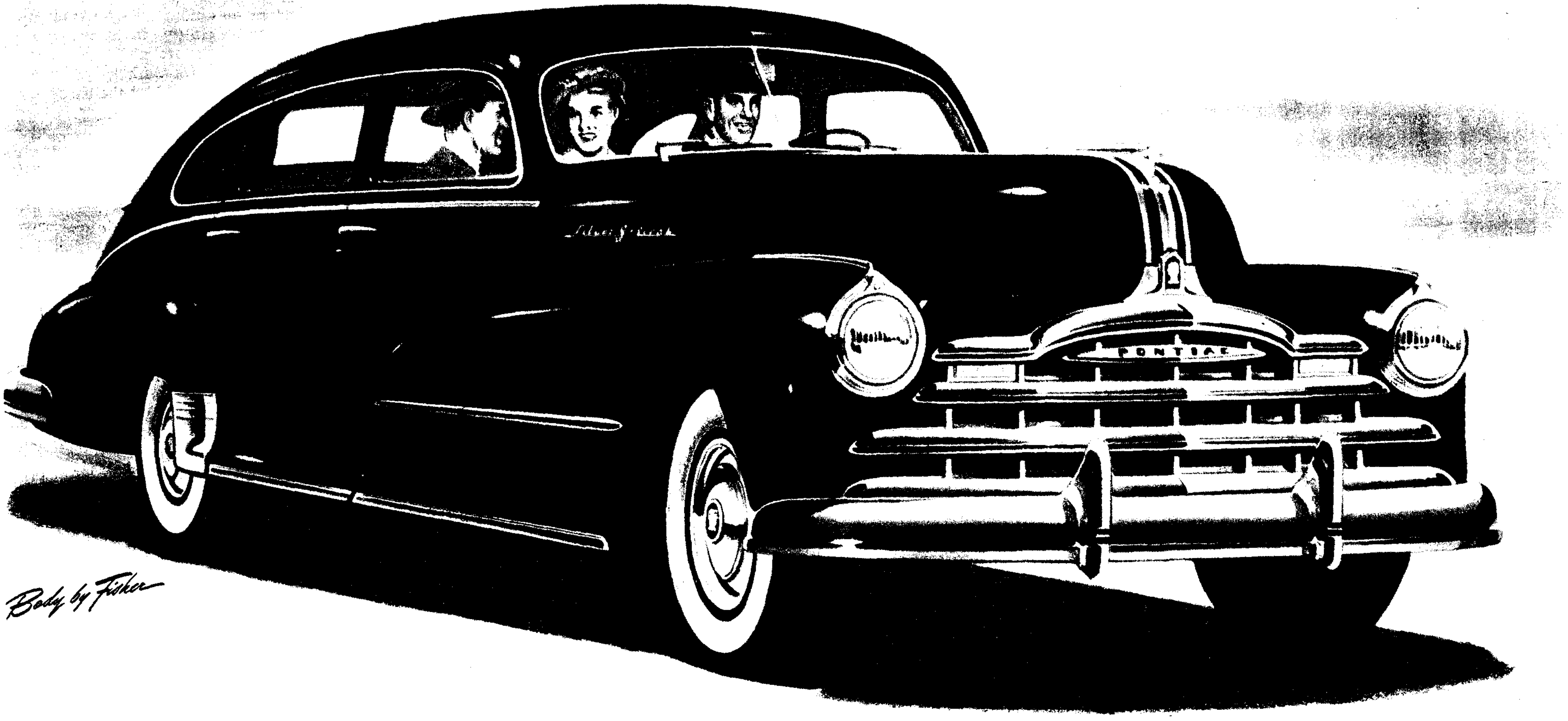
A fine car made even finer

PONTIAC





Owners Of Other Cars Like It, Too!

Every day, it seems, more and more fine things are being said about Pontiac.

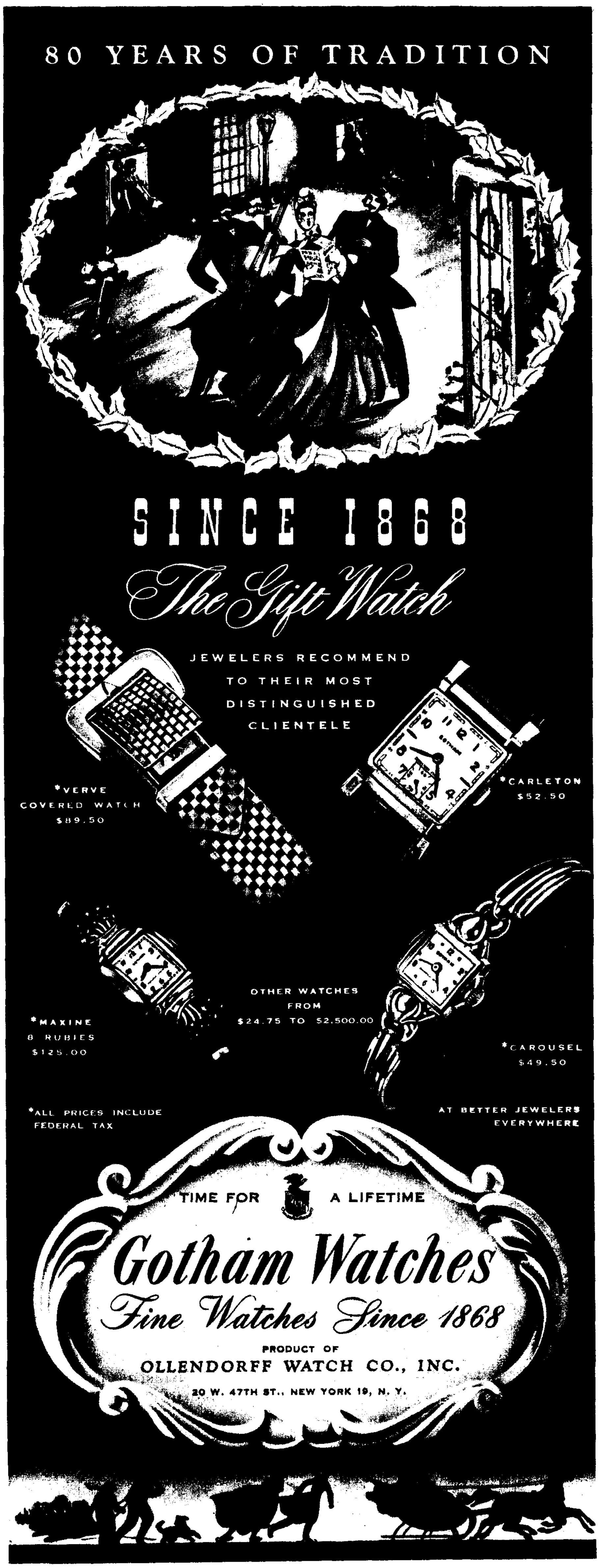
Owners of the 1948 Pontiac might be expected to be enthusiastic. For they are driving the most beautiful and finest-performing Pontiac ever built. And most of them—those who have elected to do so—are enjoying the matchless performance advantages of General Motors Hydra-Matic Drive,* now available on all Pontiac models.

But good words about Pontiac are also coming from people who drive *other* cars. There is a growing public impression—and you can sense it everywhere—that Pontiac is a great automobile. It is not only the enthusiastic *first* choice of its own owners—but it seems to be the "runner-up" with other owners as well.

The cause of this growing public reputation is *quality*. For Pontiac is a *good* car—built to last *long* and to last *well*. Every year it is a *fine* car—and every year it gets better!

*Illustrated: DeLuxe Streamliner 2-Door Sedan and DeLuxe Streamliner 4-Door Sedan. *GM Hydra-Matic Drive and white sidewall tires optional at additional cost.*

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION of GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION


80 YEARS OF TRADITION

SINCE 1868

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Fine Watches Since 1868

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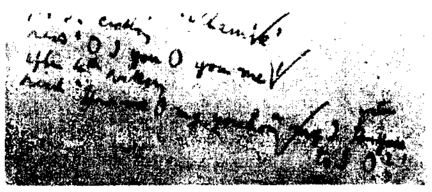
of the whole world shall be put down.

But this collection in which the best jokes will make a merry appointment will enable everybody to understand all one's neighbor or even antipode is laughing at. Is this not an idea we might be envied at? For carrying out this idea, however, we need your permission to print down the caricatures, cartoons and jokes you published and to translate them into German, and besides, last not least, it is your Collier's that we are in want of.

Karl Marklein-Verlag G.M.B.H.,
Düsseldorf, Germany

THE READABLE JOYCE

Dear Sir: Dennis Hansen's statement (Keep Up With the World, Oct. 23d) that


FROM JAMES JOYCE, BY HERBERT GORMAN, COPYRIGHT 1940. RINEHART & CO., INC., PUBLISHERS

James Joyce's handwriting was illegible is absurd. Specimens of the Irish genius' extremely easy-to-read script may be found in Stephen Hero and James Joyce by Herbert Gorman. British censors did hold up the manuscript of the Sirens Episode of Ulysses during World War I but not because of illegibility. Joyce introduced the scene in the Ormond Bar with a series of 49 unrelated phrases from the text that was to follow in the manner of a symphonic prelude and censors suspected a code.

Daniel J. Smith, Pass Christian, Miss.

NUESTROS AMIGOS DEL SUD

Gentlemen: Congratulations to Collier's for the timing of Uncle Sam's Latin Salesman (Oct. 16th) and a proven sense of values in respect to events south of the border.

Last Sunday, under the leadership of members of Haya de la Torre's Aprista party, components of the Peruvian navy revolted against the government of "thin, scholarly" President Bustamante. Unfortunately, the news dispatches fail to mention the whereabouts or disposition of Pachacutec. Perhaps such news is considered unimportant.

John M. McCauley, Somerville, N. J.

ULTRAFAX

Dear Sirs: I am interested to note that in Mr. Velie's excellent article on the transmission of Gone with the Wind in 90 seconds, he states the novel was a million words long (A Million Words A Minute, Oct. 30th).

I estimate the book as running about 450,000 words. Three hundred thousand words is more nearly correct.

Muriel Fuller, New York City

Mr. Velie did not say Gone with the Wind was 1,000,000 words long. He said Ultrafax is capable of sending 1,000,000 words a minute.

. . . A Million Words A Minute—that's nothing! My wife's been sending quite a few more. . . .

Edgis Matthews, Jersey City, N. J.

THE MOON IS MADE OF GREEN CHEESE

Dear Editor: If any of the dwellers in Times Square, after reading Rocket Blitz from the Moon (Oct. 23d) are jittery and can't sleep these nights, let me reassure them. That astronomer might just as well have spent two and a half years and five feet of foolscap in figuring out how to drop a rocket on the earth from Neptune, compared to which, in distance, the moon is but a hop, step and jump away.

Collier's asks who will be the first to fly to the moon on an interstellar rocket. I must decline, without even thanks. I refuse to go where I can't step out any time I want to and get a bologna sausage and cheese combination sandwich.

John Heintz, St. Louis, Mo.

. . . Rocket Blitz from the Moon is the kind of *bilge* that is used in editing class-D thriller movies. There is very little possibility of a rocket ever reaching the earth. Mr. Richardson said, "At eleven o'clock it is 10,200 miles from New York and moving at a 15,700-mile-an-hour clip." If a rocket were to reach the earth's atmosphere at this rate of speed the friction would develop such a tremendous heat that the rocket would become a harmless meteor.

The rocket would have a very poor chance of reaching our atmosphere as there are countless small bodies floating in space which would collide with the rocket blowing it to bits. Both of my statements have been confirmed by my physics teacher, Mr. Allen F. Ayers. We have very little to fear from interplanetary wars until these two conditions can be overcome.

Gordon Keifer, Jamestown, N. Y.

. . . The article's impact has got me to sleep in the cellar. Tomorrow I start digging deeper. . . . Fred Brady, Utica, N. Y.

AVERTED CATASTROPHE

Sirs: You will be happy to know that your article, What to Do Until the Vet Comes (Oct. 23d), has been used successfully.

Our five-week-old kitten managed to get herself under a rocker in our home. Your magazine arrived yesterday morning. The accident occurred yesterday afternoon.

Noting her staggering walk and blood from the nose and mouth, my husband and I applied the "accident" treatment immediately. We used gauze and tape. After keeping her still by force for half an hour, she became quiet. I removed the gauze and placed her in her bed for the night.

This morning she was much better. Also very hungry.

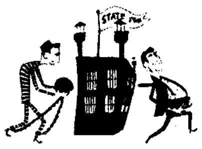
Mrs. Ray Veytruba, Adrian, Mich.

. . . The article riles me no end on its advice about the removal of porcupine quills. They need *not* be pulled with pliers—and you need not chain the dog.

Instead, take a scissors or a sharp knife, and snip off the ends of the quills. Then just pull them out with your finger tips. It deflates the air pocket in the hollow stem of the quill and the barbs on the tip do not hold. My own dog stood without flinching while I did it.

Mrs. Ray M. Bonney, Corvallis, Ore.

FAT OF THE INLAND



Editor Collier's: For quite a number of years I have been looking into the activities of fat men—especially the criminal phase; and after having checked the records of a number of state prisons, I have not yet found where a fat man has been sent to prison, but without exception all have become fat after being sent to prison. Here in Texas we regard Collier's as being the very highest authority on matters of common interest.

Why are fat men never sent to prison?

Owen Saunders, Gainesville, Texas

Can it be that it's so hard to push them in through those bars?

OUTSIZE MUSIC BOX

Gentlemen: Your article about Steinway fails to mention that there is no such thing as a piano any more (The Fortune a Piano Built, Oct. 23d). Nobody who paid last year's taxes can afford both a grand piano and a house big enough to hold it. Let's have the good old ugly upright back again. There was a *piano*, from which you got what you hit.

Frank A. Virdin, Upper Darby, Pa.

What to give him got you stumped?

Then ask yourself this question: "What kind of things does he really need?" For most men, the answer is simple: smart, practical gifts like these . . . fine white broadcloth shirts, in collar styles for every face . . . handsome, wrinkle-resistant Yellowstone Print foulard ties . . . fine-combed cotton handkerchiefs, with his initial, perhaps . . . this luxuriously soft Skipper V-Neck Sweater of finest Zephyr wool . . . or durable Peccary Pigskin Gloves with hand-sewn hem. All bear the Wilson Brothers label —your guarantee of the style and quality he'd pick for himself!

Wilson Brothers
SKIPPER
Wilson Brothers
100% WOOL
FINEST ZEPHYR WOOL

Wilson Brothers

men's wear

FOR YOUNG MEN OF ALL AGES: Faultless Nobelt Pajamas • Shirts • Skipper Sportswear • Sweaters Super Shorts • Wilcrest Ties • Buffer Socks • T-Shirts • Knit Underwear • Handkerchiefs • Gloves

Three Wise Gifts for Men

Personalized JEWELRY TONGUE BUCKLES by PIONEER

Modern and masculine in design. Twin tones of gold and silver accent the distinctive initial, rendered in smart, ribbon technique. (Buckle only) $1.00

High-luster and satin finish metal are smartly combined in this all gold-tone buckle, featuring the "BOLD" block type initial. (Buckle only) $1.50

Fashioned in a handsome gold and silver combination to emphasize the modern Bold Look initial. (Buckle only) $2.50

Belts to accompany these jewelry tongue buckles priced from $1.50 to $7.50. On sale at better men's counters everywhere.

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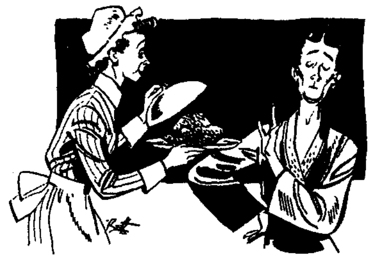
America's Finest Accessories for Men and Boys

★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

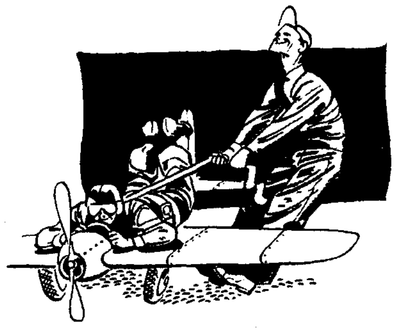
BY FRELING FOSTER

THE LONGEST TIME that a person has been known to live without solid food is 69 days, the record set by Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, Ireland, who went on a hunger strike and starved himself to death in prison in 1920. The shortest survival was probably that of Sarah Jacobs of Wales, who, paradoxically, was famous for her alleged ability to fast. In 1869, after she and her parents had sworn, before many vast audiences, that no food had passed her lips for more than two years, the little impostor was placed, by the authorities, under the surveillance of professional nurses and died of starvation in nine days.



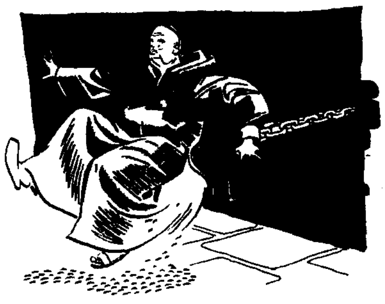
ONE OF THE greatest honors ever bestowed upon a dog was that given Caesar, the beloved pet of King Edward VII of England. In the funeral procession of the sovereign in 1910, the little wire-haired terrier was allowed to march, with the king's favorite horse, directly behind the gun carriage bearing his master, thus taking precedence over members of the royal family, eight kings and scores of princes and high dignitaries from nearly every country in the world.

FOR A DECADE after 1918, an Italian sculptor, Alceo Dossena, reproduced numerous pieces of Renaissance sculpture and sold the majority, at an average price of $200, to an art dealer, who claimed that he disposed of them as copies at a slight profit. However, as they were such clever imitations, the dealer sold the pieces as originals for fabulous sums to the world's leading art museums and private collectors. The exposé in 1928 made Dossena and his imitations so famous that, at an auction of his works in New York five years later, the Italian government gave an official document to each buyer that guaranteed his purchase to be a "genuine" fake of the sculptor.



BUILT RECENTLY by four California engineers in their spare time, the smallest airplane on record is only 15 feet in both length and wing span and 170 pounds in weight including the engine. To fly the midget, which resembles a glorified ironing board with wings, the pilot has to lie prone on the narrow fuselage and be strapped to it so he will not roll off.

NEAR MOUNT SINAI, Egypt, St. Catherine's Monastery has preserved the remains of three of its monks in accordance with their last request made some 800 years ago. One was a doorkeeper who asked to hold his job forever and whose mummy has since been sitting beside the door he guarded in life. The other two when young took a vow to devote their lives to perpetual adoration, one praying while the other was asleep and vice versa, and thereafter they never saw nor spoke to each other again although they occupied adjoining cells. Their only connection was a chain that ran through the wall and was fastened to their wrists, which each would tug as a signal when ready to begin and end his prayers. They died together and today their skeletons lie side by side in caskets and are still united by the same chain.—*By James M. Avery, New York, N. Y.*



DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

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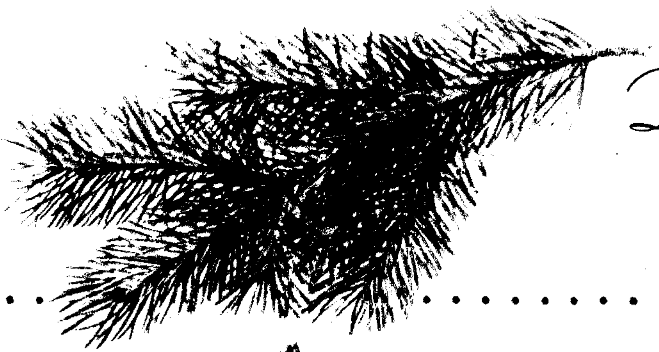
When you choose a Xmas tree

THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE*

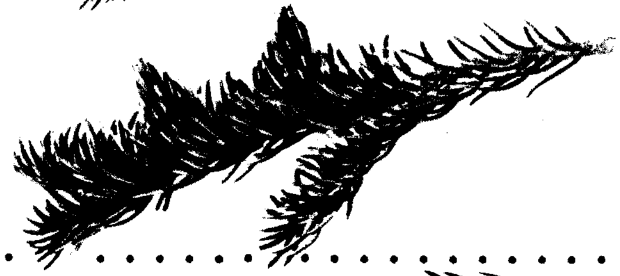
identify the kind of tree

*Prepared in cooperation with specialists of American Museum of Natural History.



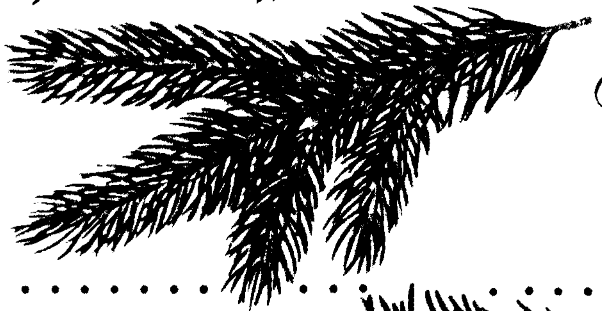
Douglas Fir

Needles are narrow and bluntly pointed. A slight twist at the base of these needles points them in all directions from the branch on which they are growing.



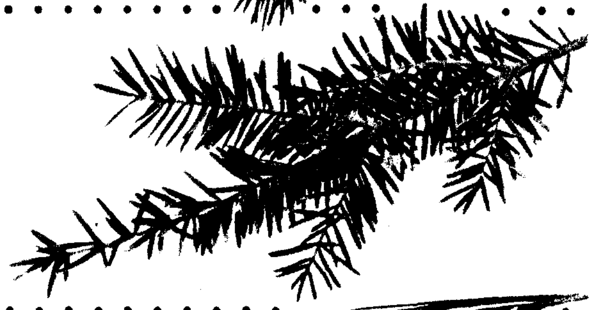
Balsam Fir

Needles are strongly scented and arranged on the branch like the teeth of two combs placed back to back. In the East the needles of this very popular Christmas tree are always silvery on the underside.



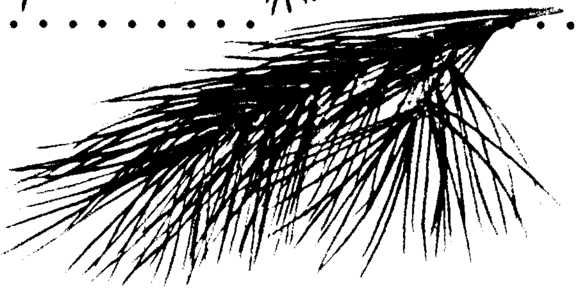
Spruce

Stiff, pointed, four-sided needles are the mark of a spruce. A simple test is to grab a handful of foliage of the tree in question. If you get the feeling that you are fondling a pin-cushion, it's a spruce.



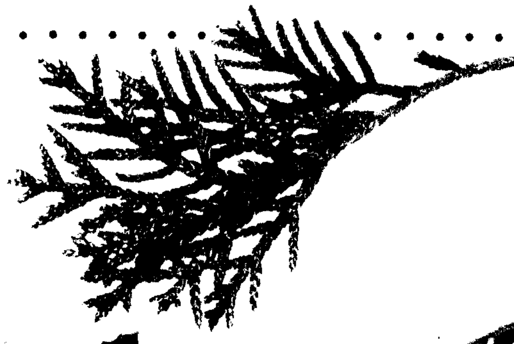
Hemlock

The hemlock is identified by soft, flat needles, shiny above and with two white lines on the underside.



Pine

A pine tree is distinguished by the way the long needles grow in clusters of "bundles." The particular species determines the number of needles in each cluster.



Red Cedar

Flat, scalelike leaves, which look as if they had been pressed tightly together, mark this Christmas tree, a favorite in many parts of the country.

When you buy gasoline..

THE TRADE-MARK "ETHYL"

identifies gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid

THIS SALE
GALLONS
FOR USE AS A MOTOR FUEL ONLY
CONTAINS LEAD (TETRAETHYL)
ETHYL
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To show you their best gasoline contains "Ethyl" antiknock compound, oil companies display "Ethyl" trade-marks on their gasoline pumps. "Ethyl" antiknock fluid is made by *Ethyl Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York 17, New York.*

Working Out with Sid Luckman

"Mr. Quarterback" Luckman—Star of Chicago Bears. Memorizes 250 plays by reciting nonsense rhymes to himself. Sid's gridiron workouts pay off in touchdowns... his **Vitalis** "60-Second Workouts" gain him handsomer, healthier-looking hair.

EENIE, MEENIE, MINEY, MO— I FAKE A PASS AND AWAY WE GO!

"I keep my hair in training with the **Vitalis** '60-Second Workout!'" says Sid Luckman. Train *your* hair, stimulate *your* scalp as so many headliners do. Start working out with **Vitalis** today.

Use the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" for handsomer, healthier-looking hair

Product of Bristol-Myers

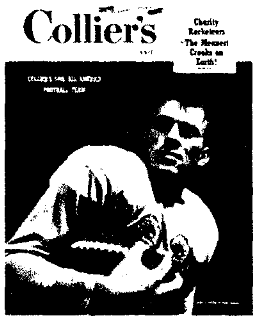
Feel that stimulating **Vitalis** tingle—So refreshing to your scalp! And massaging with **Vitalis** routs loose dandruff, helps check excessive falling hair.

Now *there* is hair that is handsome and then some! Looks *naturally* well-groomed. No greasy "patent-leather" shine — **Vitalis** contains no mineral oil. Only pure vegetable oil that prevents dryness, trains hair to stay put.

P. S. Your barber is an expert. He knows how to keep your hair handsome, stimulate your scalp. Ask him about Vitalis and the individual, sanitary Sealtube application.

Vitalis and Sealtube are Bristol-Myers trade marks

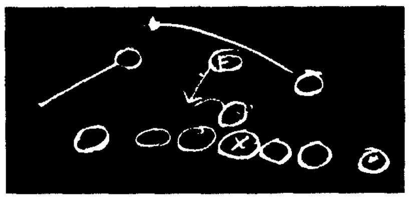
The Week's Work



This week's cover: *High-spirited, great team man, Charlie (Choo Choo) Justice, is a U. of North Carolina junior and Collier's All-America back for '49 (see page 13). Charlie can pass, kick, run and defend, weighs 167, is 5' 10", is married, became a daddy just before season began.*

IF YOU want to sell Collier's late in life, you've got to start early. For instance Harrison Kinney spent the first 17 of his 27 years up in Aroostook County, Maine, where the potatoes come from. When he wasn't digging spuds, Mr. Kinney sold Collier's. "As I recall," he says, "there always seemed to be a raging snowstorm on the day the magazines had to be delivered. I got terribly healthy."

Deciding as a mere tot to be a writer, Mr. Kinney took second place in a state contest for new poets, then later attended Washington and Lee University. This he left to join the Army as a private. "I am not quite clear about what happened next," he relates. "Through what was probably some confusion in orders, I eventually became a captain."


LK-11 23 drawn, executed by Little

Captain Kinney says he began a novel and had finished about 30,000 words when he and the ms. were sunk off Italy. "This discouraged me somewhat, and I wrote nothing more till after the war. I often wonder if the fish could finish that book."

On his release, Mr. Kinney went back to a few schools, graduating from Washington and Lee a Phi Beta Kappa and emerging from the Columbia U. English department with an M.A. degree. Enrollment there, on the side, in Martha Foley's writer's workshop set Mr. Kinney to re-exploring the Maine community where he first entered the magazine business. His quietly hilarious story Father Was a Talent Scout (p. 20) is a result.

WE STEPPED into Art Director Palazzo's office the other day and found the eminent Mr. Lou Little crouched in what appeared to be personal football combat with Artist John Murphy. "Look," Lou was saying huskily, "this is LK-11 with a 23 fake. I'm the quarterback. I take the ball in the T, and spin to the right."

Here Mr. Little spun hard enough to send some sketches on Mr. Palazzo's desk flying.

"I fake to the fullback," Lou went on. "He makes like he's going to carry the ball through the line." Lou hunched over and lurched forward. Murphy retreated into a wastebasket.

"Then the quarterback flips a pitchout to K, the tailback, who has been running out toward the flat. Do I make myself clear?"

Obviously Lou didn't, but before you could cry, "Touchdown Columbia," Lou was off and running, like one of his plays, toward a meeting of the Board of Selectors for the 59th One and Only Original All-America.

After Mr. Murphy picked himself up, our art director did some explaining. It seems that he needed directions for a play which Mr. Murphy would use to illustrate the Dream Team (pp. 14-15). Naturally he had sent for Mr. Little.

And so we left the art director and the artist crouched over a sketch Mr. Luigi Piccolo Little had thoughtfully left behind (see first column).

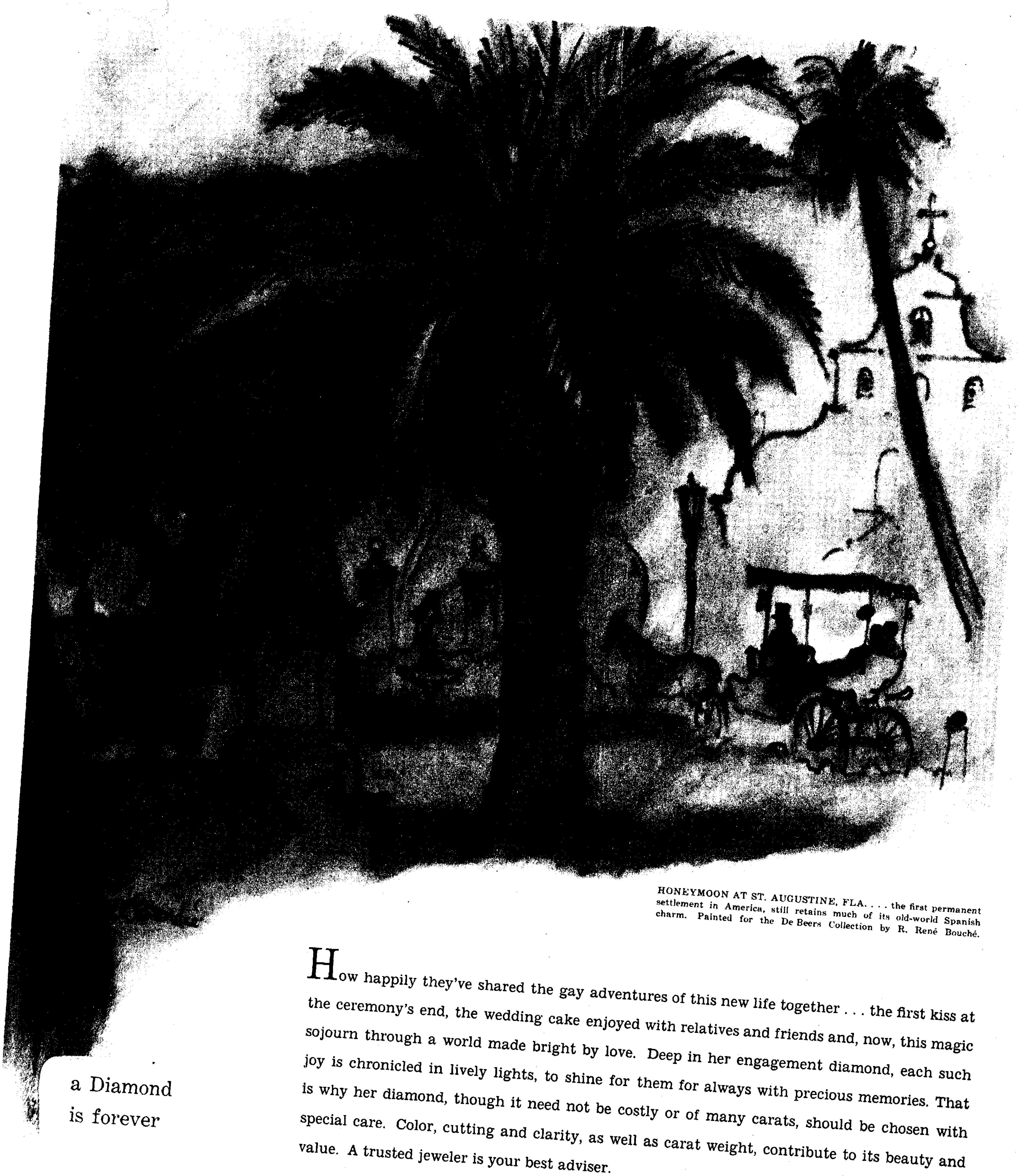
MORTON SONTHEIMER, who exposes the fake charity racket on page 21 (The Meanest Crooks on Earth), claims his ma took very good care of him for his first 10 years. "Then I escaped her clutches," says Mort, "and got in the newspaper business, an event from which I never recovered. Neither did my mother."

During the recent war Mr. Sontheimer served in the Pentagon Building, and such idyllic areas as New Guinea, the Philippines, Japan and Korea. "I came out of the war a grade-C hero (Bronze Star and Oak Leaf Cluster variety) and went back to reporting, which is the youngest, most exciting job I know," he says. "Only this time, I detoured newspapers for magazines. I'm convinced I've been a good reporter because I tracked down an apartment."

Cape Town, South Africa's, Kate Thompson gets a Star Award for The Yellow Door (p. 16)

Mr. Sontheimer has since done quite a few nonfiction pieces. "After a long period without an actual assignment, my wife decided I was actually a non*function* writer; she was so delighted with the phrase she still uses it," he says. "This has proved embarrassing, as she is so pretty that people seldom suspect her of being subtle.". . .

TED SHANE



HONEYMOON AT ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA. . . . the first permanent settlement in America, still retains much of its old-world Spanish charm. Painted for the De Beers Collection by R. René Bouché.

How happily they've shared the gay adventures of this new life together . . . the first kiss at the ceremony's end, the wedding cake enjoyed with relatives and friends and, now, this magic sojourn through a world made bright by love. Deep in her engagement diamond, each such joy is chronicled in lively lights, to shine for them for always with precious memories. That is why her diamond, though it need not be costly or of many carats, should be chosen with special care. Color, cutting and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to its beauty and value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser.

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VOL. 122, NO. 24 Collier's THE NATIONAL WEEKLY DECEMBER 11, 1948

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The 59th All-America

Here it is again: Announcement of the best squad in the nation. Collier's traditional All-America, picked by top-flight coaches who used the unerring eye of the movie camera to produce some surprises for you

By BILL FAY

HERE is Collier's 59th All-America team—the successors to Heffelfinger, Brickley, Thorpe, Nevers, Grange, Lujack and all the famous football names in the All-America tradition originated by Collier's in 1888:

Ends—Sam Tamburo, Penn State; George Brodnax, Georgia Tech.

Tackles—Leo Nomellini, Minnesota; Al Wistert, Michigan.

Guards—Marty Wendell, Notre Dame; Paul Burris, Oklahoma.

Center—Chuck Bednarik, Pennsylvania.

Quarterback—Doak Walker, Southern Methodist.

Halfbacks—Charlie Justice, North Carolina; Clyde Scott, Arkansas.

Fullback—Jackie Jensen, California.

The selection, made by employing a new motion-picture principle shorn of human error and emotion, was no easy task. Before our jury of distinguished coaches went to work on picking the All-America, they were photographed. That picture is shown on this page. But you should have seen them after their third and final all-day board meeting, after they had squinted, pondered and argued through official motion pictures of hundreds of games. They were tired, haggard.

When the camera studies were completed, finally, Georgia's Wally Butts turned wearily to Frank Leahy and complained: "Doggone it, Frank. Mah eyes are right out on the stems."

So, let's examine the individual members of the 59th All-America. Here's how the great players of the 1948 season looked through the lenses of Collier's cameras:

END: Sam Tamburo of Penn State, 22 years old, 6 feet 2 inches, 190 pounds, senior from New Kensington, Pennsylvania, starred as a freshman under wartime eligibility rules in 1944 and has kept it up ever since. Catlike on defense. Adept at turning sweeps back in on the tackles. Can get up there to grab high, hard passes. Best offensive maneuver is unusual pass collaboration with Elwood Petchel, the unpredictable scatback, who has rare ability to pass right-handed while running full speed toward left side line. Petchel fakes end run, then fires to Tamburo over heads of drawn-in secondary. Best play: In 14–14 tie with Michigan State, Tamburo grabbed Petchel pass, faked lateral to fullback Fran Rogel, then flipped to guard George Simon, who ran for touchdown.

END: George Brodnax of Georgia Tech, 21 years old, 6 feet, 190 pounds, senior from Atlanta, Georgia. Extremely agile. Rates among half-dozen leading pass catchers. Sound blocker. Reacts too fast to be trapped on defense. Proof: Tech's line, lightest among major teams, topped nation in defensive statistics by limiting first six opponents to average net gain of 46 yards. Best individual performance against Duke. Received dressing-room visit from Duke coach, Wallace Wade, who complimented him on brilliant defensive work. Significant comment from Wally Butts: "Everything an end has to do, offensively or defensively, Brodnax can do as well as or better than any other end in the country."

TACKLE: Al Wistert of Michigan, 32 years

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Collier's All-America Board of Selectors

TUSS McLAUGHRY *Dartmouth*

MATTY BELL *Southern Methodist*

WALLY BUTTS *Georgia*

JEFF CRAVATH *Southern California*

HARVEY HARMAN *Rutgers*

BERNIE BIERMAN *Minnesota*

FRANK LEAHY *Notre Dame*

LOU LITTLE *Columbia*

For a close-up of the 1948 All-America stars *in action* Collier's has arranged for a recap of the spectacular plays that won this eleven the decisive nod from Collier's All-America selection board of coaches. This board is made up of distinguished members of the American Football Coaches Association. See these football action films at your local movie theater: exclusive in Warner Pathe News

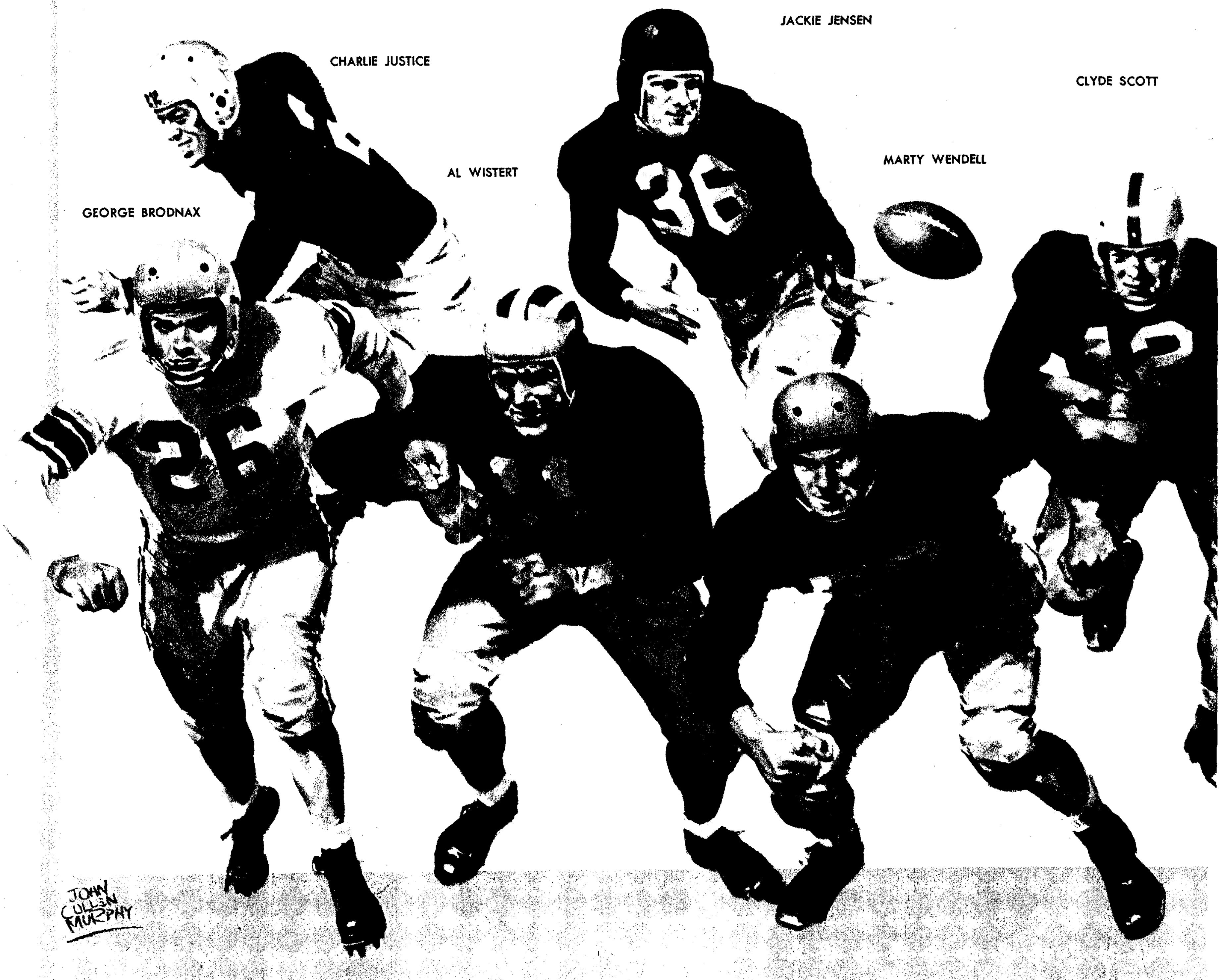
old, 6 feet 3 inches, 218 pounds, senior from Chicago. Last of the three Wistert brothers to play tackle for Michigan. Frank was All-America in 1933. Albert was near All-America in 1943. Now comes Al, or Alvin to use his full name, who dropped out of Michigan before war and almost settled down to salesman's career in Chicago. Four war years in Marines changed mind. Entered Boston University on G.I. bill, then transferred to Ann Arbor. Was rallying force in Michigan's sturdy defensive line which halted Minnesota, Northwestern and Illinois. Played offense when needed. Nicknamed "Voice of Experience." Steadied the sophomore backs who carried Wolverine offense.

TACKLE: Leo Nomellini of Minnesota, 24 years old, 6 feet 2 inches, 250 pounds, junior from Minneapolis. Rated fastest 250-pounder in football. Never played in high school. Discovered by Bill Hopp, ex-Minnesotan coaching at Cherry Point Marine training camp during war. Steered by Hopp to another Marine, Lieutenant Colonel Bernie Bierman, the Minnesota coach. Happy-go-lucky, fair boogie-woogie pianist, good cook (handled short orders in mother's Chicago restaurant instead of playing high-school football before war). Best under pressure. Gave finest performance against Michigan's magicians. *Bulwarked Minnesota line which restrained Michigan to 22 yards net gain rushing.* Scored first Minnesota touchdown by making end-zone recovery of punt fumbled by Michigan's Gene Derricotte. Significant quote by Jeff Cravath: "Look at the chest on that boy. He went in on top of that ball like he was riding a sled."

GUARD: Paul (Buddy) Burris of Oklahoma, 26 years old, 5 feet 11 inches, 202 pounds, senior from Muskogee, Oklahoma. Slashing bloc Specializes in knocking down line backer-upper the vital take-outs that send backs through for gains. Delivered pivotal blocks which powe Oklahoma's ground attack to 338 yards agai Texas (potent North Carolina gained only against Longhorns). Equally brilliant on defe *Every Oklahoma opponent ran the majority their plays away from him.* Rough on pass dumps them hard. Significant quote from Tuss Laughry: "What I like about Burris is his sustai charge. He never tires. Against Texas and Te Christian he was blocking harder in the fo quarter than in the first."

GUARD: Marty Wendell of Notre Dame, years old, 5 feet 11 inches, 198 pounds, se from Chicago. One of two men in Notre Da history to win letters at three different positi fullback, center and guard. Backer-upper Leahy's favorite five-man-line defense. Sav tackler. Brilliant play diagnostician. Moves with intercepted passes (was halfback in h school). Against Purdue and Navy, "sniffed" p quickly and moved up from line-backing posit in time to make numerous tackles in oppos team's backfield. Unexcelled in the most diffi maneuver for T-formation guard—the quick p out to lead blockers on end sweeps. Signific quote from Matty Bell of Southern Metho "Wendell scoots so fast on those end blocks, even a fast back like Doak Walker will hav hustle to tag along behind."

CENTER: Chuck Bednarik of Penn, 23 y old, 6 feet 3 inches, 220 pounds, senior f Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Tremendous ha



nicknamed "The Clutch." He never makes a bad pass from center. Dangerous man with an intercepted pass (played fullback in high school). Has unusual grace and rhythm for a big man. Coach George Munger uses him as punter. Occasionally throws a pass from punt formation. A great competitor. Rallied Penn to last-minute victories over Columbia and Navy. Scored winning touchdown against Columbia, recovering blocked punt in last minute.

QUARTERBACK: Doak Walker of Southern Methodist, 21 years old, 5 feet 11 inches, 168 pounds, senior from Dallas, Texas. Does more things well than any other back in college football. Averages 56 minutes per game because Coach Matty Bell can't afford to take him out of the defensive line-up. Says Bell: "If I do, we lose 50 per cent effectiveness. Never saw anybody who can touch him defensively—except Scott of Arkansas." Dangerous passer in the clutch. Not a long punter, but stays among nation's leaders by minimizing opposing runbacks. Angles punts away from safety men—low, rolling kicks that usually die out of bounds. Great runner. Slides through tiniest holes and makes maximum use of blockers.

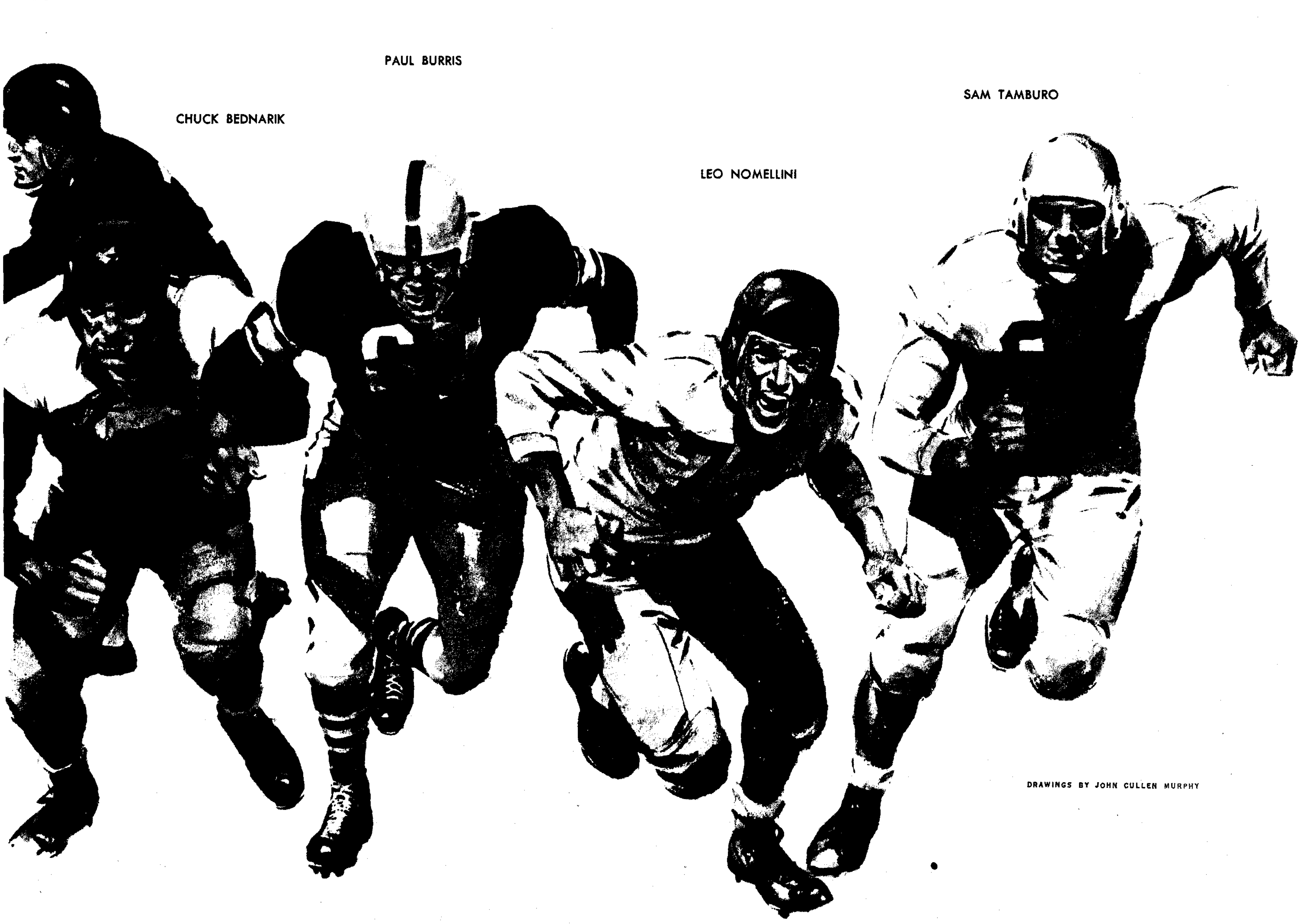
HALFBACK: Clyde Scott of Arkansas, 24 years old, 6 feet, 181 pounds, senior from Smackover, Arkansas. Fastest back in college football. Runs 100 yards under 10 seconds. Set National Collegiate Athletic Association record and tied world mark for 110-yard high hurdles last June at :13.7. Ace pass defender. His savage tackles earned him descriptive nickname: "Smackover." Keeps pass-completion

(Continued on page 88)

THE LINE-UP

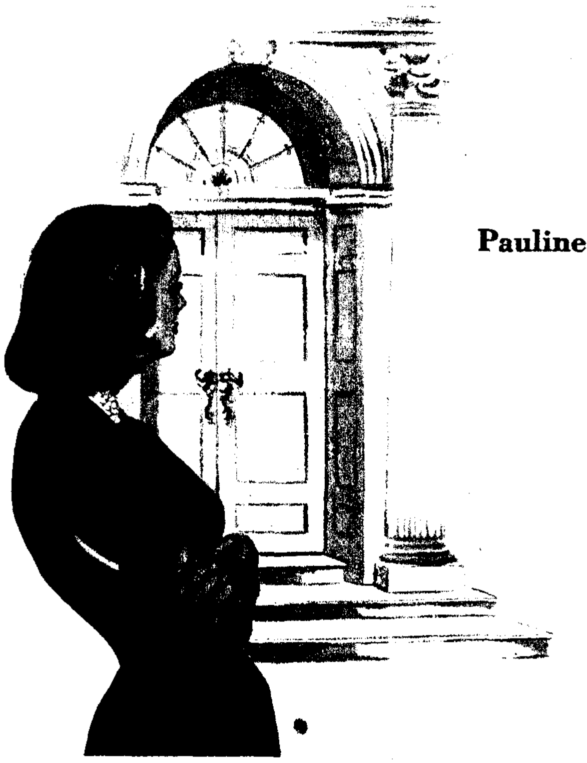
Name	School	Age	Height	Weight	Position
CHUCK BEDNARIK	**Pennsylvania**	**23**	**6′-3″**	**220**	**Center**
MARTY WENDELL	**Notre Dame**	**21**	**5′-11″**	**198**	**Guard**
PAUL BURRIS	**Oklahoma**	**26**	**5′-11″**	**202**	**Guard**
LEO NOMELLINI	**Minnesota**	**24**	**6′-2″**	**250**	**Tackle**
AL WISTERT	**Michigan**	**32**	**6′-3″**	**218**	**Tackle**
GEORGE BRODNAX	**Georgia Tech**	**21**	**6′**	**190**	**End**
SAM TAMBURO	**Penn State**	**22**	**6′-2″**	**190**	**End**
DOAK WALKER	**Southern Methodist**	**21**	**5′-11″**	**168**	**Quarterback**
CHARLIE JUSTICE	**North Carolina**	**24**	**5′-10″**	**167**	**Halfback**
CLYDE SCOTT	**Arkansas**	**24**	**6′**	**181**	**Halfback**
JACKIE JENSEN	**California**	**21**	**5′-11″**	**195**	**Fullback**

This is the All-America in action. In the pitchout, a T-formation play, Walker takes the hand-off and Scott starts forward on a quick opener. But Walker, instead of running, pitches out to Jensen, who follows Justice toward the right side line on a play which may be an end run or a running pass



DRAWINGS BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

The Yellow



Pauline's father was said to live a scandalous private life—and more of it than she knew had been lived beyond this door

By KATE THOMPSON

THE agent telephoned at two o'clock about the house in Peacock Walk. "Number four," he said. Pauline stood for a moment between the two open French doors that led out of her father's study onto the sun porch, staring at the pale, yellow sunlight that was filling the garden with mesmeric warmth.

"It's very near your house," the agent said, "across the park and down Gaunt Road. Three o'clock all right?" He added encouragingly, "This is one of the best offers we've had for a long time. I'm giving you the first chance to view."

"Thank you," said Pauline, wondering why she felt so little gratitude for a favor that was astonishing in these crazy, houseless times. I suppose it's because of Daddy again. What a pull he has!

Eminent K.C.! More than eminent K.C.! Still remembered by the scandal-digesting public as the other man in the strange case of the frightened lady who had escaped from a very important, much-publicized city mansion after a very late party one night ten years ago when a certain very important person had wanted to favor her in a way she had no wish to accept.

Pauline chuckled, remembering the old, dynamite-charged story whose scattered pieces she had picked up, bit by bit, from the careless comments of friends, from eavesdropping, from the gossipy press. As she ran out of the massive archway of the city mansion, Mrs. Helen Mavrogordato—the lovely, frightened lady—had had to run quite a long way to find a taxi and when she hailed one she found another passenger inside it, Charlie Tempest, who wrote a malice-studded gossip column for a tabloid.

He not only guessed where Helen had come from, flitting like a white moth into the night, but he also listened with relish while, in agitation, she gave the address she wanted to go to, right then and there, in the pearly hours of the morning. It was the address of the youthful, accomplished Leslie Duncan, widower, whose only daughter, Pauline, was away in Paris being finished for her line-up with the season's debutantes. No wonder that, in the dark square box of the taxi, the other passenger smiled.

The story exploded like a firecracker. After ten years, sparks still flicked from it occasionally. Even now, people like this house agent were interested in the connotation of her father's name. Perhaps the agent was secretly wondering who was buying the house. Her father? For Helen, perhaps?

"The house has atmosphere," the agent had chanted, reading from a sales blurb. "It's a hell of a price," she heard him mutter, incongruously, to himself.

The price didn't matter. Leslie Duncan could have bought any house he wanted for Pauline, so that she could get on with the job of marrying her very correct, proper, ambitious young man. His name was Stephen Bennett and he belonged, impeccably, to the Foreign Office.

Pauline closed her eyes. *How* correct! *How* proper! So immaculate—even his well-fleshed cheeks looked smoother than other men's. Because she was twenty-eight, and everything about him was suitable, Pauline had not had the folly to refuse his proposal. But when it came to the buying of a house to shelter their somewhat inanimate love, she had stalled. "Would you mind, Daddy," she had asked, quite casually, "if, instead of buying a house of our own, we came and lived with you till we go abroad?"

He was upset that day. "My dear!" he said, almost stunning her with the angry light in his eyes, "if you had chosen not to marry, naturally this would have continued to be your home, but as you *are* going to marry Stephen—" He softened, abruptly. "Besides—Helen and I—" It was the first time he had ever mentioned Helen's name to her, and he was groping for words.

"Helen and I—have always hoped we should be able to spend more of our lives together. We seem to have had to wait rather a long time."

Pauline was shocked. She knew he had always been expressly careful that no touch of scandal should ever lay its finger on her life. It had never occurred to her that this might involve most boring sacrifice.

"You know about Helen, I suppose?" her father asked.

"Yes," she said. "But surely people are worldly enough to accept your—friendship, now? You could have married Helen, anyway, when her husband died. If you had wanted to."

His eyes flickered away from hers. "My dear, Helen's quite extraordinary beauty could hardly be expected not to diminish your own somewhat less worldly charms—endearing as they are. Besides, when Helen and I settle down"—he did not say marry—"we shall want our home to ourselves."

It had all been very charming and candid; Pauline went on smiling at him but, underneath, a cold hand had touched and frozen her lips. She was thinking of ten years of two lives given up to separateness for the sake of a girl who was twenty-eight, before anyone suitable asked her to marry. How they must have *waited* for that!

SO NOW there was no question of not buying a house or of not marrying Stephen. She had been so very near, once or twice, to changing her mind. Their contact was so far, far, far away from the delicate felicity of her own dream of what the love between a man and woman ought to be.

Walking across the park in the still sunlight of that afternoon, on her way to look at the house in Peacock Walk, Pauline was aware of the frail touch of that dream again. It seemed to come to her whenever the fugitive beauty of the world moved her, as now, when the frail sunlight was making the whole day lovely and luminous as love ought to be. Not humdrum and banal as it was with Stephen but full of hushed excitement and simple delight, relaxed and quiet sometimes, but always ready with its hand upon the door leading to enchantment.

If you do not have enchantment in love, where else do you have it? Perhaps, if Stephen and I have children, Pauline thought, I shall have, with them, that special happiness. Oh, I hope I do! I hope I don't miss it altogether and go humdrum to my grave!

She turned into Peacock Walk and looked for Number four. There were six houses in a row, almost alike, built as a single terrace of exquisitely simple design. Each had tall, graceful windows and a little ironwork balcony that left a lacy overlay of blue shadow on the white walls.

The door of Number four unlike any other door on the street, was painted a pale, saffron yellow. She stood looking at it for several moments. The color was peculiarly exciting. After some time she walked up the three wide steps onto the porch and lifted the knocker on the door.

FRANCE THIBAULT did not hear the unemphatic sound of the knocker on the door. He was in the room that had been his mother's dayroom during the last months of her illness, sorting records and books so that they could be packed as soon as the house was sold. He reached across to the record player and set on it a Berlioz pastorale.

The cold horn music drifted poignantly into the room, remote and ineffably sad. It put a sudden stop to his evil mood, made him sit back and contemplate the melancholy lunacy that was making him sell his mother's much-loved home. Not that he could change his mind now. A woman was coming to see the house at three o'clock.

The strange, explosive mood that had provoked him to sell still held him to that abrupt decision. His mother's flair for decoration, her wistful sense of muted color had made this house *too* beautiful for a man to live in alone. When she died, she left a lovely, empty shell full of her rare treasures, but full of silence as well, and full of emptiness.

France tried for two years to live there alone. He brought his friends to the house, and gave parties, but he could not imagine any of the girls who came ever being able to take possession of it. None of them had his mother's grace. On his way back from four years with the army in the Far East, he fancied he might make a definite effort to find a wife, but none of the girls he knew stirred him at all.

They were eager to please and he tried very hard, but no one seemed even promising. In a mood of such vandal-destructiveness that he was afraid of its effects, he rang up an agent and put the house up for sale. The decision quieted him. He would go away. Sell out his inherited share in his grandfather's firm, take his pencils and paints and go round the world, studying ruins. And, one day, he would come back to another life.

Old Henrietta, the last of his mother's servants, came to the door. "She's here," she said grimly.

"Who?"

"The one who's come to see the house."

France left the record playing, tried to pull down his old, blue sweater, looked about for a coat, couldn't see one, raked his fingers through his hair, hopefully, lighted a cigarette and went toward the drawing room.

She was sitting in a clear shaft of sunlight that fell rather strangely through a high window silvering the Egypt green of her soft, wool dress. The light of the sun, falling on her eyelids, dazzled her, but beyond it she was aware of the soft gleam of a saffron curtain hung from ceiling to floor at one side of the room, all silk and glimmering.

Set against it was an

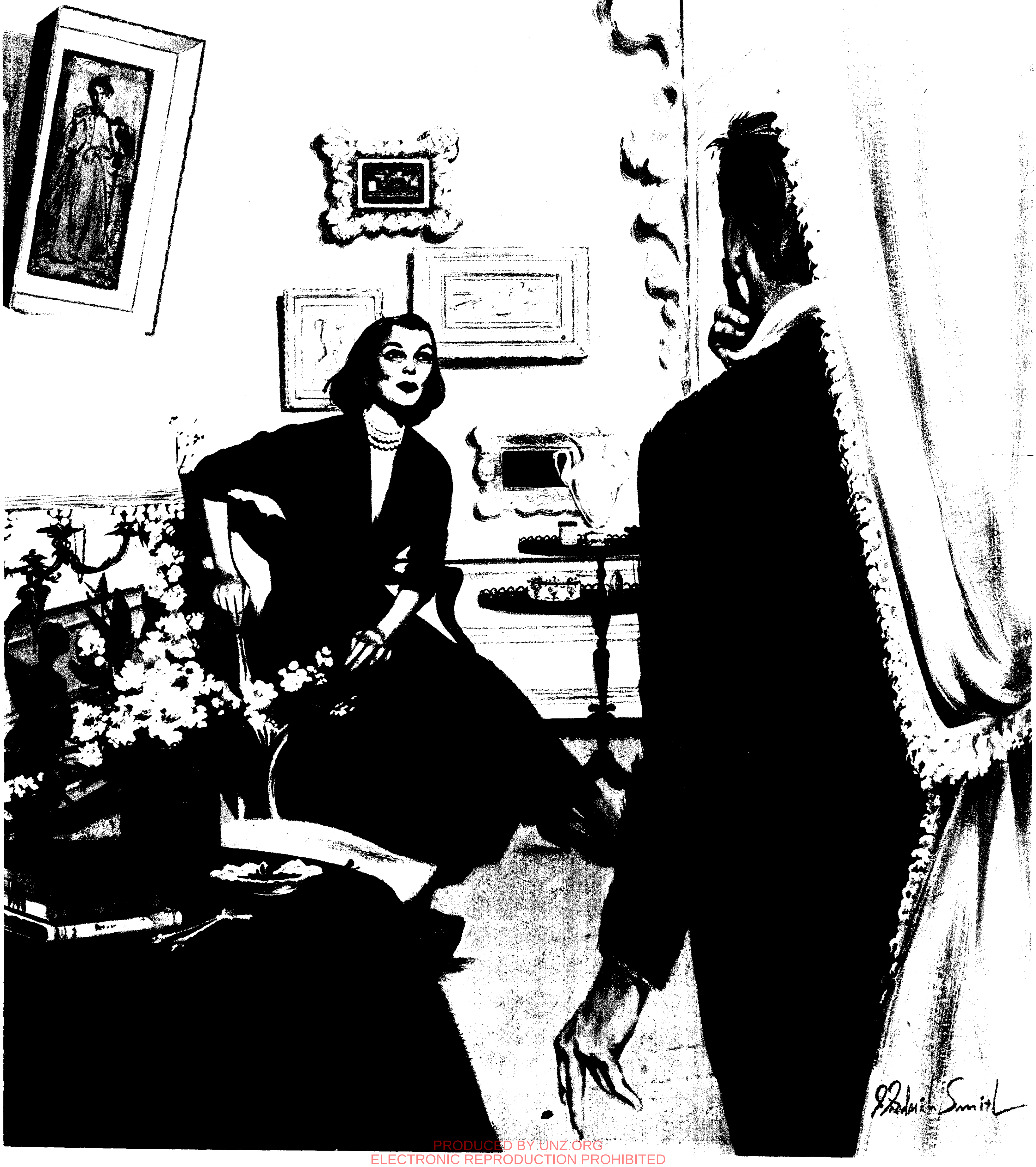
(Continued on page 48)

ILLUSTRATED BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

Door

WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S
$1,000 FICTION AWARD

Collier's ☆ STAR STORY


Frederic Smith

U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

Madame Chiang Kai-shek decorated Doolittle, center, with Colonel John A. Hilger looking on, just ten weeks after the take-off from Roosevelt's Shangri-La

Through Hell and High Brass

The Story of Jimmy Doolittle

By W.B. COURTNEY

The first raid on Tokyo was the most daring and the most cheering single exploit of the war. Doolittle led it. Here is the inside story never told before

Doolittle's raiders celebrate their first anniversary, with champagne. Front row (l. to r.): Maj. Wm. Bower, Maj. Travis Hoover, Gen. Doolittle, Lt. Col. Harvey Hinman (not a raider), Capt. Heston C. Daniel, Capt. Thos. C. Griffin. Back: Capt. Howard A. Sessler, Capt. Wm. R. Pound, Jr., Maj. Rodney R. Wilder, Capt. Jas. M. Parker, Maj. Chas. R. Greening, Maj. Jos. Klein, Capt. Griffith P. Williams

Synopsis: *Jimmy Doolittle's early years in Army air circles often seemed more like a comedy act than the beginning of a distinguished career; but he was gradually transforming flying from a county-fair side show into a serious science. And then Jim was called upon to advertise the science with his antics. In the previous installment Doolittle was the flying salesman, trying to prove American air superiority to the rest of the world. Buzzing the avenues of foreign capitals, swooping under the bridges of Budapest, fighting a sham dogfight with a top German ace above gaping, gasping Chileans, Jim did his job well. But when he returned from his world beat, he knew one thing for sure: There was going to be war, and he would be in it.*

PART 5 OF A SIX-PART ARTICLE

NOBODY in Washington ever officially told Doolittle to bomb Tokyo! During the two months he spent planning, developing and organizing his famous visit there, he never even heard the objective named. Of course he didn't have to peek into a crystal ball to *guess* what it was, as he was handed, piecemeal, the preliminary chores of the project. But the nearest thing to a directive from the highest brass came when, upon leaving, he cannily asked Chief of Staff Marshall and Commanding General of the Air Forces Arnold, "How about the Mikado's palace—want us to paste it?"

And both gave him a bleak "That's your problem" look.

Yet the celebrated Tokyo raid of April 18, 1942, was *not* Doolittle's idea. Nor did he know, when carrying it out, whose idea it was.

Those are only a small part of the wacky circumstances that lay behind the most audacious, glamorous and romantic single exploit of World War II. The great and desperate adventure itself has been well recounted, in official releases and in stories by the participants. But there is another story, hitherto untold—the backstage story—as full of headaches and heartaches as of heroism. For example:

1. The raid was a top-drawer secret—here. The bomber pilots and crews were trained in guarded isolation. Doolittle himself, unwilling to trust phones or telegrams, flew to Washington every time there was a point to discuss. The men of the Navy's task force didn't know their destination, until at sea. Yet the Chinese and Russians, the worst keepers on earth of *other nations' secrets,* knew long ahead that some kind of air mission against Japan was coming off.

In a saloon in Melbourne, Australia, I was given—the day it took place—complete information about the raid, including the role of the carriers Enterprise and Hornet, details the American public didn't learn until one year afterward. While in a hotel in Sacramento, California, the night before Doolittle was to sail on the Hornet, an elevator boy remarked chattily to him, "Well, Colonel, I understand you're shoving off in the morning!"

2. The United States informed Chiang Kai-shek that a raid was planned, asking him to prepare fields just inside the China seacoast in territory not occupied by Japanese troops. Even though turning the B-25s over to him was offered as bait, Chiang hemmed and hawed, being afraid that it would stir up the Japs.

Finally he sent a flat "No!" This refusal was not acted on in Washington until the raiders had left, and then a cablegram was dispatched to Chungking—"So sorry, message arrived too late, mission already en route under radio silence and can't be stopped now."

The United States, alternately, had asked the Soviet Union, its ally and Lend-Lease nephew, for permission to have a bomber flight land in Vladivostok, refuel and go on to China. Vladivostok would have been an infinitely shorter and safer run from Tokyo, besides making a heavier bomb load possible.

The Reds said, *"Nyet!"*

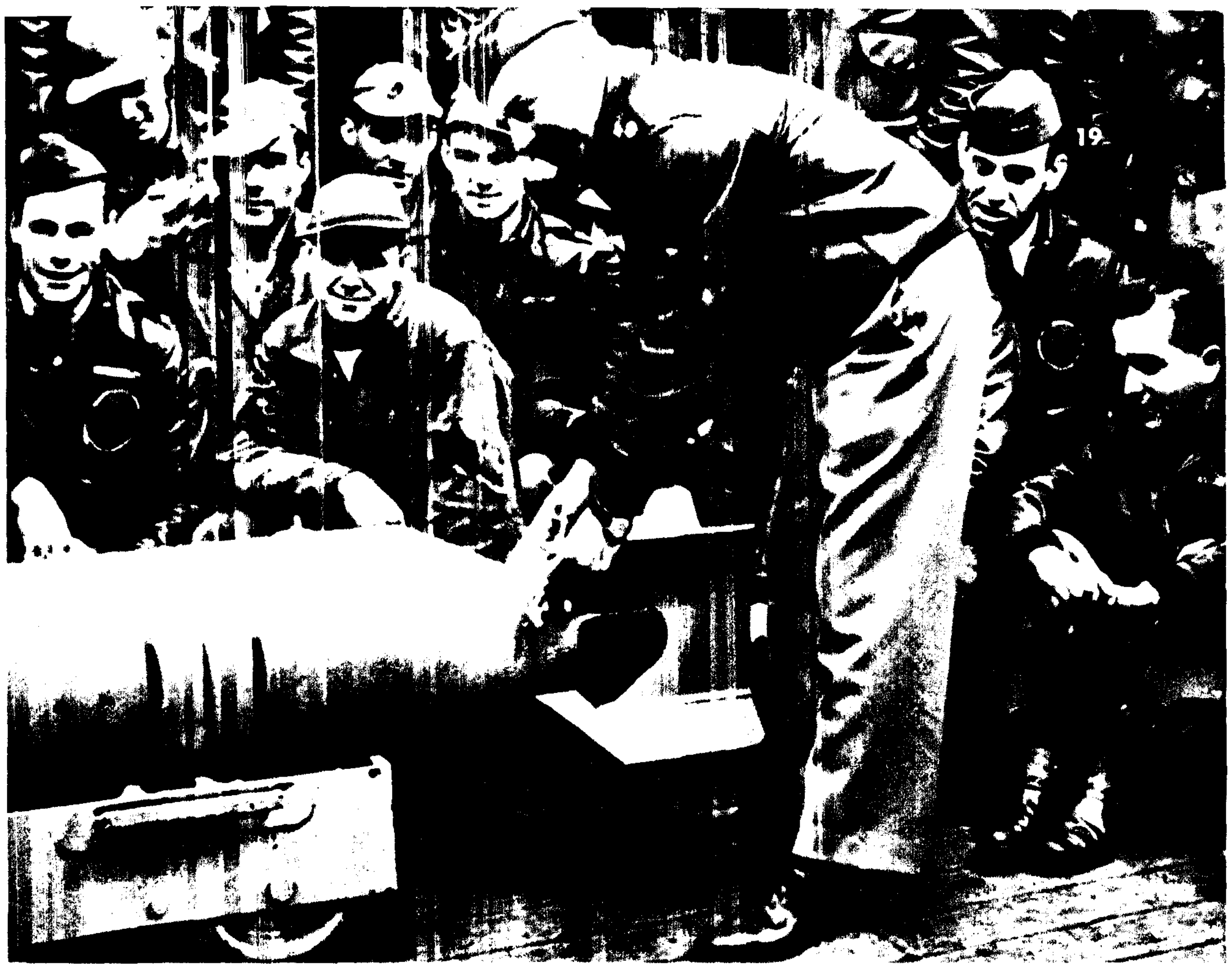
Doolittle, therefore, strictly warned his crews that if their gas became critically low or they were crippled by flak or fighters, they were not to scoot for Vladivostok. They must land in Japan and take their chances. Despite this, one plane did sit down comfortably in Vladivostok. It was the only raid plane that landed without crashing. We never saw it again.

Moreover, it was the only ship that got down with its "strike" pictures of the bombing intact. We never saw those either.

3. And to this day, too, there is enormous reticence in both the Navy and the Air Force—neither of which is ordinarily renowned for self-effacement—about the raid.

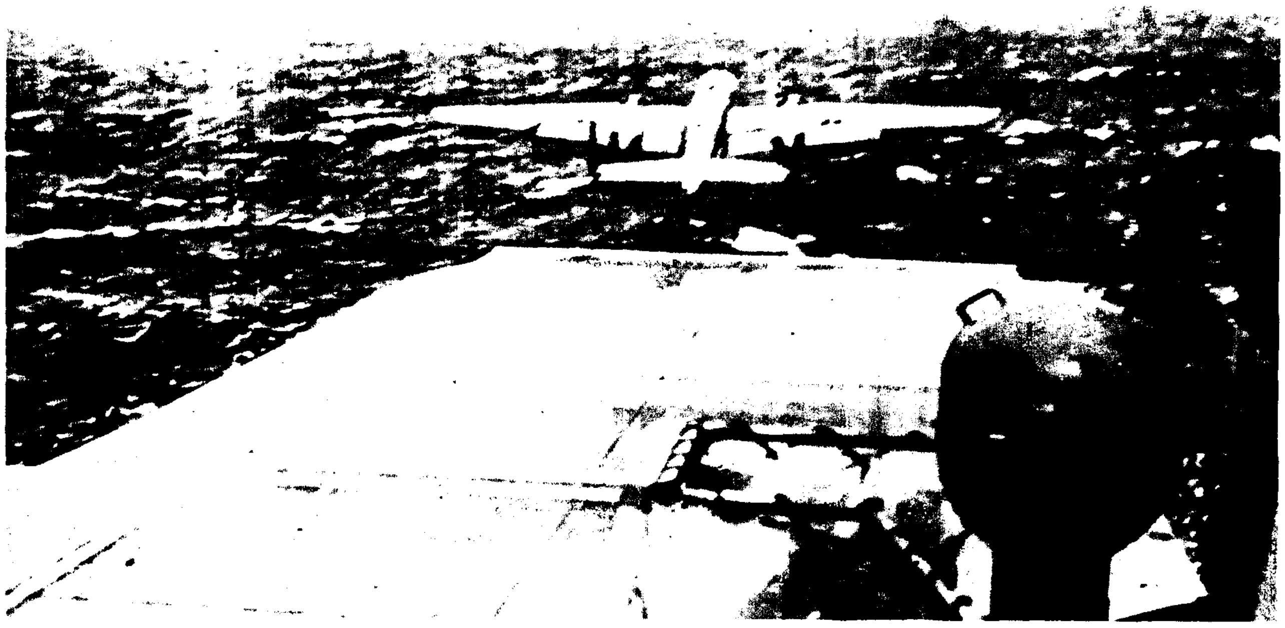
Originally, this was founded on the suspicion of each that the other had brewed the raid idea. Later, other twists were added.

The Navy began to duck because the raid exposed an intrinsic weakness in the whole theory of carrier use in strategic air warfare. That is, it revealed the difficulty of achieving military "surprise," due to the virtual impossibility of having a carrier force approach any (Continued on page 80)



OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

Jimmy wires a Jap medal to a 500-pound greeting card that was delivered on April 18, 1942



One of the B-25s that made that first shattering raid on Tokyo takes off from the U.S.S. Hornet

Below: All that remained of Jim's plane was this pile of debris from which he emerged unhurt

ACME

Father was a talent scout

By HARRISON KINNEY

Father sent his son to the pretty young widow for piano lessons. Then Father dropped by, just to see how Sonny was making out. At least, that was *Father's* story

WHEN my brother George was seven my father bought him a clarinet from a traveling salesman. "We'll have George take lessons on it," he told my mother. "I think George will like playing the clarinet."

"I hope so," said my mother. "But he doesn't seem the least musical. He's always breaking our phonograph records."

My brother George was a sullen child and both my parents always remained a little afraid of him. George was quite unpredictable. One Christmas, when George was five, my father bought him an unusually large jack-in-the-box. When George opened the box and the large grinning head sprang out at him he became very angry. He locked himself in the attic and wouldn't come down until the second day, when the Easton firemen ran a ladder up to the attic window and carried him out.

My father took George and the clarinet to Mr. Hale who taught music at the Easton High School. Mr. Hale told my father the clarinet was constructed according to the older Albert system. He wasn't thoroughly acquainted with it, he said, but he would stop by our house that Saturday morning and give George a lesson on the fundamentals of the instrument. My father was in a pleasant mood that evening at dinner.

"Once George finds self-expression in the arts he will get over his destructive tendencies," he told my mother.

"I certainly hope so," my mother answered, looking at George who was refusing to eat his dinner.

"I don't want to play the clarinet," said George.

"Yes, you do," said my father firmly. "You will be a famous concert master someday, George. You are the artist that belongs to the future."

"Do I belong to the future?" I asked.

"You're younger than George, son," my father said. "Perhaps you'll be tomorrow's poet."

"I'd rather be tomorrow's poet," said George, scowling. "I don't want to play the clarinet."

Mr. Hale came to our house Saturday morning to give George his first lesson. George sat frowning in a chair in the living room while Mr. Hale adjusted a music stand in front of him. This Mr. Hale was a mild-mannered man with a low voice. He was patient with children. I sat on the divan and watched him insert a reed in George's clarinet.

"We won't use the clarinet for a while, George," said Mr. Hale. "You just hold it and I'll point out the parts of the instrument to you."

George took the clarinet and began blowing on it, making squealing noises. He became quite red in the face but he wouldn't stop blowing when Mr. Hale asked him to. He was a stubborn child.

"We'll have to learn the musical scale on paper before you can practice," Mr. Hale said, when George was finally out of breath.

"I don't want to learn any scale."

Mr. Hale stooped over to pick up a piece of music that had fallen from the rack, when George suddenly hit him over the head with the clarinet.

My mother was in the kitchen.

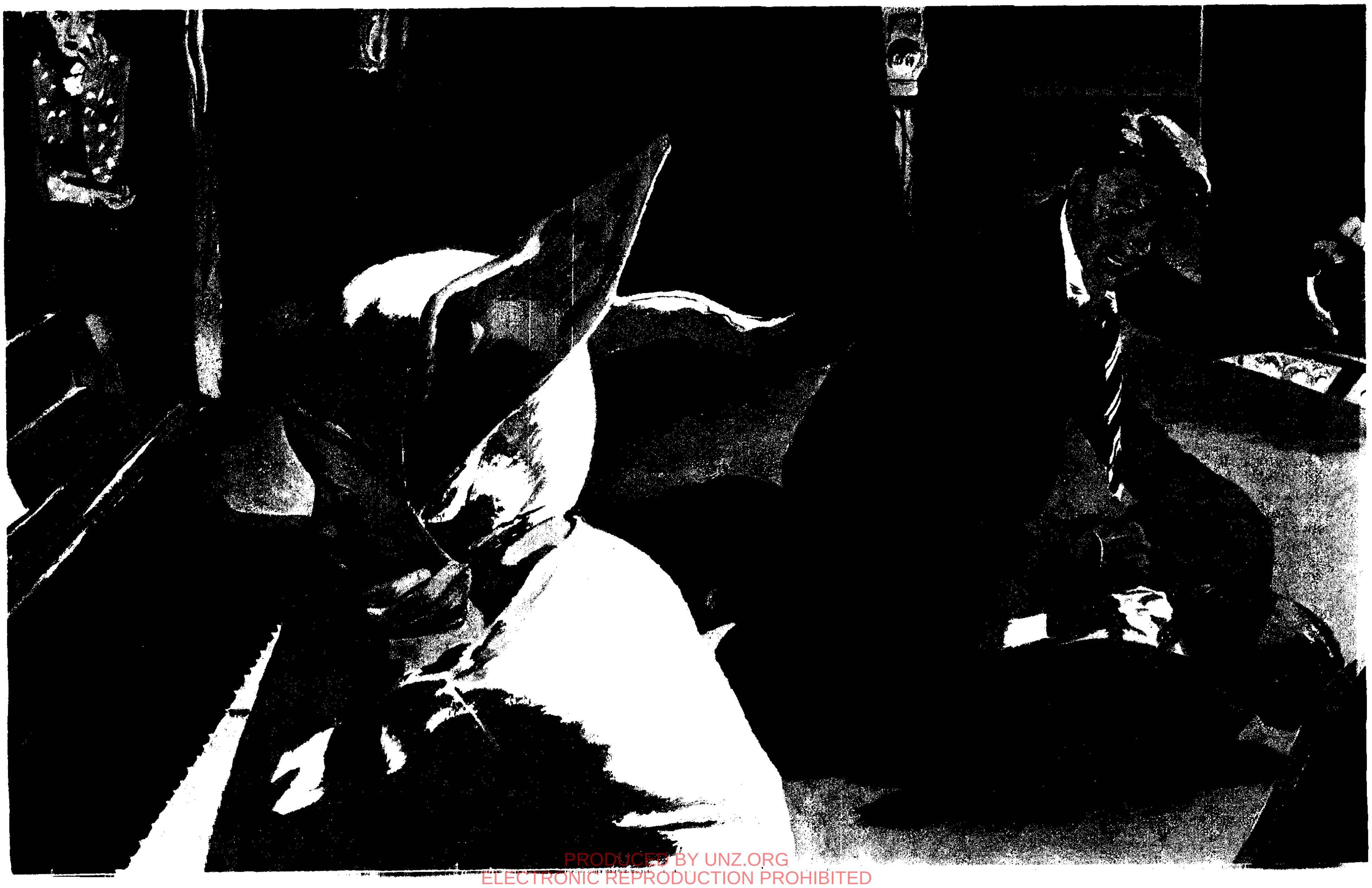
"George hit Mr. Hale with the clarinet," I told her. "Mr. Hale is lying on the floor."

My mother telephoned Dr. McKay who came over and put bandages on Mr. Hale's head.

"A few scalp lacerations," Dr. McKay told Mr. Hale when he was conscious. "Nothing to worry about."

My mother was badly *(Continued on page 74)*

ILLUSTRATED BY KEN COWHEY



The crowd roared with laughter, thinking that the fight was a comedy act of my father's. He was well-known as a man who liked to clown

The telephonic sweatshop from which fake charity **calls are** made is re-created **here** with Author Sontheimer, extreme right, posing as one of the solicitors

The Meanest Crooks on Earth

By MORTON SONTHEIMER

IF YOU have an average income and believe in helping the other fellow, you deserve to know the ugly facts about some of the "other fellows" you've possibly been helping. For a short time, I was one of those "other fellows," the fellows who have been taking the American public for an estimated $100,000,000 a year in the name of sweet charity.

When I set out to investigate fake charities, a newspaper want ad aroused my suspicions. In the course of following it up, I found myself with a job in a "boiler room."

My first impression of what the underworld calls a "boiler room" was a grimy, two-room flat on the top floor of a rickety tenement, and a sweaty man in a green sport shirt purring into the telephone, "Good morning, my dear. This is Father Anderson, the priest. . . . I want to tell you about a good work we are doing here at the church." The man planted his fat cigar on the edge of the desk as he spoke.

The room where I was waiting to be interviewed for the advertised job was hot and crowded. Other men were at closely packed desks making a steady drone with their whirling of phone dials and their conversations. As I sifted out the voices, I found that each one was calling himself Father Anderson and saying substantially the same thing.

They use almost any means to bilk you of $100,000,000 each year in the sacred name of charity. The author worked for one of them to get this exposé

The ad in the paper had read: TELEPHONE SALESMAN, experienced fund raiser, commission.

My suspicions were proving well founded. This was a boiler room in the full sense of the term, a place where telephonic confidence men smooth-talk the public out of money, usually in the name of "charity." This particular smooth-talk was mulcting good-hearted contributors out of $2,000 a week.

After a few minutes of waiting, the boss came in and looked me over. He had already had a sample of my telephone voice when I called. I admitted again—as I had on the phone—that I was without fund-raising experience.

He scratched his head. "You got no list, hunh?"

"List? No."

"Y' oughta have a list," he explained. "We're raising funds for a church. Y' oughta have your own list of people to call, otherwise it'll be tough for you at first. But maybe we can give you some little ones to start on."

"What's the setup?" I asked. "Where's the church?"

He looked at me again, hard, then sympathetically. "Well, this here is a sort of public relations office for the church. We're raising money to send poor kids to camp for the summer. At the end of August that won't be any good any more, so we'll switch to money for food baskets for the poor. We'll tell you what to say. You call up the people and play on their sympathies. Get it?"

"I get it."

"Okay. Your commission is 25 per cent of the first $100 a week you bring in and 30 per cent of all above that. Keep banging that phone and you'll get along. If you really give it hell, you can make a good living. It's up to you."

That's how I came to learn at first-hand the inside workings of a racket that is not only swindling millions of good people but—what's worse—is depriving legitimately needy persons of sorely wanted welfare funds.

"We haven't got any more room here," my new employer was saying. "I'll

(Continued on page 42)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GILES

The Sheik it was who died

By CHARLES B. CHILD

Politics and poison are old bedfellows—and Inspector Chafik knew that jealousy combines easily with both

IT WAS a patchwork land of brown desert and emerald grass, the fruit of recent rain. Camels swollen with young munched contentedly; mingled flocks of sheep and goats dotted the slopes of the stony hills.

An armored car, flying the flag of the Kingdom of Iraq and the pennant of the Desert Police, raced swaying toward an encampment of black tents. The turret seat was occupied by a dark little man, who said irritably in Arabic, "This motion is as distressing as a ship. I trust I shall not be sick."

A gaunt sergeant of police eased his cramped legs, and replied, "Sir, may the Compassionate and All-Merciful grant that the sight of the corpse may revive you."

"The corpse, my dear Abdullah, has first call on such a prayer." Inspector Chafik of the Criminal Investigation Department became aware of his ill-humor, and tried to discipline himself by repeating the one hundred and thirteenth sura of the Koran, entitled Brightness; but his mind was running in the groove of the case which had brought him to the desert.

A radio from the assistant director of police at Samawa had read, "Sheik ibn-al-Karibi poisoned. Homicide possible. Investigation requested by Sheik Jabir, brother, who suspects political motive."

A few months previously, Chafik remembered, Al-Karibi had thwarted the ambitions of the Raki, a fanatical warrior tribe of the neutral zone; a lozenge of territory dividing the frontiers of Kuwait, Saudi Arabia and Iraq. The sheik's refusal to participate in the rising had gained him many enemies, and it was known that Ibn-Nu'uman of the Raki had sworn vengeance.

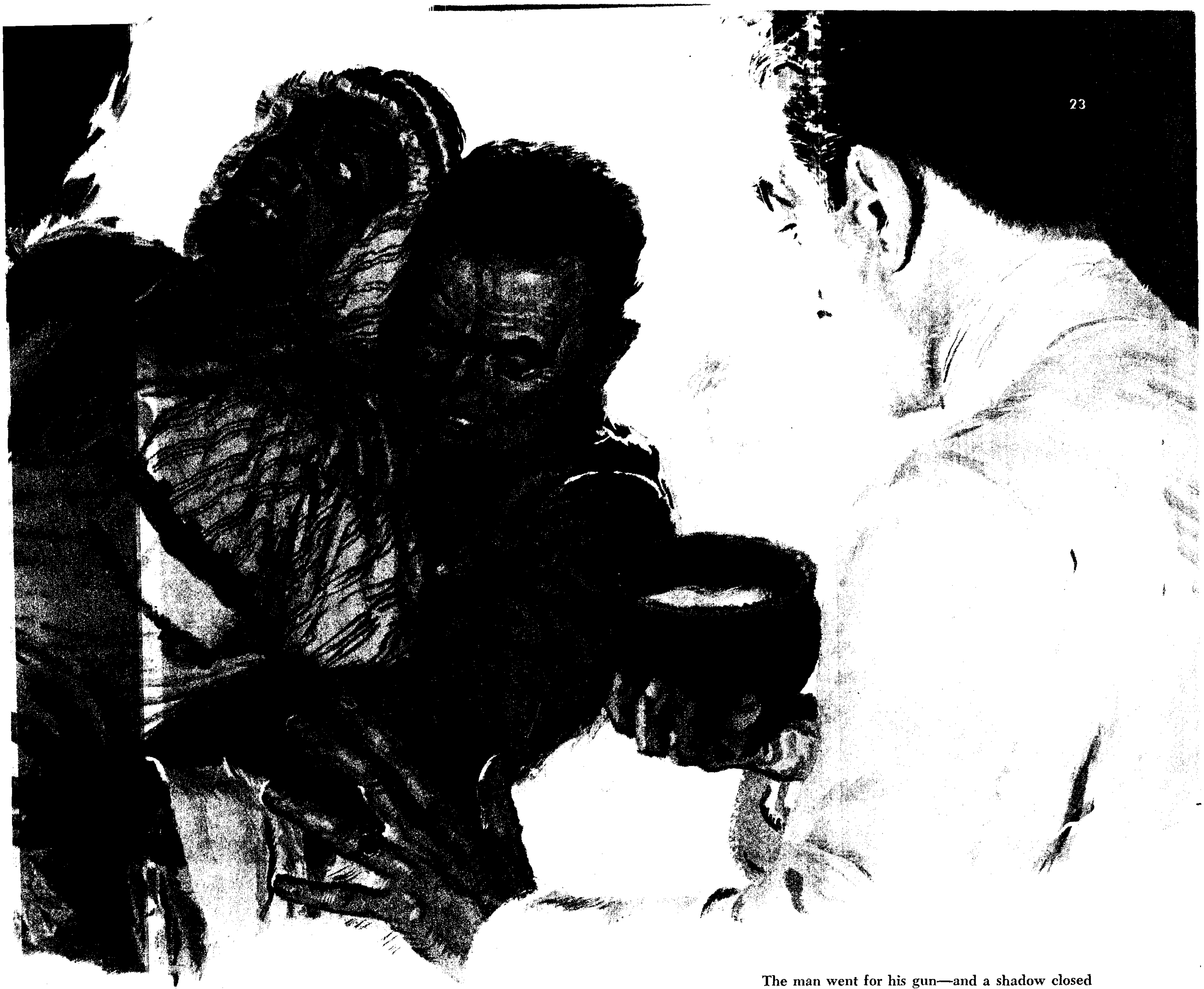
The manner of the death was suggestive. The police doctor at Samawa had reported indications of a systemic poison; although prevented by religious scruples from making an autopsy, he suspected strychnine.

"Poison and politics are old bedfellows," Chafik said.

"Sir?" said Sergeant Abdullah.

"Oblige me, my dear Abdullah, by reciting the case history of Ibn-al-Karibi. The dryness of your

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER



The man went for his gun—and a shadow closed behind him. Sergeant Abdullah embraced him in a strangler's grip with the tenacity of a bulldog

voice may absorb the dampness of my confusion."

"Sir, he had recently taken to himself a young wife. Although married for thirty years to the Lady Mariya, there was no issue. It is reliably reported that the second wife was granted favor. If the child she carries be a son, he will inherit the wealth and power of his esteemed father. I have no experience of plurality of wives, but I am inclined to speculate on the feelings of the elder wife. She—"

"Enough!" The Inspector checked his assistant with raised hand.

The armored car had now reached the Karibi camp and presently halted before the tent of the sheik. Inspector Chafik gave a final glance at his neat clothes, and adjusted his polka-dot tie as he stepped out.

The pavilion was roofed by a woven canopy of goat's hair. It was seventy feet long and divided by a partition hung with tapestries and rugs. On one side was the *makaad,* the men's quarters, and on the other the harem. The high bier of the sheik stood in the middle of the floor, the corpse shrouded with a red robe, a Koranist crouching at the head and swaying to a hypnotic chant.

There were many tribal notables present. They sat with faces averted from the bier and gave attention to a man who reclined on a divan. He was speaking slowly, with authority, but stopped at sight of the visitor and rose to exchange salaams.

Sheik Jabir, the brother of Ibn-al-Karibi, had the typical lean, dark face and high-bridged nose of the desert aristocrat. He toyed with a camel-stick, which he presently used to signal for the ceremonial thimble-cups of coffee.

Inspector Chafik, with regret for his nicely pressed trousers, squatted on a violet cushion with yellow tassels. The presence of the corpse was ignored, and nearly twenty minutes passed before Jabir said, "An enemy has acted dishonorably. My brother is slain. To you of the police we turn for vengeance."

"Vengeance is a sword carried only by God, but if it be so willed, I may uncover the truth," said Chafik. "How did this thing happen?"

"My brother returned heated from hunting gazelle. He drank *shineena,* and afterward complained of giddiness and stiffness in his neck. Then he fell to the floor."

"There were convulsions?"

Jabir nodded.

"How soon did he die?"

"Within two hours."

The Inspector looked at the signet ring on the little finger of his left hand, but was imperceptive of the dull red stone. He was thinking that the police doctor's suspicions were correct; the symptoms described by Jabir were those of strychnine poisoning.

"You are sure this drink of soured milk killed him?"

"I gave what was left in the bowl to a dog. It died."

"The evidence is conclusive. Who prepared the milk?"

The brother of Al-Karibi tapped nervously with the camel-stick. He said with obvious reluctance, "It was prepared by the elder wife, the Lady Mariya."

"She prepared it expressly for her husband?"

Jabir made a dignified gesture of protest. "The question is irrelevant. I do not ask you to seek an enemy in the household. My brother's life was threatened by the Raki dogs, and surely this deed is their shame."

"You have proof?"

"If I had, my knife would have found Ibn-Nu'uman's throat—"

Chafik said, "Then as you are without proof please concede the necessity for my questions. I must have all the facts before I can shape a design. Did the Lady Mariya prepare the *shineena* for her husband?"

"So far as I know it was prepared for her sister-wife, who is with child. And again I say these things should not be discussed." *(Continued on page 93)*

MONTGOM
CA
LE
6¢
Day
25¢

Filled with treasures and trinkets, Sloan's window on Thirteenth Street in the nation's capital is an irresistible lure to both buyers and browsers

History on the Auction Block

Mark Sloan, president and son of the founder, mingles with the customers on the exhibit floor

Over the famous auction block of C. G. Sloan & Company in Washington one generation's treasure is another's antique. Celebrities jostle rooming-house operators to bid grimly on anything from a President's dishes to a kerosene lamp

By HARRY EDWARD NEAL

THE quiet lady seemed bored to death—until the auctioneer picked up the water color in the old scratched frame. It was a pretty little scene called Boats on the River. The first bid was $50, by a young man far back in the crowd. The quiet lady bid $55. The man offered sixty. Two others joined in, the bids rose, but the quiet lady topped each one.

"A hundred and thirty!" the young man called.

The auctioneer aimed a slender finger at the quiet lady. "One thirty! Do I hear one forty?" She nodded. "One forty! Fifty? Fifty? Forty-five? I have one forty, one forty, are you all done?" He clapped his hands once "Sold! To this lady. Your name please, ma'am?" She gave it and actually trembled as she took the painting, for as she and the auctioneer knew, the little butterfly painted in the corner was the famous "signature" of James McNeill Whistler. Another bargain was closed on the block at the famous auction house of C. G. Sloan & Company in Washington, D.C.

For nearly 60 years—since 1891—the capital's social leaders, diplomats and Cabinet members have rubbed elbows at Sloan's with curio hunters, antique dealers and rooming-house operators, to buy or sell everything from a kerosene lamp to a pew in St. John's Church. Sloan's has sold Stephen Decatur's shaving outfit, the cane which Andrew Jackson stuck in the earth to mark the site for the Treasury Building, and Daniel Webster's punch bowl.

They have auctioned lead pipe, rare jewels, dilapidated davenports, carriages and automobiles, including an electric Pope-Toledo Waverly. One catalogued novelty was "A superb electric fountain

A chest of rich wood goes on the block as auctioneer James M. O'Brien, extreme right, urges the crowd to bid. The bookkeeper beside him records the transactions

Often the feverish activity by bidders makes a bedlam of the auction room. A quiet signal from the buyer is sufficient but frequently his anxiety gets the better of him

The biweekly sales jam Litter Lane with devotees as they bid on what may be a priceless antique or just a plain American bargain

from the Paris Exposition of 1900, made of solid bronze and cut crystal, with a continuous stream of perfumed water of changing color."

While Sloan's asks that material to be sold have an aggregate appraisal value of $20, they have never refused to sell anything and have disposed of tombstones, coffins, puppies, and a stubborn mule which had been seized by revenue agents from a moonshiner.

Even the White House has been represented at Sloan's. After the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, some of his effects were sold. His dining table reappeared on Sloan's block in 1926 and was sold for $25 to an unnamed buyer. When Chester A. Arthur moved into the Executive Mansion in 1881 (ten years before Sloan's was established) he so disliked the china and certain furnishings used by President Hayes that he ordered them sold by a local auctioneer. Horrified Washingtonians kicked up such a fuss that it was announced no White House property would ever be sold at public auction again.

Some of the Hayes china was acquired by the wife of Admiral George Dewey, hero of Manila Bay. It remained with the Dewey family until December 11, 1933, when the furnishings of the 35-room Dewey mansion were hauled to Sloan's for delivery to the highest bidder. The Hayes china went for $3 per piece; each piece bore the President's crest and the personal autograph of the designer and maker.

Four nested tables, a gift to Admiral Dewey from the Emperor of Japan, went for $16 to the late Mrs. Robert J. Randolph, who married the grandson of Abraham Lincoln. The mahogany bed on which Dewey died, and a matching bureau, brought $27.50 from Mrs. Harry Lushbaugh of Philadelphia; the walnut armchair which Admiral Dewey had used as a desk chair aboard his flagship, the Olympia, went to the late Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean for a measly $11. Mrs. Bennett Champ Clark, wife of the then senator from Missouri, bid in a lovely oval gilt table for $8.50.

The Senator Bids on a Rug

Her husband, the famous Champ Clark, had a word of advice for auction-goers. "Stay in your seats!" he warned. It seems that the senator arrived late at an auction where his wife awaited him. He sat in the rear, looking over the crowd in an effort to see Mrs. Clark. The auctioneer was selling a rug on which someone had bid $90. Senator Clark spied his wife and jumped out of his seat, intending to attract her attention. The auctioneer nodded in the midst of his swift talk and said, "Thank you, sir. The gentleman bids ninety-five dollars. Ninety-five. Do I hear a hundred?"

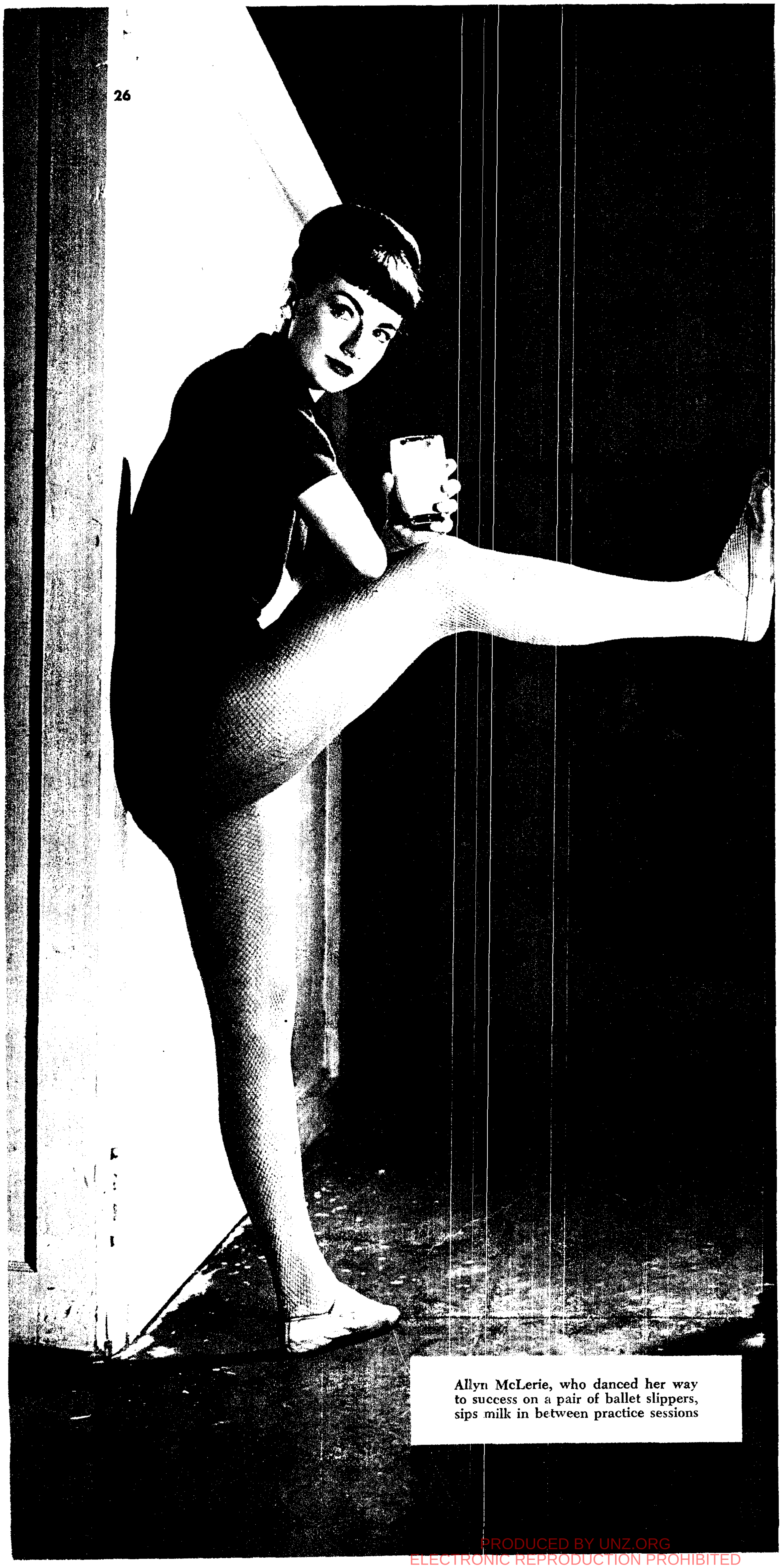
A blonde in the audience raised the bid to $100. Several women, including Mrs. Clark, turned to see the man who was apparently bidding. She recognized her husband and when he raised his hand to wave to her the auctioneer said, "The gentleman makes it a hundred and five. Do I hear one ten? One ten?" Suddenly Senator Clark realized he had been mistaken for a bidder. As he started to protest, the blonde raised the bid to $125. The senator was saved. He bowed quickly and the rug went to the lady.

Another lady on another day bid on a quaint old wooden tapestry frame. It was of a vintage too ancient to be serviceable for tapestry weaving, but as a fine antique showpiece it was worth the $30 the lady paid for it. Curious, she traced the history of the frame. After some eight months she established that the frame had been owned and used by Marie Antoinette. Overnight it became a valuable collector's piece.

The frame is not the only possession of Marie's that has passed through Sloan's hands. Her gilded sedan chair, lined with damask, shimmered among the house furnishings of the late John R. McLean, millionaire publisher, when they were auctioned. In the McLean home the famous lady's sedan chair had served admirably as a telephone booth!

Some of the merchandise has highlighted facets of the character of the *(Continued on page 86)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MORRIS ENGEL



Allyn McLerie, who danced her way to success on a pair of ballet slippers, sips milk in between practice sessions

Charley's Sweetheart

By BRUCE DOWNES

Bangs, a heap of talent, good looks, the comic spirit and an imperturbable façade were all Allyn McLerie needed to launch a career. Her songs and dances in Where's Charley? wow her audiences

CHARLEY'S sweetheart is a doe-eyed, black-haired girl with bangs. She's Allyn McLerie, who's currently playing second fiddle to a hoofer named Bolger in a musically rejuvenated version of a venerable farce called Charley's Aunt.

Ray Bolger is a limber-legged veteran and a high-caliber low comic, who mugs and romps through this Brandon Thomas corn classic (rechristened Where's Charley?) pursued by the doe-eyed girl with bangs—his fluttery Victorian sweetheart.

Actually young enough (twenty-one) to be Bolger's daughter, the McLerie girl is special enough to be sound reason No. 2 why Where's Charley? is packing 'em in at the St. James Theatre in New York. In addition to the usual accouterments of the musical comedy ingénue (youth and beauty) she has a first-rate singing voice, the grace and gifts of a dancer and—much rarer—the comic spirit. But where Bolger applies his comic talents with a trowel, McLerie lightly hints hers with a glance. She can roll her eyes and hips with equal skill and wow audiences regularly with her display of outraged purity as she sings The Woman in His Room, which she has made one of the show's most provocative songs. Yet this is the first time she has faced a Broadway first-night audience as a principal player.

Allyn's career really got going three years ago when Jerome Robbins, the famed choregrapher, spotted her in the ballet chorus of One Touch of Venus, and asked her to join On the Town, a musical then in rehearsal.

When her bangs turned out to be crowning an oddly expressive face, Robbins asked her to understudy Sono Osato, the show's star. When Osato left the cast Allyn stepped in, playing the role for four months on the road.

This looked like success. But theatrical careers rarely move in straight lines, and the girl with the bangs from Brooklyn and out of Grand' Mère, Canada, was no exception.

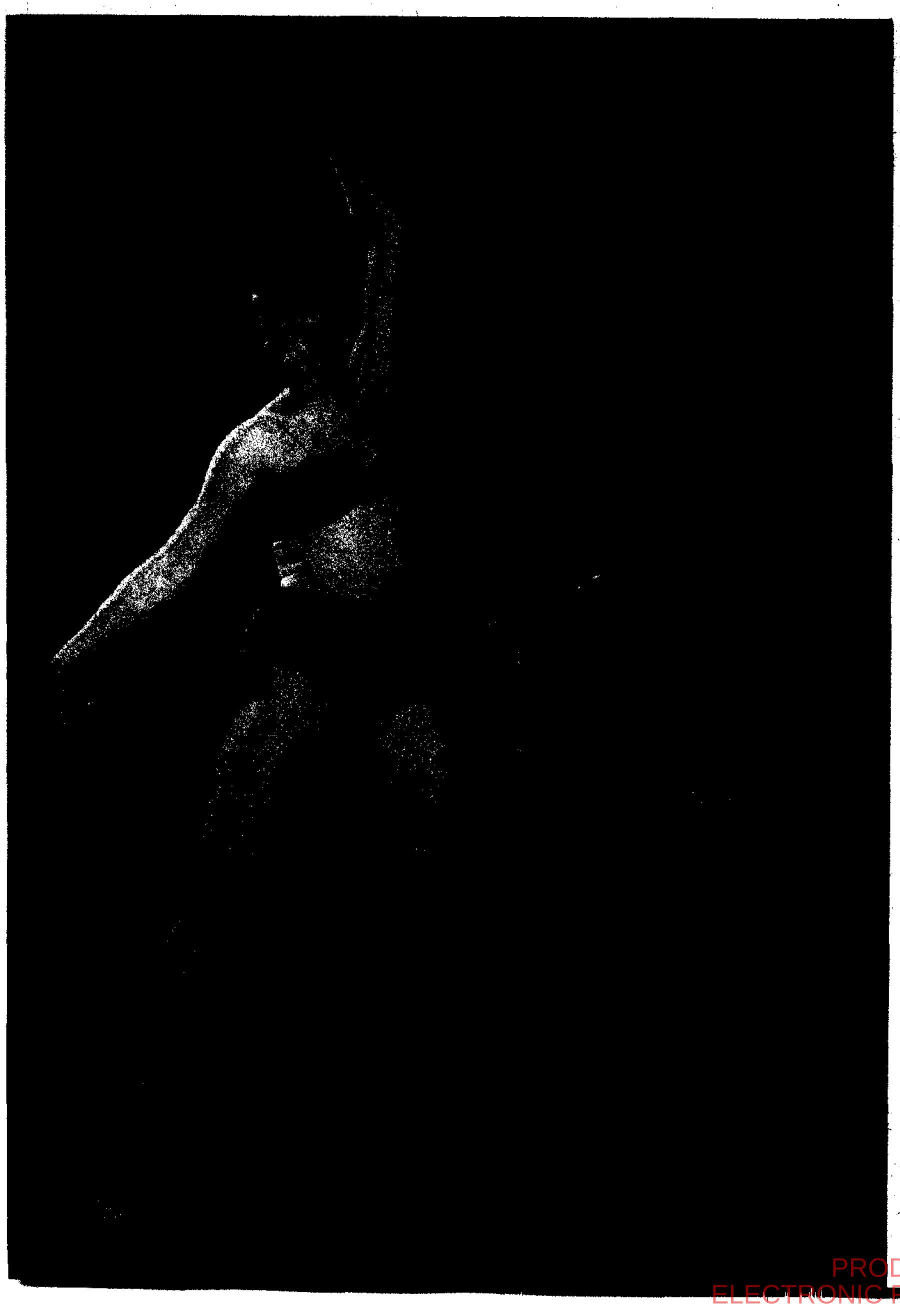
There followed in succession a year under contract for a show that never gelled, a month dancing with John Butler in New York's swank Cotillion Room at the Hotel Pierre, a fat part in a show that flopped in Philadelphia, a slim dancing role in Finian's Rainbow, and an escape to Hollywood to join her husband, Adolph Green, co-author of On the Town, who was writing the script for Words and Music, the movie on the life of Rodgers and Hart, and in which Allyn dances with Perry Como.

While on the Coast she was auditioned by George Abbott and Ray Bolger for Where's Charley? Serenely unruffled as she seems, Allyn was scared so stiff that she dismissed the audition as a flop and returned to New York hating Hollywood and wondering what to do next. She joined Butler, her old partner, and accepted another engagement at the Cotillion Room, which ended with the good news that she had been accepted as Charley's sweetheart.

The show opened in Philadelphia in September, and for all her visible insouciance Allyn McLerie faced the Quaker City audience well-nigh petrified with fright. Everyone said, "Oh, darling, you were so calm!" Anyway she's worth looking at and listening to. That's what we've been trying to say all along.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

As Amy Spettigue, Ray Bolger's sweetheart in the musical version of Charley's Aunt, the pert gal with bangs from Brooklyn, discreetly swathed in Victorian finery, **dances demurely in a number called Make a Miracle, while below, throwing all** caution to the wings, she turns pagan in a Brazilian interlude called Pernambuco



Five days a week Mary Margaret is gleefully welcomed into a million homes where her word on everything from turkey stuffing to celebrities is absolute

The Private Life of a Pied Piper

By COLLIE SMALL

With a gay abandon that has won her listeners' undying devotion, Mary Margaret McBride keeps nobody's secrets

EACH week day at 1 P.M., Monday through Friday, over a million housewives, tingling with anticipation, lay down their dustpans, settle back in their easy chairs and tune in on WNBC, New York. At this same wonderful moment, with women from Maine to South Carolina trembling deliciously on the brink of a plunging waterfall, a plump, apple-cheeked figure skids into her chair in Studio 6-D, waves happily to the 40 or 50 doting ladies in the studio audience, rearranges her notes, gives her hair a final pat, and sighs contentedly as Vincent Connolly, the announcer, says, "It's one o'clock and here is Mary Margaret McBride."

Thus begins a wondrous odyssey. Amid squeals of delight, including some uttered by Mary Margaret herself in her own unquenchable enthusiasm, McBride's Dustpan Army sets off down the road of life.

With Mary Margaret leading the way, the cheerful flock skips along behind, paying rapt attention to the points of interest indicated by Mary Margaret, relishing the little side excursions into the private lives of an endless variety of guest stars, and pausing dutifully for Mary Margaret's extraordinary commercials, which, whatever else they may be, carry all the authority of a chapter from the New Testament.

The bond between Mary Margaret and her listeners is unique in radio. In the fifteen years that she has been on the air, her listeners' affection for her has built up to the point where it is reminiscent of the passionate devotion that Aimee Semple McPherson commanded at the temple in Los Angeles.

For Mary Margaret's tenth anniversary broadcast a few years ago, 20,000 people jammed Madison Square Garden to pay tribute to her. Her mail has run as high as 250,000 letters a year. Her apartment, a small duplex overlooking New York's Central Park, is crammed with gifts from admiring housewives, the gifts running toward whole crates of eggs and an oversupply of samplers.

A devotee in New Jersey who died several years ago unfailingly set an extra cup of tea for Mary Margaret. And once, an elderly lady who was being taken to a poorhouse stopped by the studio to give Mary Margaret her last possession—a celery dish which had been a wedding present.

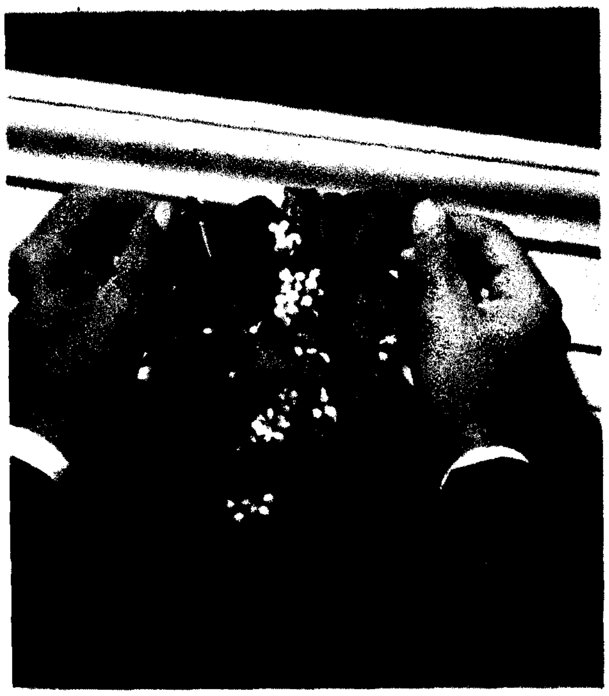
Mary Margaret, sentimental enough under the best of circumstances, was so overcome that she sat down and cried.

The State of Missouri, her home state, recognized Mary Margaret in 1939 by designating November 22d as "Mary Margaret McBride Day." In 1943, the All-American Rose was named after her and was duly listed in the seed catalogues: "Blooming in queenly dignity, Mary Margaret McBride will remain in never-fading glory throughout the hottest summer weather."

Only a few months ago, *(Continued on page 36)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SID GROSSMAN

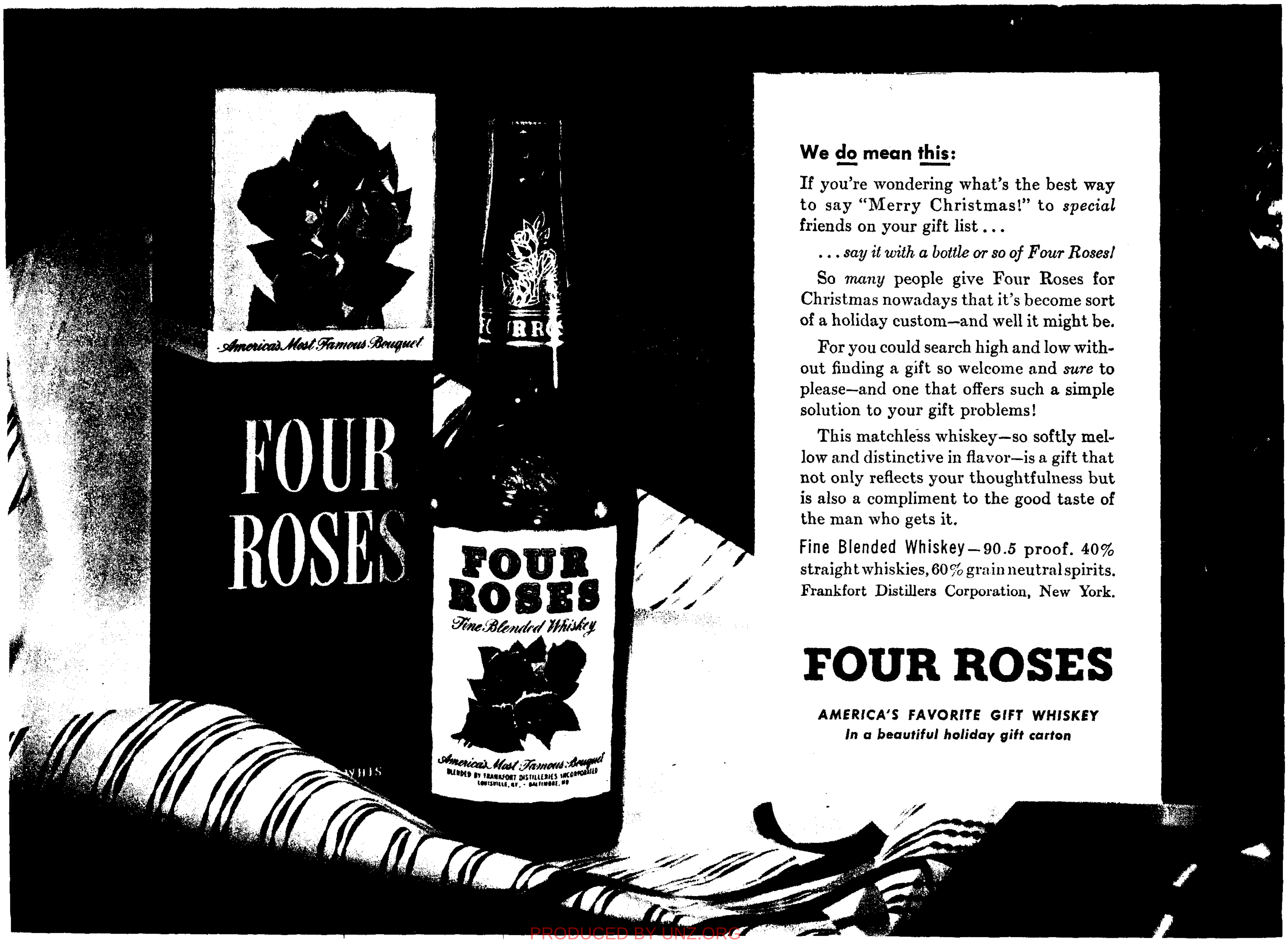
The Idea that became a Christmas tradition:



We don't mean hanging up mistletoe ...*(although that can be a very rewarding idea).*

We don't mean a holly wreath ... *(although it wouldn't be Christmas without one).*

We don't even mean sending Christmas cards ... *(although that's a good way to let friends know you wish them well).*


America's Most Famous Bouquet
FOUR ROSES
FOUR ROSES
Fine Blended Whiskey
America's Most Famous Bouquet
BLENDED BY FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES INCORPORATED
LOUISVILLE, KY. · BALTIMORE, MD

We do mean this:

If you're wondering what's the best way to say "Merry Christmas!" to *special* friends on your gift list ...

... *say it with a bottle or so of Four Roses!*

So *many* people give Four Roses for Christmas nowadays that it's become sort of a holiday custom—and well it might be.

For you could search high and low without finding a gift so welcome and *sure* to please—and one that offers such a simple solution to your gift problems!

This matchless whiskey—so softly mellow and distinctive in flavor—is a gift that not only reflects your thoughtfulness but is also a compliment to the good taste of the man who gets it.

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S FAVORITE GIFT WHISKEY
In a beautiful holiday gift carton

Alcoholism can begin at home

By RALPH S. BANAY

Because it is often the result of childhood influences, alcoholism can be prevented. Dominating parents must avoid extremes like overindulgence or puritanical don't-take-a-single-drink attitudes

CAN parents make drunkards of their children? The answer is yes, they *can* and often *do*. Many a parent can be charged with the responsibility for much of the excessive drinking among 2,000,000 adult men and women in this country. Some set poor examples by their own habits. But the paradox is that most frequently, guilty parents are good people who love their children and don't understand that too much coddling or too severe discipline may be creating a dependency or rebellion that can later drive their sons and daughters to drink.

How can we explain the puzzle when the parson's son, a high-school boy, is brought home "plastered," not just once, but more and more often? Or when the cherished daughter of a local banker always "passes out" at a party because she can't take it, and she can't leave it alone?

The simple fact is that most alcoholism sprouts at home.

Children born into a family where liquor is a staple of the daily diet, where the day begins with the before-breakfast pickup and goes on to the final and obliterating nightcap at bedtime, start life with two strikes against them. They naturally and frequently imitate their parents' way of life.

Thirty to 40 out of every 100 of the offspring of alcoholics follow the trail blazed by their parents and in their turn become victims of the disease, for it *is* a disease, not a moral weakness as it is still popularly regarded.

Alcoholism is not a direct inheritance, however. There is nothing in the germ plasm which passes from the parent to the child to produce a succession of alcoholics to the third and fourth generation. It is the *deterioration of family life,* the inevitable result of excessive drinking, which deprives children of their right to grow up into stable, well-adjusted adults.

Yet this is not to say that there may not be serious physical and mental consequences of excessive parental drinking. Epilepsy, idiocy and mental disease are not infrequent in children of alcoholics.

But not all heavy drinkers come from such a murky background. The opposite is often true. There are those who come from families where neither parent used alcohol to excess, perhaps never drank at all. These homes rate high among neighbors and friends. Love and comfort are there, the parents are devoted to their children and ambitious for their future.

So, when George, for instance, took to drinking heavily before he was out of his teens and finally had to be put away in a mental hospital as an alcoholic wreck, the neighbors said, "Whatever made him turn out like that? *He had such a lovely mother.*"

And when Julie disgraced the family by getting "blotto" on every occasion and spent a week end on a drunken spree in a hotel with a man she had just met at a cocktail party, they said, "There's absolutely no excuse for Julie. Her parents did *everything* for her."

But did they?

Love and care are not enough. If we look a little further into the relation of these parents to their children we pick up clues which help us understand what happened in these two families and what is happening to other Georges and Julies who are sliding into the same gloomy abyss.

George, of whom everyone said, "He's so good to his mother," was really the *victim* of maternal devotion.

His case is typical of the troublemaking relationships in the families of many alcoholics: the overindulgent, overprotective mother and her child. She can deny him nothing. She waits on him slavishly. When her child is small, she yields easily to his tantrums or his sulking; and so, as he passes into adolescence and adulthood, he expects life to be always smooth and sunny. She cannot let him grow up lest he grow away from her.

She has created in her son's mind an image of herself as the idolized mother to whom he is utterly devoted. "My son says I will always be his sweetheart," she tells her friends proudly. She centers her life in his.

If he marries—and often he marries late or not at all—he is ill prepared to meet the responsibilities of marriage and finds himself in an insoluble dilemma. He is torn between his mother's wish that he remain a baby and his wife's wish that he be a man. The divided loyalty and the inner discord drive him to drink.

Reaping the Harvest of Bondage

So George, who "had such a lovely mother," is really a child who has never grown up. He has never freed himself from his mother. He cannot meet the demands of adult life, and he harbors an eternal conflict between his bondage and his failure.

Because he cannot solve his conflict in a constructive activity, excessive drinking provides a way out. The alcoholic glow warms and strengthens him. He daydreams and in his phantasy he is able to throw off the strangle hold his mother has on him and seem to emerge the whole man he might really have been.

But his time of liberation is brief. As the habit grows on him, something else happens. Gradually he gives up his fight and yields himself to the arms he has been seeking to escape. He yearns to return to his childhood and infancy, and in the shimmering world of alcoholic unreality he can again fancy himself sheltered and safe and warm, no longer a man with obligations to meet.

In a twisted way he comes near to achieving his wish when in his drunken helplessness he is again tended like a baby, washed and put to bed by a kind mother or by his wife in a maternal role. When he reaches this idyllic state it is easy to see that George is a very sick man.

And Julie? Not long ago she was picked up by the police in a strange town where she had awakened from a drunken stupor in a third-rate hotel. The man who had brought her there had disappeared and Julie was too confused to know even where she was and with whom she had spent the night. This kind of thing had happened to her more than once.

Julie was neither oversexed nor immoral. She, like George, was stumbling in blind confusion, seeking to recapture the loving world of her childhood.

Her Father Was Too Kind to Her

Julie had been her daddy's pet. With presents, pretty clothes, holiday trips, constant affection and attention, he bound her to him. She often said, "The happiest time of your life is when you are a child." The truth was that Julie had become too deeply attached to her father to grow up into mature womanhood.

When her girl friends began to go out with boys, Julie was indifferent to beaux. She pretended to like them but could not respond to their petting and love-making. Then she made the discovery that after a few drinks she was no longer coldly aloof but relaxed and responsive. She drank more and more.

After a time she became indifferent to the kind of men she went out with—any man would do.

Julie, a cultured, sensitive and intelligent girl, has struggled desperately to overcome her drinking. But she cannot succeed until she consciously realizes that her addiction is only a symptom of her struggle against parental overindulgence. She has some insight into this now.

Recently she wrote her doctor: "Getting out of this town and away from my family is a necessary part of my rehabilitation. They have literally killed me with kindness. They should throw me out on my ear and say, 'Now stand on your own two feet. Sink or swim.' "

It is still uncertain whether Julie will sink or will learn to swim against the current of her unconscious wish to remain a child.

Another facet of the problem of alcoholism is found in the dictatorial parent who holds sway within the boundaries of the family. Children—and sometimes wives—are the unhappy subjects of such tyrants. Instant and unquestioning obedience is demanded for the smallest command, no opportunity to issue orders is lost. Even passing whims are law.

This iron discipline sometimes takes the form of severe and cruel punishments. A recent news story told of a man who whipped his small son long and brutally. As the boy was dying of his injuries the father whispered that he had beaten the child out of love and that "sometimes a father has to do those

IT'S
FUTURAMIC

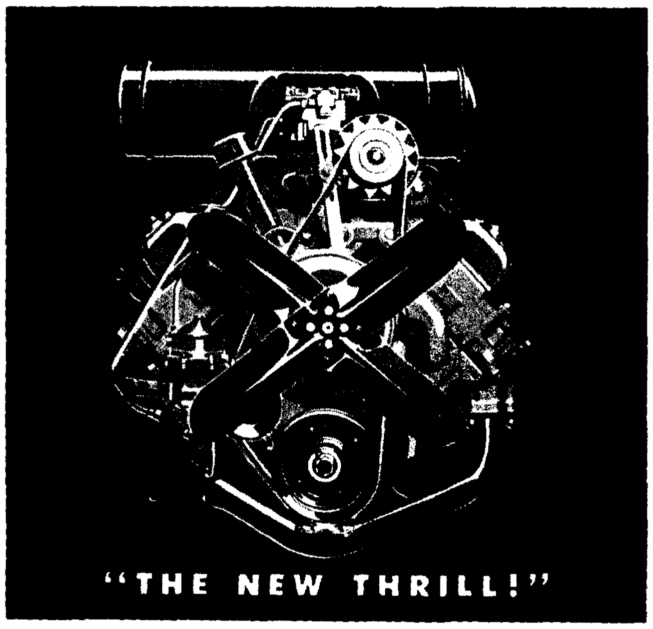
NEW "ROCKET" ENGINE!

First, it was Hydra-Matic Drive. Then, Futuramic styling. *And now*—the newest, latest forward step in Oldsmobile's Futuramic program—*the Oldsmobile "Rocket"!*

Yes, those rumors were true. *Oldsmobile does have a brand new engine* (a rugged, high-octane, valve-in-head eight). The "Rocket" Engine is based on entirely new engineering principles and built in the world's newest, most modern engine plant.

For the future, the "Rocket" opens up a new vista of high-compression efficiency. Even today, it's so Futuramic in performance—so amazingly smooth and quiet, so incredibly quick in response—that you've got to *drive* it to believe it! And you can do that *soon*, when your Oldsmobile dealer shows the *new* 1949 Oldsmobile. The car that brought you the New Look in Futuramic styling, now brings you "The New Thrill" in Futuramic "Rocket" action. *Try it soon!*

OLDSMOBILE



"THE NEW THRILL!"

GIVE

Cheery Good Mornings

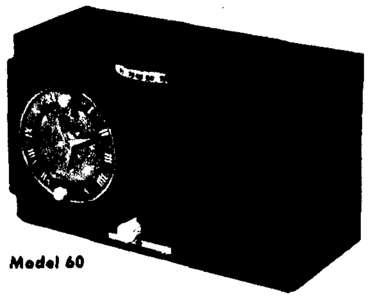
all year 'round!

"Wake-up-to-music"

CLOCK-RADIOS

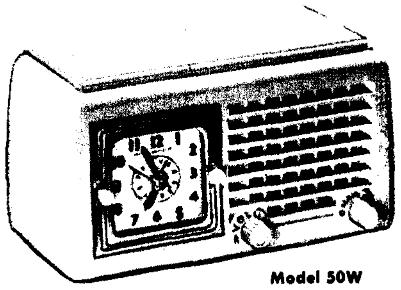
WHAT a *different*, delightful gift—a G-E Clock-Radio that wakes you soothingly, to music! It's a **natural color tone** radio *and* a dependable G-E electric clock! It wakes you to sweet music, turns on a favorite program any time, reminds you of important dates—*automatically!* They'll think about you on Christmas morning—and *every* morning—when you give a General Electric "Wake-up-to-music" Clock-Radio!

General Electric Company
Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.



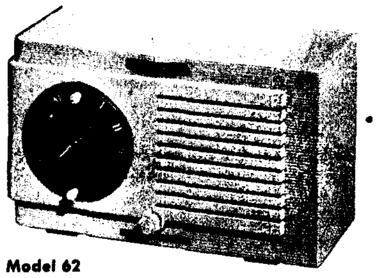
Model 60

For a Merry Christmas—for merry mornings all year 'round—a G-E "Wake-up-to-music" Clock-Radio! G-E electric clock, "superhet" radio, electronic reminder! Lovely rosewood plastic cabinet. Model 60 above. $39.95*



Model 50W

More than a radio, more than a clock. It wakes you to music, turns on a favorite program any time, reminds you of dates—*automatically!* Ivory plastic cabinet. Model 50W above. $26.95*

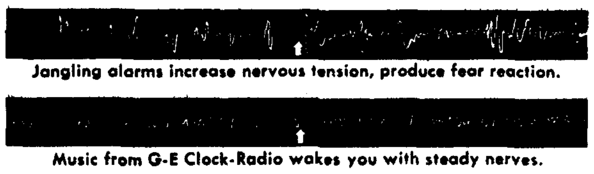


Model 62

You'll be glad to give (and to get!) Model 62. It's a fine-toned G-E radio, accurate G-E electric clock, electronic reminder—all in one! Rich ivory plastic cabinet. ·$41.95*

Here's what Science finds!

Charts of Brain Waves certified by Dr. Frederic Damrau



Jangling alarms increase nervous tension, produce fear reaction.

Music from G-E Clock-Radio wakes you with steady nerves.

**Western prices slightly higher. Prices subject to change without notice.*

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-G12C

things" to train his children. The man may have started to administer moderate punishment when he was overcome with a sadistic urge to destroy his child.

This is an extreme case, but many a father inflicts physical punishments on his children, under the guise of training, for the sadistic satisfaction and sense of power it gives him.

The overbearing, domineering parent does not always punish this severely, but he has one point in common with the overindulgent parent: He too wants his child to stay young and dependent.

A Form of Retaliation

How can a child resist such invincible strength? Often he can't, not even after he is too old to accept the authority of his father. He is compelled to retaliate in a weak and passive way. He retreats from an intolerable situation and, by drinking heavily, gets a tormented satisfaction out of disgracing his father.

A variant of the rigid disciplinarian is the puritanical parent who represses his child as he represses himself. In such a family, it is the child who is the greatest sufferer.

Youth is exuberant, full of the newness of life. The old standard is unsuited to the child's different, modern viewpoint. The boy or girl who rebels against the restrictions imposed upon him may love his parents yet be unable to conform to their thinking. He may learn that alcohol gives him freedom, or the illusion of freedom.

Such children are gradually drawn into a vicious circle. Unable to conform to the puritanical standards, they drink first to escape the conflict between their parents' demands and their own inclinations, and then they drink to escape the feeling of guilt and disgrace which comes from their alcoholism.

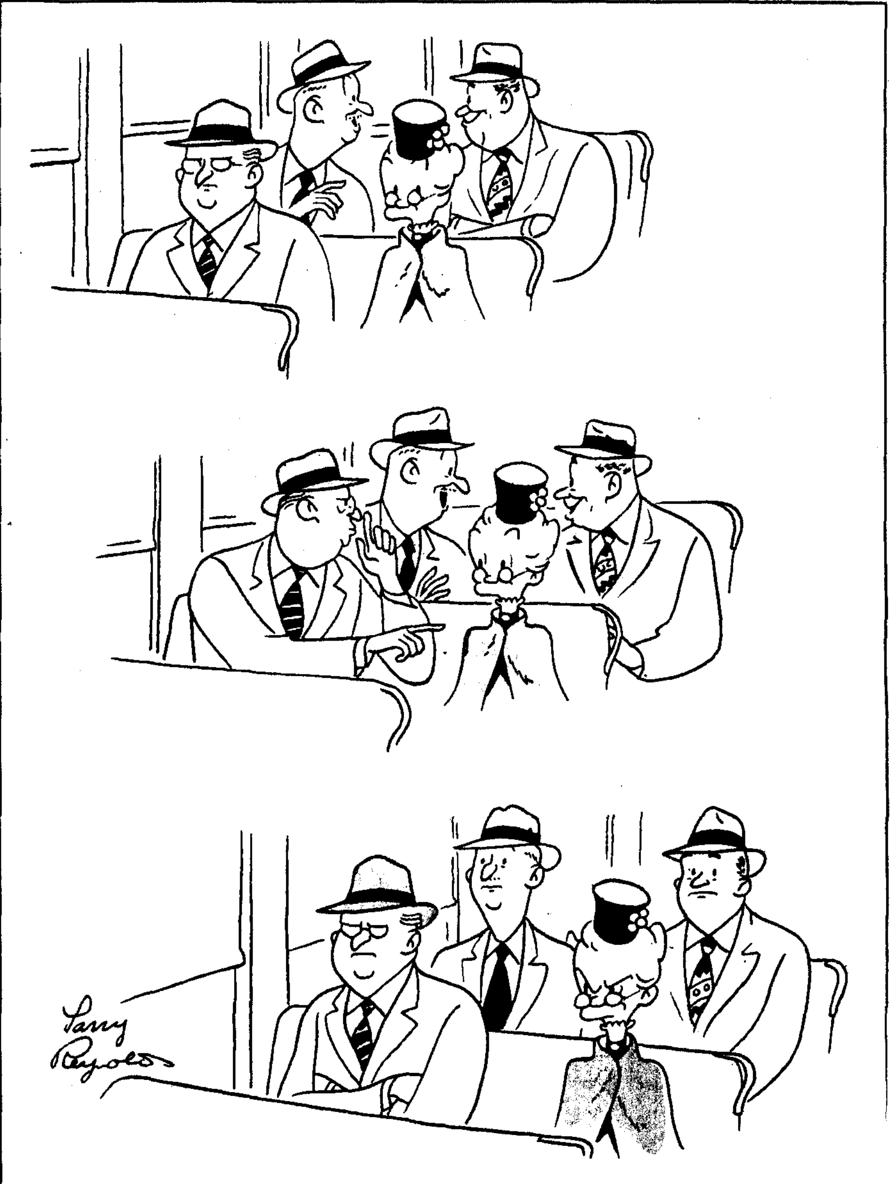
Recognition is growing that alcoholism, if not a disease in itself, is a symptom of severe and long-standing personality maladjustment. The sufferer is sure that he can take it or leave it alone. Actually he has no choice, his drinking is compulsive. He wavers between the world of harsh reality and a life of phantasy where he can return to his only period of real happiness—his infancy.

Attempts at treatment have both widened and deepened. The alcoholic has taken himself in hand and organized Alcoholics Anonymous, which has been spectacularly successful in many cases. Community interest has resulted in clinical opportunities for study and treatment. Psychiatric care seems more logical now than exhortations or pledges or jail.

Alcoholism is preventable if taken at the source—the home. What can parents do to save their children from such blighted lives?

Primarily they must be aware of the two extremes or attitudes which are to be avoided: the completely lax one which provides children with an example of constant and uninhibited drinking in the home, and the strict or puritanical attitude which regards a single drink as a sin.

But there is more to prevention than that. The common denominator in every case of alcoholism is immaturity, unwillingness to grow up to adult stature and responsibility. Parents can best protect the child by weaning him early from infantile dependence and assuring him of a normal opportunity to grow and mature. In this way he will live in a world of reality and will not seek instead a world of dreams and phantasies that lead only to self-destruction. ◆



COLLIER'S — Traveling salesman story — LARRY REYNOLDS

If you want his gift to be All-New -Stop right here!

The *all-new* Schick Electric Shaver—*new from the sound up*—new in looks, new in power, new in easy shaving. And that new travel case goes with the gift!

LADY, be good to his face. Give him a sparkling, spanking new Schick — the gift of blissful shaving, the gift that makes him bless you whenever he zips his whiskers off.

For there's *more* to this new Schick than meets even your discerning eye. There's more than Stream-Flo Styling — more than the handy new Stop-Start Switch — more than those blended-into-the-shaver Whisk-Its that catch all beard clippings.

There's Schick's new Mighty Motor — packed with a flock of new features that keep Schick running softly, smoothly for years of easy shaves.

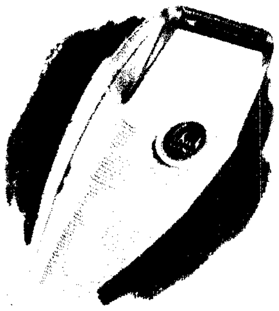
And there's a world of shaving *power* — new power that zooms Schick's double-action shearing heads through even those tough patches that scratch a gal's cheeks.

May we add, too, that you'll be giving him the benefit of 18 years of Schick experience — the most in electric shaving — and the No. 1 name in the field!

Enough said — except that the peak Yuletide wave hasn't hit the stores —*yet*. How about trotting down to the nearest Schick dealer — get that new Schick Christmas-wrapped *now!*

* * *

THERE'S A LOT THAT'S NEW IN THE COLONEL, TOO!



There's a new head on the Colonel's shoulders. It's the new 3-M HOLLOW-GROUND SHEARING HEAD – with ingenious new Fast Pickup INTERCEPTOR BAR that pops up each whisker to be cropped clean at skinline. Also – the Colonel comes in a smart travel case. Schick Colonel with new 3-M Head $16.50

Put this under his Christmas Tree!

NEW Shaving Ease, speed, comfort, with the V-16 Shearing Heads • ***NEW*** Stop-Start Switch • ***NEW*** Power • ***NEW*** Mighty Motor • ***NEW*** Nylon Cushioning • ***NEW*** Stay-On Whisk-Its • ***NEW*** Travel Case • ***NEW*** Stream-Flo Styling.

And — It Fits the Schick Shaverest. Complete the gift with Schick's automatic wall-holder which dresses up the bathroom — keeps the shaver finger-tip handy — shuts off current automatically — and zips up the cord. Shaverest . . . only $7.95.

Shaverest–Trademark Schick, Inc.

SCHICK INCORPORATED, STAMFORD, CONN.

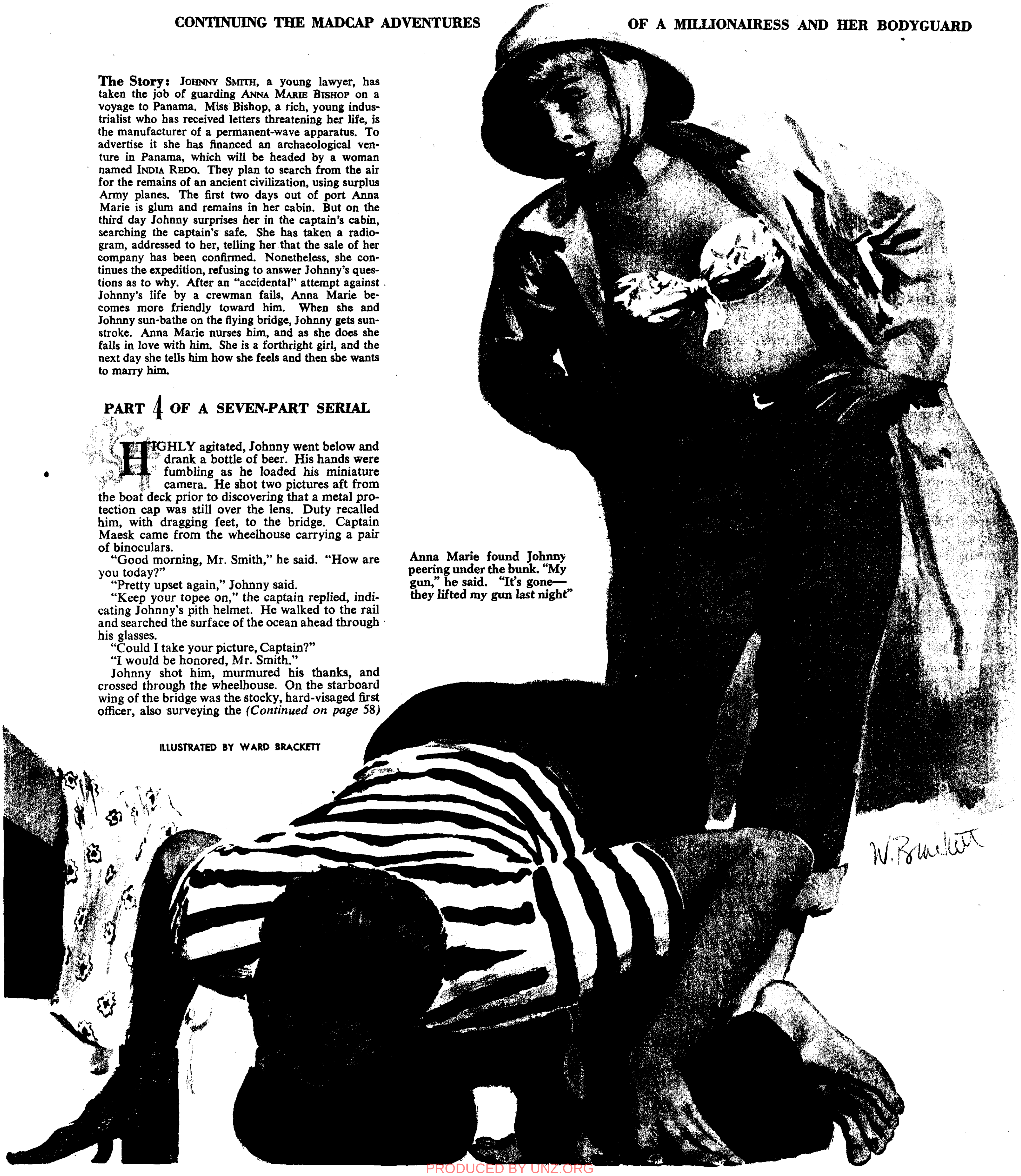
New Power-Packed Schick Super—$21.00

All-new, through and through SCHICK *Electric* SHAVER

PASSAGE TO PANAMA

By ROBERT CARSON

CONTINUING THE MADCAP ADVENTURES OF A MILLIONAIRESS AND HER BODYGUARD



Anna Marie found Johnny peering under the bunk. "My gun," he said. "It's gone—they lifted my gun last night"

The Story: JOHNNY SMITH, a young lawyer, has taken the job of guarding ANNA MARIE BISHOP on a voyage to Panama. Miss Bishop, a rich, young industrialist who has received letters threatening her life, is the manufacturer of a permanent-wave apparatus. To advertise it she has financed an archaeological venture in Panama, which will be headed by a woman named INDIA REDO. They plan to search from the air for the remains of an ancient civilization, using surplus Army planes. The first two days out of port Anna Marie is glum and remains in her cabin. But on the third day Johnny surprises her in the captain's cabin, searching the captain's safe. She has taken a radiogram, addressed to her, telling her that the sale of her company has been confirmed. Nonetheless, she continues the expedition, refusing to answer Johnny's questions as to why. After an "accidental" attempt against Johnny's life by a crewman fails, Anna Marie becomes more friendly toward him. When she and Johnny sun-bathe on the flying bridge, Johnny gets sunstroke. Anna Marie nurses him, and as she does she falls in love with him. She is a forthright girl, and the next day she tells him how she feels and then she wants to marry him.

PART 4 OF A SEVEN-PART SERIAL

HIGHLY agitated, Johnny went below and drank a bottle of beer. His hands were fumbling as he loaded his miniature camera. He shot two pictures aft from the boat deck prior to discovering that a metal protection cap was still over the lens. Duty recalled him, with dragging feet, to the bridge. Captain Maesk came from the wheelhouse carrying a pair of binoculars.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith," he said. "How are you today?"

"Pretty upset again," Johnny said.

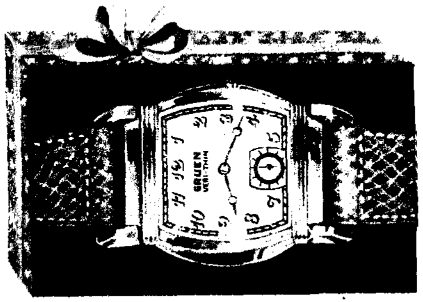
"Keep your topee on," the captain replied, indicating Johnny's pith helmet. He walked to the rail and searched the surface of the ocean ahead through his glasses.

"Could I take your picture, Captain?"

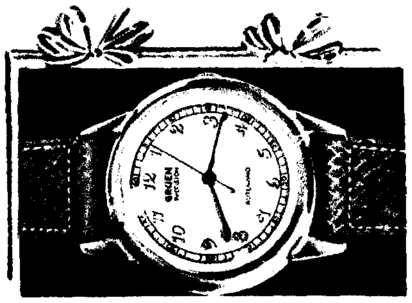
"I would be honored, Mr. Smith."

Johnny shot him, murmured his thanks, and crossed through the wheelhouse. On the starboard wing of the bridge was the stocky, hard-visaged first officer, also surveying the *(Continued on page 58)*

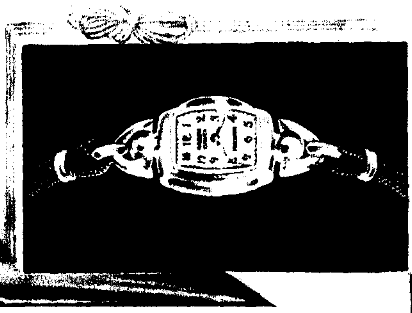
ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT



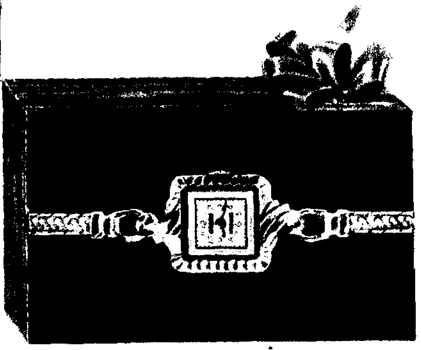
Veri-Thin Dexter, $37.50



Autowind Triumph, self-winding, $71.50



Curvex Crescent, $62.50

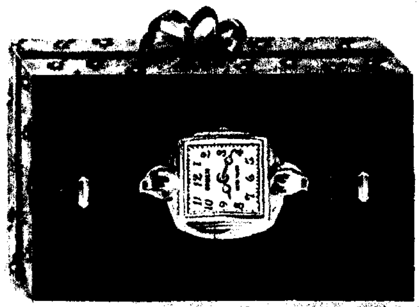


Veri-Thin Joan, $55.00

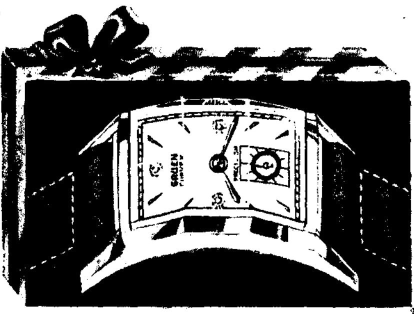
Wrap up a thrill...

give a GRUEN watch this Christmas

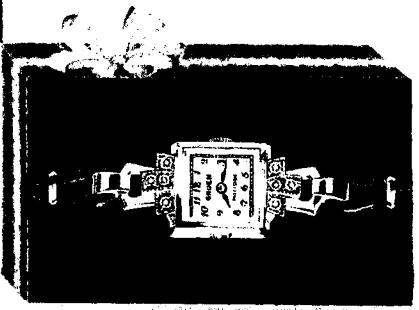
A part of your heart is wrapped up forever in your gift of a fine Gruen watch. Whatever ties may bind you, whatever words are spoken, the gift of a Gruen will draw you closer; now and for all time. You may choose the famous Curvex, with the patented Curvametric* movement, or the thin, thin Veri-Thin.* Each beautiful Curvex and Veri-Thin model is a singular achievement of craftsmanship and dependable timekeeping. See your Gruen jeweler today and wrap up a Gruen . . . for an unforgettable Christmas thrill. Gruen, America's choice since 1874, is the official timepiece of Pan American World Airways. $33.75 to $5000, federal tax included. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati 6, Ohio. In Canada: Toronto, Ont.



Veri-Thin Mode, $33.75



Curvex Executive, diamond dial, $200.00



Veri-Thin Lavelle, 8 diamonds, $225.00

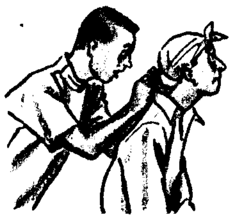
GRUEN

THE *Precision* WATCH

For cherished gifts, consult your jeweler

*T. M. REGISTERED

"Honest, Doc—
I don't know WHO I am!"



INTERN: Now look, mister! You *don't* know your name. You *don't* know your address. You *don't* have any identification. And the *only* label in your clothes is the Arrow label in your shirt!

MR. X: Arrow label. *Arrow* label. Sounds familiar . . .

INTERN: Sounds familiar, he says! Everybody — even amnesia victims — knows the Arrow label!

MR. X: Oh, *Arrow!* I remember. That's why this white shirt looks so good, huh? That's why it's got such a swell collar, huh? I — wait! WAIT! I remember something! MITOGA!

INTERN: Mitoga? Is that your name?

MR. X: No! That's Arrow's special shirt design. That's what makes it fit so nice, see? Shaped to *my* shape.

INTERN: Look, Mystery Man — you're not gonna find a name on that little label . . .

MR. X: But there *is* a name! *Sanforized.* That means that Arrow Shirts shrink less'n 1%. *Keeps* 'em fitting swell, y'see?

INTERN: Yeah, yeah, they're wonderful. I wear 'em. My brother wears 'em. My *father* wears 'em. But *your* name's not Arrow! What's YOUR name?

MR. X: Name . . . Arrow . . . I GOT IT! I remember now! I was just stopping to look at my Arrow White Shirt in a store window when I smelled flowers . . .

INTERN: Yeah — you got hit with a pot of geraniums. So you passed out and forgot your name. SO WHAT IS IT?

MR. X: It's Zyxnoplewhistle! Maximillian Octavius Zyxnoplewhistle!

INTERN: *Wow!* No WONDER you forgot it, Max.

Arrow, Mitoga, Sanforized: Reg. Trade-marks

ARROW WHITE SHIRTS

$3.65 · $3.95 · $4.50 · $5.50 · $7.50

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Makers of Arrow Shirts • Ties • Handkerchiefs • Underwear • Sports Shirts

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A PIED PIPER

Continued from page 28

King Haakon of Norway, in ceremonies in Oslo, decorated her for her wartime broadcasts in which she praised the resistance of the Norwegians during the German occupation.

The spell Mary Margaret weaves over her vast audience is illustrated by the number of competitors who have modeled programs along the lines of hers. In 1940, Estella Karn, Mary Margaret's manager counted over 300 imitators.

Because of the informality of her program and her unorthodox approach to the commercials, which she writes herself ("They call it jam but I still think they mean preserves but anyway I hope you'll go right out this afternoon and buy some—was that all right, Vincent?"), there is a lamentable tendency to underestimate this bubbling lady.

The fact of the matter is that, from a standpoint of pulling power, Mary Margaret McBride is undoubtedly the number one miracle of modern radio.

Influence of a Woman's Word

Her breathless recommendation of a product is so certain to provoke an overwhelming response that Printer's Ink, a trade magazine with no very great affection for radio, has said reluctantly that her program is "perhaps the most outstanding example of reliance upon the word of a human being in the commercial field."

Several years ago, Mary Margaret casually remarked that a loaf of bread held untold delights for a clever housewife; in no time at all 31,439 persons had written for more details. When she offered free samples of noodle soup, 13,903 families rose to the bait. Once, when she praised a certain brand of carrots, sales jumped from two to ten carloads a day.

Because Mary Margaret frequently interviews authors on her program, she has been credited with exercising, in radio at least, the greatest influence on book sales since the late Alexander Woollcott.

Before the election Mary Margaret, a Democrat, interviewed Mr. Dewey and came to the conclusion that she would have to vote for him. "I love that man," she said. Hundreds of listeners immediately wrote in to say that under the circumstances they, too, would vote for Dewey and would forgive Mary Margaret for her temporary defection.

Mary Margaret obviously was unable to put Mr. Dewey to the laboratory test, but he is one of the few things she has ever endorsed without first having it tested. For moral reasons, she refuses to endorse alcoholic beverages or cigarettes, and she has rejected any number of other products because they failed to come up to specifications.

Mary Margaret once was offended by a soft-drink manufacturer who told her that sales were good at a certain picnic. After mentioning it on the air, she visited the picnic and discovered to her horror that virtually nobody was drinking the beverage. The next day, while the sponsor gnashed his teeth, she calmly reported that she had been in error; she had been unable to find more than a handful of people drinking the stuff.

Despite her fussiness, would-be sponsors are constantly clamoring for a spot on her program and there is always a waiting list of several dozen aspirants.

At the moment, she is plugging such diversified items as life insurance, gingerbread, and refrigerators for sixteen sponsors, each of whom pays her $175 a week for five commercials.

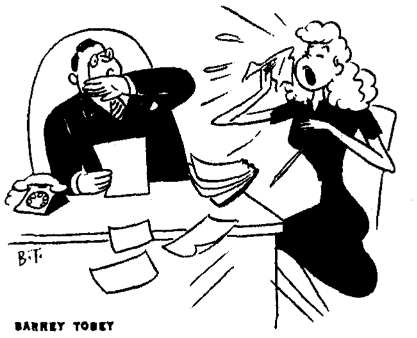
In addition, Mary Margaret recently took on a network television show, sponsored by five firms, each paying $500 per week.

If a sponsor is imprudent enough to suggest to Mary Margaret that she change a commercial, Mary Margaret is likely to invite him right off her show. Moreover, he is in mortal danger of injury at the hands of Mary Margaret's listeners.

Several years ago, after she had suggested that her followers stuff their Thanksgiving turkeys with a certain brand of toasted bread crumbs, the sponsor complained that she had been a trifle brisk in her delivery of the commercial. The information that the sponsor was displeased was passed on to her audience the next day. In several hundred spirited letters to the astonished sponsor, listeners from a dozen states reported indignantly that they had, indeed, stuffed their

Ounce of Prevention

(The common cold causes more lost time from work and play than any other infectious disease, or combination of infectious diseases.)



BARNEY TOBEY

DEFENSE MEASURES

The common cold is something which
Afflicts, alike, both poor and rich
And young and old and great and small.
It's out to get us, one and all,
Unless we use some common sense.
***That* is the number one defense.**
So wear the proper clothes, and do
Not spurn the humble overshoe
When buffeting a winter storm.
If possible, keep dry and warm.
P. S. to Ma: Make this a rule—
Don't send a runny nose to school.
Just keep your tadpole home with you.
It's best for *him*—and *my* boy too!

—MARGARET FISHBACK

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE “R

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan

CORBY'S
CORB
BLENDED W
JAS. BARCLAY

"Thanks-and the same to you"

CORBY'S . . . A GRAND
OLD CANADIAN NAME

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co. Limited—Peoria, Illinois

CORBY'S
BLENDED WHISKEY

turkeys with his toasted bread crumbs and only because Mary Margaret had asked them to. So there!

Mary Margaret has been on the air since 1934, when she won an audition for the post of "Martha Deane" on a local station in New York. Born in Paris, Missouri, in 1899, she worked her way through college in Columbia, Missouri, toiled with distinction on various newspapers, became a successful magazine writer, went down with the market crash, and bobbed up at the last critical moment as the afore-mentioned "Martha Deane," at $25 a week for six shows.

As "Martha Deane," Mary Margaret was a success as soon as she took her hands out of the flour and gave up the hopeless job of trying to be radio's homemaker. This occurred on her fourth day when, disgusted with trying to tell mothers what to do with their children, she threw away the script and described a visit to a flea circus instead. The formula was successful from the start and it is still the essence of her program.

Staging Her Broadcast Act

With her heels hooked comfortably over a rung in her chair, Mary Margaret conducts her program from a sheaf of notes which she consistently misplaces in a large pile on the table in front of her. This causes her to mutter into the microphone and snatch impatiently at the slips of paper until she gets straightened out with both herself and her guests. Veteran listeners take these distractions in good humor and, in fact, pride themselves on their indulgence of Mary Margaret's little eccentricities.

As for the guests, Mary Margaret's interviewees run a gamut that could be disastrous in less capable hands. Over the past few years she has interviewed such personages as Sally Rand, who discussed her childhood in the Ozarks; Jimmy Durante, who had a head cold; the adviser to the Grand Lama of Tibet; the manager of an Alaskan dog team; a young man who helps his mother make brownies; and Eleanor Roosevelt.

It was Mrs. Roosevelt, on one occasion, who was indirectly responsible for one of the few times that Mary Margaret has been late for her broadcast.

Ever helpful, Mary Margaret had gone down to Mrs. Roosevelt's apartment to escort her guest to the broadcast. Returning to the station, a few minutes before one, their taxi was caught in a traffic jam several blocks from the studio. Mrs. Roosevelt sportingly suggested that they get out and run for it, but Mary Margaret vetoed the idea.

"We'll ride," she said firmly, "or we won't go at all."

The two ladies finally careened into the studio, several minutes late, as Vincent was struggling manfully to entertain a million housewives. Mary Margaret, glancing calmly at the clock, sat down at the microphone, motioned Mrs. Roosevelt into her place, discoursed at some length on the difficulties of getting around New York, and said, "You know what we really need, Vincent? It's a pitcher of that delicious, economical, iced Ehler's tea!"

Only a few months ago, Mary Margaret was late again when she got caught in her corset zipper. It took the combined talents of a doctor and the janitor of her building to disengage her from this predicament; although in considerable pain from assorted lacerations, Mary Margaret hurried to the studio to explain to her worried listeners exactly what had happened.

Mary Margaret's choice of subjects for her program depends largely upon her whims of the moment, but she can be depended upon to refer to the subject of eating nine or ten times during a broadcast. Mary Margaret's preoccupation with her stomach is celebrated in radio. And she is sure to remind her listeners regularly that her favorite meal consists of hot biscuits, mashed potatoes, fried chicken and apple dumplings.

It takes only the slightest jog to turn Mary Margaret's thoughts toward food. Listeners are fond of recalling a broadcast a few years ago in which she said dreamily, while discussing Mont-Saint-Michel, "There is nothing else in the world like its Gothic fortress abbey—so grim and beautiful on its high island. I was thinking about Mother Poularde's omelets. . . ."

For all of that, Mary Margaret is neither a particularly expert nor an especially enthusiastic cook. Once she undertook to bake a cake and bring it to the studio, but it collapsed under the weight of the frosting. The accident was duly reported to her radio listeners, and they in turn hastily rallied with letters to the Swans Down flour people, warning them not to be angry with Mary Margaret. "It could have happened to anybody," the letters explained, in her defense, "Even with Swans Down."

Carelessness Is a Pretense

As a person, Mary Margaret is pretty much as she sounds over the air—lovable, sentimental, and home-loving. Although her program frequently sounds as though it were thrown together a few minutes before she goes on the air—a deliberate affectation—Mary Margaret employs a staff of twelve people to help her with it, and she works far into the night going over the material brought her by her researchers, signing letters handed her by her secretaries, or reading the novel of what's-the-name-of-that-man-I'm-interviewing-tomorrow?

Her week ends are spent almost invariably at Miss Karn's farm in the Catskills. The exact location of the farm is a jealously guarded secret, but a certain number of enthusiasts ferret it out regularly and keep Mary Margaret in a state of continual suspense. One day last summer Mary Margaret was frightened half out of her skin when she awakened from a nap on the porch and looked into the eyes of a half-dozen Peeping Toms who had gathered to inspect her at close range.

Miss Karn is Mary Margaret's closest companion, as well as her manager, and takes roughly a third of Mary Margaret's earnings. She helped propel Mary Margaret into radio, shoved her into television, and even forced her to buy her first fur coat when they went to Missouri for "Mary Margaret McBride Day."

"I don't need a fur coat," Mary Margaret protested.

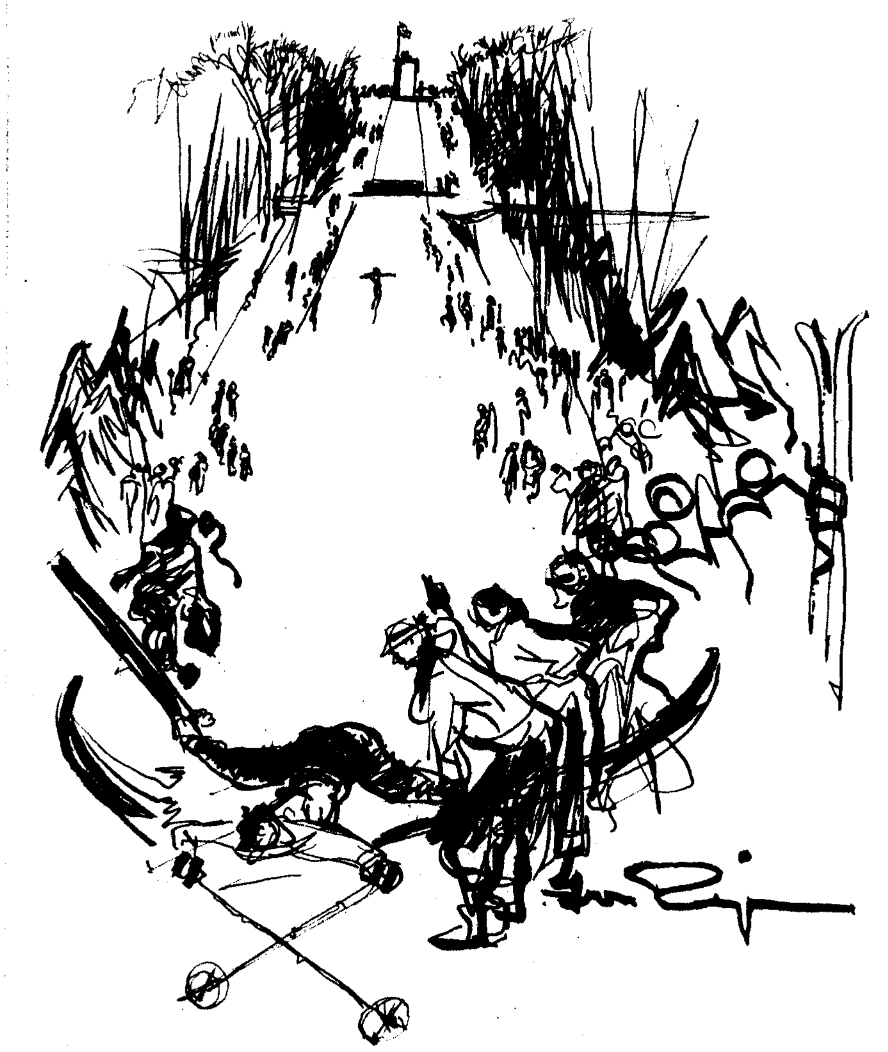
"Well," Miss Karn said, "I have one and I don't want those people in Missouri to think I'm stealing your money."

"Well, now, that sounds reasonable enough," Mary Margaret said, reminding herself to be sure to tell the people on the next broadcast how Stella made her buy her first fur coat.

THE EISENHOWERS, OF KANSAS

Here's what America is made of

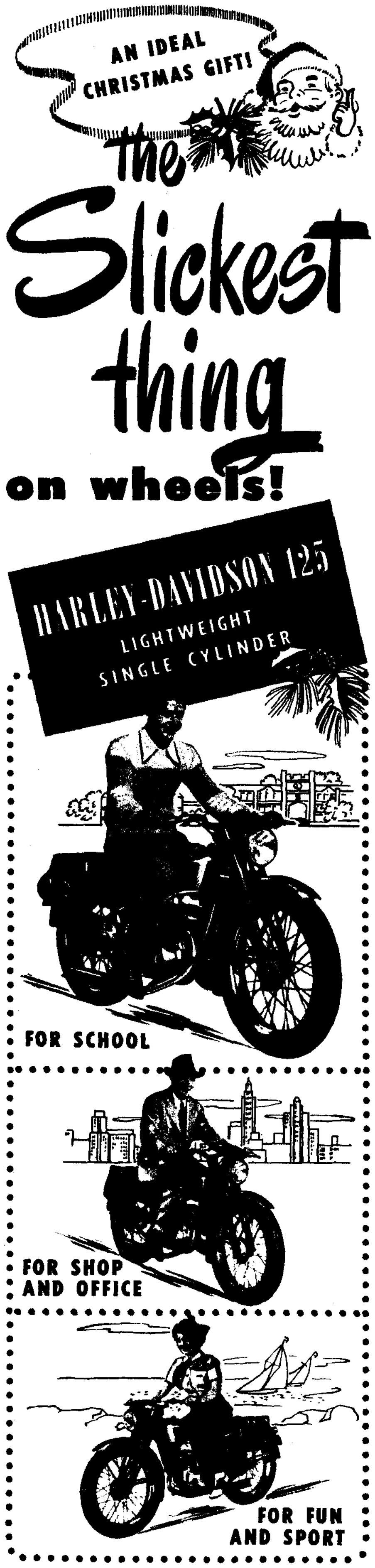
In Collier's *next week*



COLLIER'S

"My advice, Fletcher, is to go right back up again before you lose your nerve"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



Just what you've been waiting for! Low cost, personal transportation that's not only modern and smart-looking, but thoroughly practical! So economical to buy and operate anyone can afford it . . . so safe and easy to handle anyone can learn to ride in a single lesson! A fun-maker for youngsters, a time and money saver for oldsters. Dependable, convenient transportation for everybody! Goes anywhere, parks anywhere, opens new worlds of outdoor enjoyment! Quality and performance guaranteed by the world's largest makers of motorcycles. Phone or see your dealer for a FREE ride!

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Department C, Milwaukee 1, Wis.

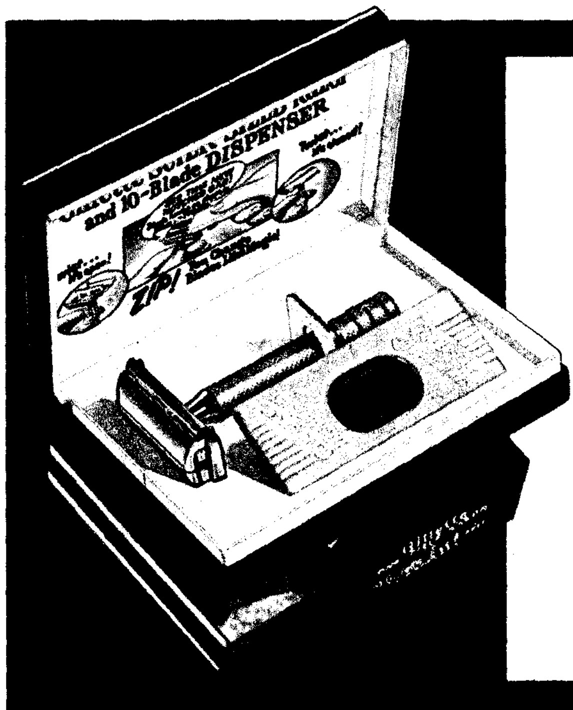
Gillette

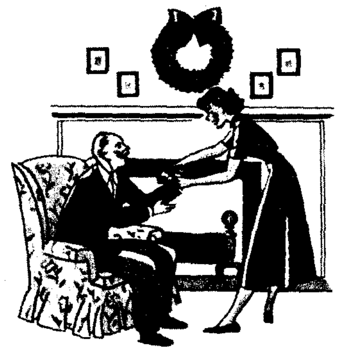
ZIP!
Blade hooks on new notched bar... drops in place presto!
Gillette 10 BLUE BLADES

Season's Greetings
AND
HAPPY SHAVING THROUGHOUT THE NEW YEAR
To
From
Gillette 100 BLUE BLADES IN FIVE 20-BLADE Gillette DISPENSERS

Five 20-Blade Gillette Dispensers

Give him a bountiful supply of Gillette Blue Blades. This attractive Christmas carton holds five Gillette Dispensers, each loaded with 20 blades—40 shaving edges—for use with any Gillette Razor $4.90


and 10-Blade DISPENSER
ZIP!



Gillette Super-Speed Razor Set

All dressed up in colorful Christmas wrapping, here's the improved Gillette Super-Speed One-Piece Razor and a Gillette Dispenser holding 10 Gillette Blue Blades. Regular $1.50 value . . $1.00

look SHARP! feel SHARP! be SHARP! use Gillette Blue Blades [illegible]

Gift Sets

make it easy to shop for any man on your Christmas list

These Handsome, Practical Gillette Gifts Are Sure To Please The Men You Wish To Remember

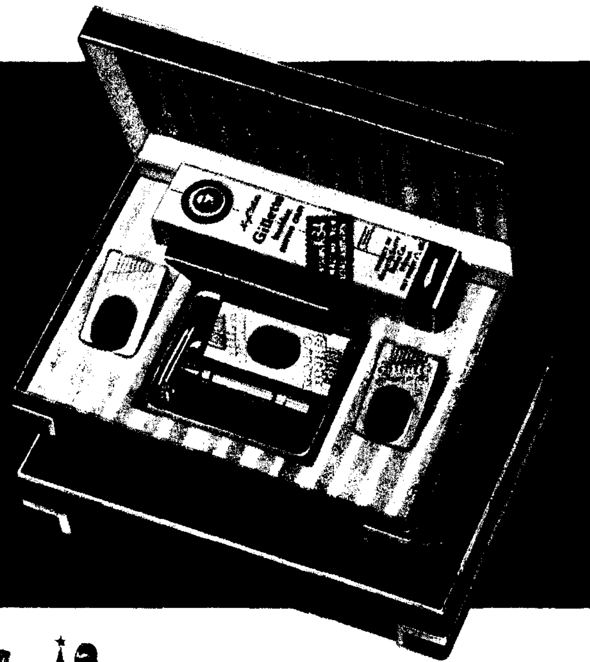
HERE'S the happy solution to your perennial problem—what to give menfolk for Christmas. Select Gillette Gift Sets from the brilliant assortments on display at nearby stores. You'll be more than pleased to find that each gaily packaged set is the answer to what men in your family—as well as your friends, business associates and those who serve you all year 'round—will truly appreciate and really use.

This year Gillette Gift Sets are more welcome than ever. That's because each includes an improved Gillette One-Piece Razor—the latest word in shaving comfort and convenience. This is the *only* razor that combines *instant* blade changing with double-edge economy. Equally important, it's a precision instrument—not a gadget. One doesn't have to be a locksmith to make it *click.* There's nothing to fit together—nothing to jam or clog. Twist—the razor opens. Zip—it's loaded. Twist again—and a man's all set for the swellest shaves of his life.

If he's already an enthusiastic user of this great new razor, don't worry. He'll welcome an extra one for his office, club or traveling kit. Yes, when it comes to pleasing men, you just can't miss with Gillette Gift Sets. You please your budget, too, for there's a Gillette Gift Set for every purse, whether you wish to spend only $1 or up to $5. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston.

(All prices apply in United States only)

Copyright, 1948, by Gillette Safety Razor Company



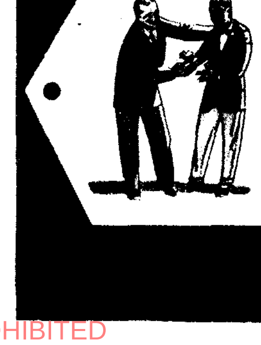
Gillette Aristocrat Razor Set

Includes *improved* Gillette Aristocrat Razor, gold-plated, and a 10-blade Dispenser in a beautiful case, plus two extra 10-blade Dispensers and large tube of Gillette Shaving Cream, Lather or Brushless $5.00

Season's Greetings
Gillette Gift Set

Gillette Super-Speed Gift Set

One of the greatest shaving values ever offered . . . the improved Gillette Super-Speed Razor and 10-blade Dispenser, plus an extra 10-blade Dispenser and two large tubes of Gillette Shaving Cream, Lather or Brushless $1.95



Gillette Milord One-Piece Razor Kit

Milord Razor, gold-plated, with 10-blade Dispenser in case, plus an extra 10-blade Dispenser and large tube of Gillette Shaving Cream, Lather or Brushless . . . $3.50

She Won't Letcha I Betcha!
A FINE TIME TO HORN IN! WHAT DO YOU KNOW THAT I DON'T, JUNIOR?
I KNOW HOW SIS FEELS ABOUT BAD BREATH! HONEST, JOE, YOU WANT TO SEE YOUR DENTIST BEFORE YOU TRY THAT KISS ROUTINE ON JANE!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH— HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES —STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE CLEANS TEETH BETTER THAN COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! AND HOW I GO FOR COLGATE'S GRAND WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
NOW THAT I AM IN THE KNOW THERE'S NO NEED FOR MISTLETOE!
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
NEW! ECONOMY SIZE EXTRA USE! EXTRA VALUE! 59¢
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date

THE MEANEST CROOKS ON EARTH

Continued from page 21

have to send you uptown to work with the big boss—at the church."

Then there *really* was a church? Loosely speaking, there was. It was one of a long row of tenements in the heart of a slum district, distinguished by a sign announcing it to be a "church house."

In a comfortable chair on the stoop sat a straw-hatted man in the street garb of a priest. This man turned out to be "the Bishop" and, so far as I could see, the whole church.

The first-floor rooms of the church were always closed. The second floor was nicely furnished as quarters for the Bishop. The third floor was like the downtown establishment—dingy, bare rooms with nothing but desks, phones and card files. This was the headquarters room. The big boss had his office here.

Advice from an Old-Timer

After interviewing me, the big boss took me, for instruction, to one of the operators, who called himself Al and said he had "been in this racket for 17 years—and it stinks."

"In this game," my mentor began, "every man's got to have his own pitch. You're Father Anderson, see, and you need money to send these underprivileged kids out of the city for a couple weeks. Tell the customers whatever you like. Usually it helps to call them by their first names. Use psychology. Make their hearts bleed. That's when they give.

"Just remember this: As soon as you get a bite, arrange for our messengers—tell 'em it's one of the parish boys—to pick up the cash right away. Say you're sending a new batch of children up tomorrow and need the money to buy clothes for them—you know, the nights are cold in the country.

"Promises are no good. You don't get your commission until the cash comes in. Ask them who they'll leave the money with in case they're not in. Anything over five dollars we'll send for. Under that, it doesn't pay. Those little ones, we send them a self-addressed envelope.

"Make the people tell exactly what they're going to give. When they're indefinite, it's a stall and they won't give anything. All clear to you?"

"Yes, all clear."

"All right. Now listen." He took several cards from a file and began dialing. "Mr. Brennan? Good afternoon, Fred. This is your friend Father Anderson, the priest at the Catholic church at . . ."

When he had hung up, with a $10 pledge, I said, "Gee, can you get away with calling it a Catholic church?"

"Sure!" He laughed. "It is. You notice I didn't say it was Roman Catholic or Greek Catholic. Look!" He shoved at me one of the cheaply-printed form letters for contributors.

The title of the church on the letterhead included the word Catholic among a lot of other high-sounding theological adjectives—almost too many for credibility. Beneath it was a notation that the church was listed by the Bureau of Religious Census of the Department of Commerce and by the American Year Book of Churches. All true, I found out.

The fact is that this brazen excuse in the name of religious charity is unaffiliated with the Roman Catholic church, or religion, and it is loathsome to the Roman Catholic, the Greek Catholic and other honest churches, whose worthy charities suffer from its inroads.

Legality presents no problem to such outfits. In New York state, for instance, you too can become a "church" simply by filing articles of incorporation, with six associates, and paying three dollars to the county clerk. To become a minister is equally simple; you merely file an additional declaration. Many other states' religious corporation laws are just as slipshod.

Once "legalized," you can perform marriages or any other ministerial functions, in New York state, and you can also collect money in the name of divine charity without much chance of prosecution. It is all legal. How the money is used or distributed is completely up to you, and there is no obligation for you to make an accounting, under the New York law.

The looseness of the law stems from our constitutional guarantee of freedom of worship. Efforts to tighten these laws have failed because of legislators' reluctance to interfere in "religion," with or without the quotes.

After Al had given me a few more demonstrations, he turned suddenly and asked, "By the way, are you self-conscious? If you are, we can put you in a room alone to get started."

I guessed that might be a good idea.

It seemed so easy when Al did it, but I found my tongue sticking to the roof of my mouth. As I stumbled through my "pitch," I noticed that the whole thing was going very slowly, that most of the time I was listening instead of talking.

The big boss came in to check on my work while I was getting a small pledge. When I hung up, he said, "What'd he give? Two bucks? Don't let 'em talk to you that long for a lousy two bucks. It ain't worth it. They waste your time, cost you commissions. Hit 'em fast. Play the law of averages. There's a certain number of bites in every list, even if you just go through the phone book cold."

This last remark I confirmed by putting aside the list they had given me and calling numbers at random from the phone book. About one out of every five persons who answered offered to donate. That's how a sucker list is originally compiled.

Data for the Sucker List

Once a person gives, his name goes down on a card with the date and size of his contribution and other pertinent information, including the sort of appeal to which he responds. From then on, he can expect calls at regular intervals.

I learned there are two other ways to get a list—by stealing the names (copying good ones supplied by the boiler room) or by buying names. Dealers who sell sucker names charge five cents for a five-dollar sucker, and on up.

Around five o'clock, the big boss came by again and suggested that I go home. "Five hours a day of this is about all a man can stand," he said.

But the public's capacity for standing it, and paying for it, is evidently limitless.

No one can estimate how many millions of dollars find their way into racketeers' pockets in New York City alone. Los Angeles' estimated tribute to fraudulent and questionable charities is estimated at $10,000,000 a year. Chicagoans are bilked of five millions annually by charity racketeers.

Nor are the big cities the only victims. Regularly, the charity swindlers move into the smaller towns and villages of America for a quick cleanup.

Meanwhile, a constant mail campaign reaches into every corner and crevice of the country to extract unwary dollars. Operating out of Illinois, an outfit pretending to solicit funds for handicapped children raised $14,000 in a single season. Only $200 ever went to help handicapped children, the outfit's officials admitted.

A favorite trick of questionable charities is to send people unordered merchandise, promising that the proceeds from their purchase will go to some "cause." Pencils with the receiver's name stamped on them (to discourage their return) are a common come-on.

The Federal Trade Commission recently discovered that one "charity" was using a mark-up of more than 870 per cent on its goods. This company did devote part of the net profits to charities—10 per cent, under certain conditions.

You may wonder: Don't people ever ask questions about how their donations are to be used?

In the whole time I worked that boiler-room phone, nobody asked a single question about the "charity" to which he was donating. Even people who declined to give usually prefaced their remarks with, "I know that yours is a worthy cause, Father, but I just can't afford to donate." Often they went on to say that they had been solicited by a half-dozen other appeals already that week.

I frequently found that other gangs in the shady charity field had reached them first—that many of the names were on more than one sucker list.

My second day on the job, I asked what I was supposed to say if somebody did get inquisitive.

"Get tough with 'em!" I was told. "Say to them, 'Look here, you're a busy man and so am I. I haven't time to waste. If you want to find out anything about this church, come up here and see me!' That'll brush them off."

Al was good at the tough approach. I've heard him suddenly assume a sanctimonious third person and say, "You wouldn't quibble with the good father over a paltry five dollars, would you?"

It sounds incongruous, but it worked. That was because Al was an old hand at the game, and could size up a sucker in a dozen words of conversation.

In one phone call he would say, "It costs only $10 to keep a child in camp for a week. Surely you'll sponsor one child for that long." And in the next, he would declare, "It costs $50 a week for every child we send to that camp."

Then he'd turn to me and explain, "You got to size them up for the right pitch. After a while you can tell how much they're good for. Meantime, don't be afraid to ask for big dough—any amount. You can always come down and you often get whatever you ask for."

"Doesn't your conscience ever bother you?" I asked.

"If you got a conscience, you shouldn't be here. Look at it this way: If you don't take 'em, somebody else will."

I had to look at it that way. I knew that, to be able to tell people how these fakers work, I had to pretend to play their game. Still, my conscience did bother me.

So did Al's, veteran chiseler that he was. Sometimes he would hang up his phone and exclaim, "That poor little slob! Ten bucks he paid, because I gave him 'my blessing,' and I know he could no more afford ten bucks than fly. Ugh, what a racket!"

But at other times the muffling of his phone was the signal for his voice to change from priestly tones to a stream of profane invective. "That old hag!" he would explode about a woman he had just been calling "my child," adding, "She's got plenty, but she holds onto it."

Al never curbed his profanity or angry denunciations. There were times when the Bishop could not but overhear the wild misrepresentations going out over the phones, yet he remained benignly oblivious.

Money Rolls in on the Bish

"He's got the nicest racket of all," one of the boiler-room men told me. "We gotta work our hearts out for our commissions, and even the big boss isn't getting fat off the take—he's got a lot of expenses. But the Bish sits back and lets the money roll in just for the use of his phony organization's name.

"He'll probably send a handful of ragamuffins up to some property he owns in the country before the summer's over, to make things look good, and that's all."

How much the Bishop received, I never learned, but the usual breakdown of a boiler-room operation, to which this one adhered in other respects is, 30 per cent to the phone solicitor, 10 per cent for telephone bills, 3 per cent to the pickup messengers, 15 per cent for general overhead, mailing and stationery, and the remaining 42 per cent divided in varying shares between the boiler-room operator and "the cause."

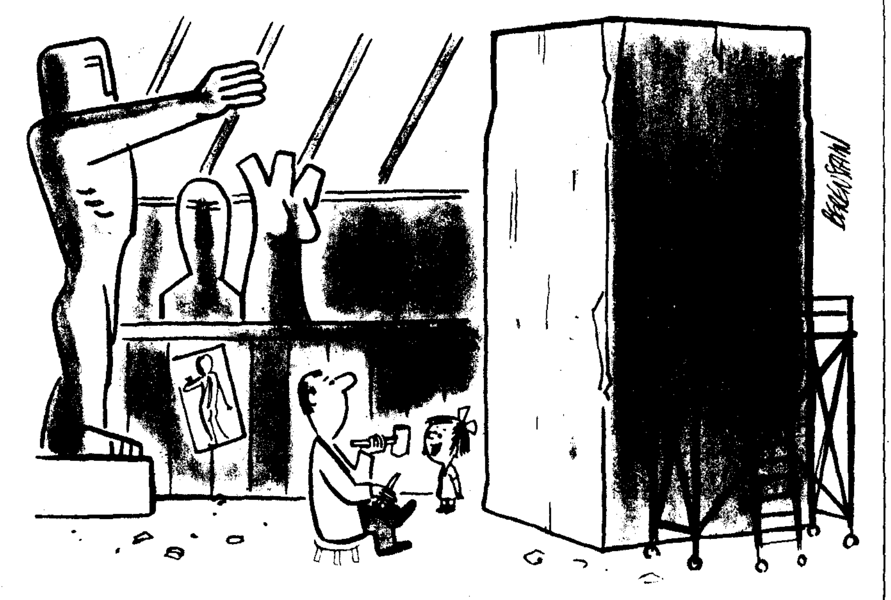
Honest fund-raising organizations—and there are several that service legitimate charities—almost always charge a fixed fee. The chiselers usually offer a small percentage of the net, "*after* deduction of campaign costs."

To its sorrow, a Western home for invalids learned what that phrase can mean when it allowed some high-pressure boys to stage a widely publicized benefit in its behalf, "all proceeds to go to the home." Gross receipts were $13,468.96. But the promoters' "expenses" were $16,948.15!

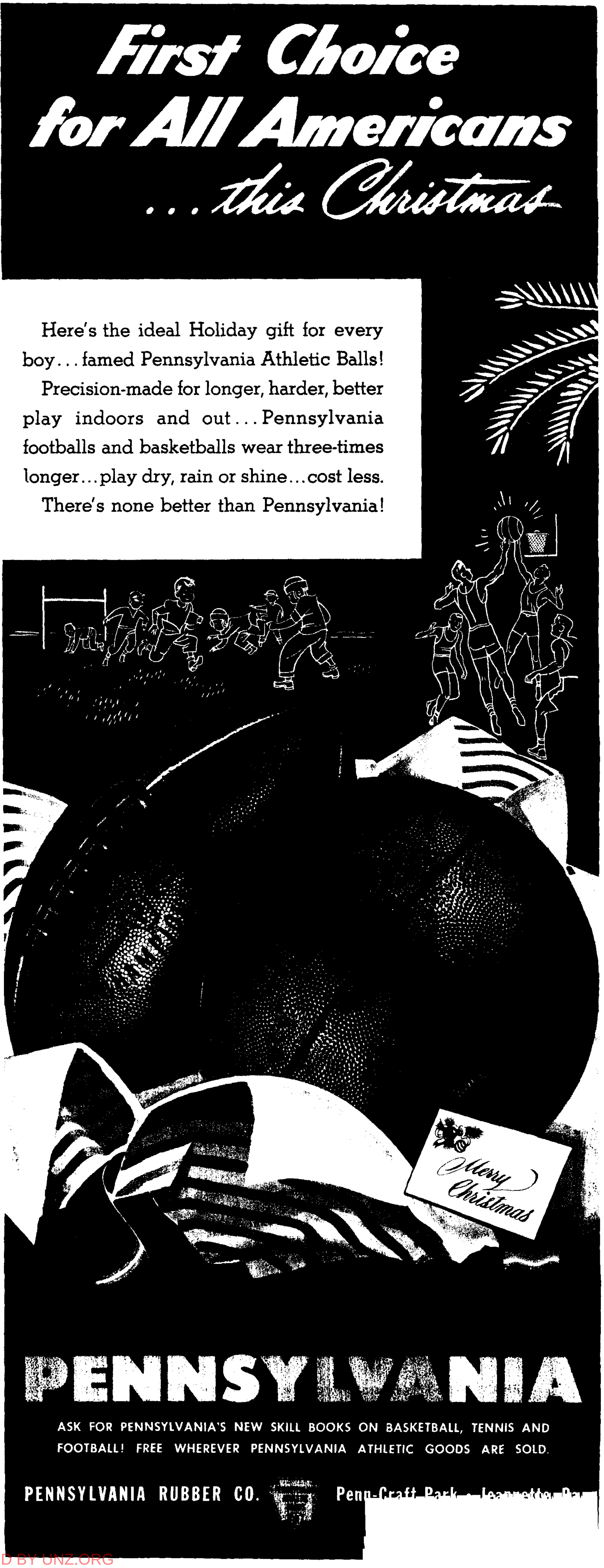
I decided to end my unpleasant connection with this racket the day the big boss dropped in on a checkup and, after listening to me work the phone, commented, "You got nice pitch, kid. You oughta do all right."

I was doing better than he thought. He never knew how many pledges I had obtained and destroyed.

True to the cynical prediction I had heard on the job, the Bishop did open his country property as a camp for two



COLLIER'S "Make a bunny" STANLEY BERENSTAIN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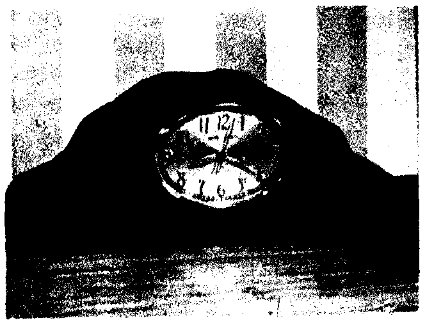
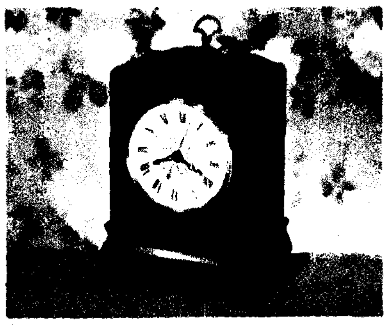
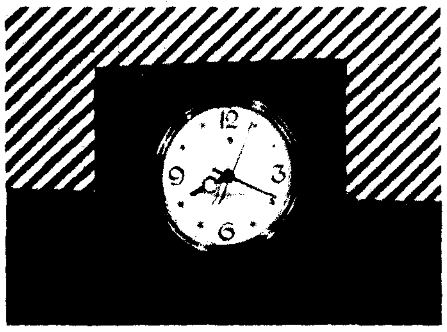


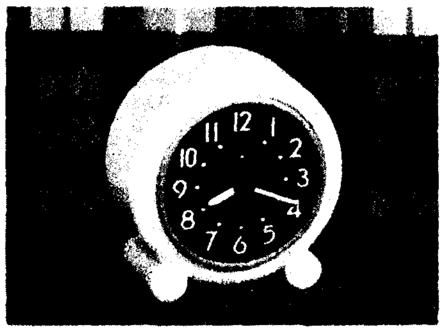
RHAPSODY—This elegant mantel chime clock has a diagonally grained mahogany case burnished to a sheen. Westminster chimes, subtle and beautiful, strike the quarter hour. $55.00, plus tax.



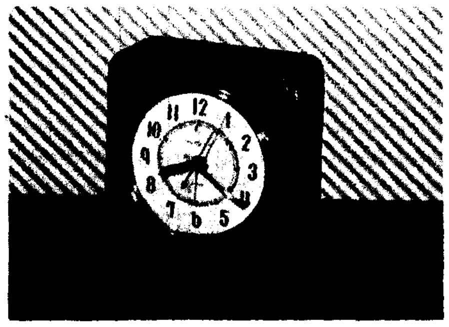
RIDGEFIELD—A charming Colonial mantel reproduction. Faithful in design, it strikes both the hour and half-hour on a deep-toned, spiral gong. $32.00, plus tax.



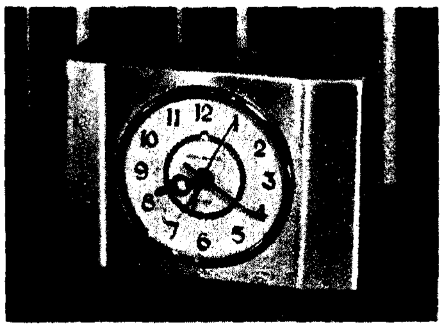
CANDLELIGHT—An exquisite occasional clock, beautifully cased in glowing tan pigskin, or East Indian lambskin, bordered by white saddle stitching. Also available in sparkling black glass, ground and polished. A superb gift! $19.50, plus tax.



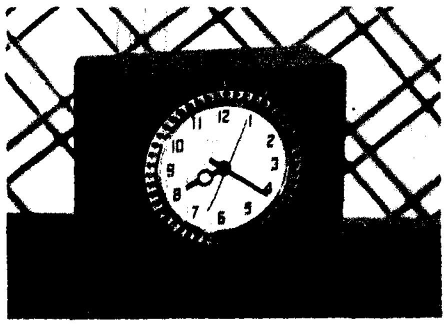
HERALDER—A welcome low-cost gift, with "Select-A-Larm" feature! This gives the user choice of *personal volume control.* Alarm can be set at a soft purr, call, or shout. Luminous hands and hour dots for easy reading at night. $5.95, plus tax.



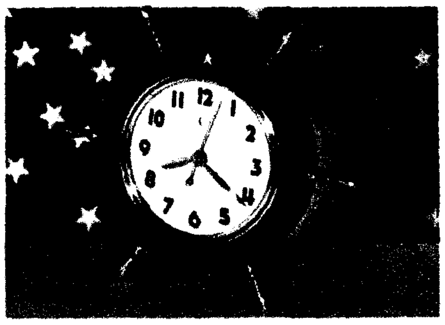
DELEGATE—An unusually handsome alarm clock, whose distinctive feature is the richly grained, golden-mahogany case. The design is modern—in the best sense of the word. $9.95, plus tax.



MORNING GLORY—This beautiful alarm clock's flawlessly cast-metal case has a soft, satiny, butler silver finish and gold-colored brass feet. Its bell alarm is melodious but *positive!* $17.95, plus tax.



SELECT-O-SWITCH—An ingenious time-switch clock that will turn electric appliances on and off for selected intervals over a 12-hour period. $14.95, plus tax. All clocks on this page available at your dealer's.



NAVIGATOR—Brings a note of nautical trimness with its brightly polished spokes, set in a brown-plastic wheel! An ideal gift for men. $7.95, plus tax. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

weeks at the end of the season. He took up ten children.

New York, as are most Eastern cities, is known as a good town for boiler-room operations. Detroit, however, is fairly free of them, because enforcement officials go after the operators.

California used to be a happy hunting ground for the charity fakers, but now it is not so easy to turn that kind of dollar there, thanks largely to the activities of the California Intelligence Bureau.

Most cities have agencies similar to this bureau. In New York it is the Contributors' Information Bureau. They not only investigate the honesty of each appeal, but report on whether the charity is well managed, doing a needed work, and devoting a fair proportion of the funds to its stated purpose.

Nationally, such reports are compiled by the National Information Bureau. Membership fees are low and corporations, big businessmen and the large donors of philanthropy, who contribute 59 per cent of the nation's legitimate charity funds, are making increasing use of such protective organizations as these.

That means that the little person, who can least afford to give, is the one generally victimized by the racketeer, because he does not know the good from the bad.

But there is no longer any excuse for this lack of knowledge. The public can check on the merits of any solicitation by telephoning the community chest, the chamber of commerce or the Better Business Bureau of his city. These organizations will be glad to give the information or tell where it is available. In the case of a religious appeal, you can telephone any known church of the denomination represented.

Don't be disarmed by imposing lists of sponsors, either. The names of Harry S. Truman, Herbert Hoover and Bernard Baruch appeared on the letterhead of one organization with a title similar to that of a worthy charity. At the mail-fraud trial that resulted in conviction of the promoter, it developed that none of the three distinguished men had ever heard of the organization.

During my apprenticeship in the boiler room, I heard my associates constantly complaining that "with everything so expensive, people haven't got the money to put out." It was true. These are not lush times for the charity racketeers. But not because people are getting wise to them. These are difficult times for many appeals, honest and dishonest.

The Community Chests and Councils of America, with a need for $185,800,000, was able to raise only 177 millions last year. The American Overseas Aid-United Nations Appeal for Children, needing $60,000,000, wasn't able to raise a third of that figure. The United Jewish Appeal, in its last completed campaign, for $170,000,000, fell short by 45 millions.

In nearly every town and city, sorely needed charity has had to be curtailed for lack of funds. In many cases the situation is desperate. Yet we Americans give approximately $100,000,000 each year to swindlers because our hearts are touched by phony sob stories so loud and brash that they drown out the warning of every honest and worthy charity: *Investigate before you donate!* ▭▭▭

Watch for These Approaches

Each year the American public is robbed of $100,000,000 by contributing to fraudulent charities. The racketeers who operate these appeals fashion their organizations so that they are practically indistinguishable from legitimate fund-raising groups.

In this article, written by a man who obtained a fund-raising position with one such racket group, Collier's exposes the methods employed by these impostors. So that your giving may accomplish the good for which you intend it, the author has listed the ten approaches most frequently used for charity requests, and the methods by which you may test their legitimacy.

1. **Telephone appeals.** Ask the caller to send you a letter, then phone your local community chest for a report on the organization.
2. **Unordered merchandise and tickets** sent you with a request for money. Except for Tuberculosis Seals and other such well-known tokens, it is best to send no money and not return the items.
3. **Benefit shows, games and dances.** Promoters get such a preponderance of the proceeds from these that it is always wise to inquire what the division of proceeds will be before buying tickets.
4. **Appeals for local charities in other towns.** Ask for credentials and check with the community chest, chamber of commerce or Better Business Bureau; this is a favorite device of racketeers because of the difficulty of checking their claims.
5. **Tag days and sidewalk collections.** Some are legitimate, but many chiselers make a nice living just shaking a slotted box with a fake charity label on it. Be cautious if you do not recognize the label as that of a legitimate organization.
6. **Overseas food shipments.** Check the sponsoring agency carefully. This is the racketeers' newest field.
7. **Direct solicitation by beneficiaries** of the charity. Beware of these. Few worthy charities will so exploit those they help.
8. **Phone calls from "judges,"** "commissioners," "tax collectors" and other "officials" unknown to you. Double check them, they're almost always fakes.
9. **Political campaign solicitations.** It is a favorite practice of the swindlers to move into a town just before election. Check with party headquarters.
10. **Religious appeals.** The mantle of religious freedom allows the racketeer to assume his most sinister role. These should be checked with your local church of the soliciting denomination.

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Collier's
MOVIES

The Week's Preview

By WARREN PHILLIPS

There's so much saintliness in Teresa Wright's Enchantment, that Goldwyn cried, "I love it so much, I don't want to make money from it"

Miss Wright plays the sweet, family girl in pictures—the kind of girl she is as Mrs. Niven Busch in real life

AROUND the Hollywood publicity mills, Teresa Wright is known as Miss Bad Copy. She's copped an Academy Award Oscar—but doesn't cart it about with her. Her home, in which she lives happily with her author husband, Niven Busch, is never pointed out by the rubberneck guides. She has never been invited to judge a chicken-cleaning contest at the opening of a new supermarket. Her wide-eyed innocent physiog has never appeared on a movie magazine. She likes to sit around in the Goldywn commissary in a simple house dress and no fingernail polish, put a big pair of hornrims on a shiny nose (she's nearsighted) and explain to interviewers, "I'm just another housewife with a part-time job."

It's just this sort of thing that has brought Miss Wright roles in which she can play herself: the sweet, family-type girl, the kind voted The Woman Every Average American Male Wants to Marry. It's the sort of thing that restores your faith in Hollywood, proving, as it does, that virtue is not only its own reward but can bag you six figures a year for steak and children's shoes. So it's only natural that Miss Wright should now turn up as the chief exponent of sweetness and light in Mr. Samuel Goldwyn's newest heart-clutcher called Enchantment.

Let us inspect the history and contents of this charming, tasteful and expensive dish of romance. Back in 1946, Mr. Goldwyn decided that after his turbulent The Best Years of Our Lives, we needed a little relaxation—maybe a good cry. So he picked one of those three-generation novels called Take Three Tenses, written by a British lady named Rumer Godden. Then he assigned John Patrick, who'd done the hit play The Hasty Heart, to put the sentiment of the book on the screen without slopping over into Hearts and Flowers stuff.

After refusing the job three times, Mr. Patrick finally succumbed. The book is one of the most complicated ever written. It covers a span of 99 years, and Miss Godden shuttles between past, present and future to give the effect of everything happening at once. Mr. Patrick dropped an unborn generation, and has managed to grind out a very tender story that at times bobbles the Adam's apple, and is bound to be called a Four Handkerchief Picture by the critics.

Mr. Goldwyn, who never spends $50,000 when $500,000 will do, has mounted and cast the picture with his usual taste and care, trying to make it as British as all get out. Every accent is properly clipped, and even the porridge served in one of the scenes was cooked by an imported British chef, using an old English recipe.

The Plot Thickens—and Thickens

We'd call Enchantment a modern Smilin' Through with a few Cinderella influences. The idea is that the charming old house at 99 Wiltshire Place, London, is inhabited by a crusty curmudgeon of an old British general named Sir Rollo Dane. Sir Rollo's life has been ruined by a dead witch of a sister named Selina, who had been possessed of a brother complex.

It seems that years before, the Danes had adopted a poor little orphan named Lark to whom sister Selina had taken a distinct dislike. Lark grew up into a beauty, and Rollo, who knew a good thing when he laid a gay eye on it, fell in love with her. Whereupon the nasty Selina stepped in and broke up the romance with a lot of dirty work you somehow don't associate with the British upper classes.

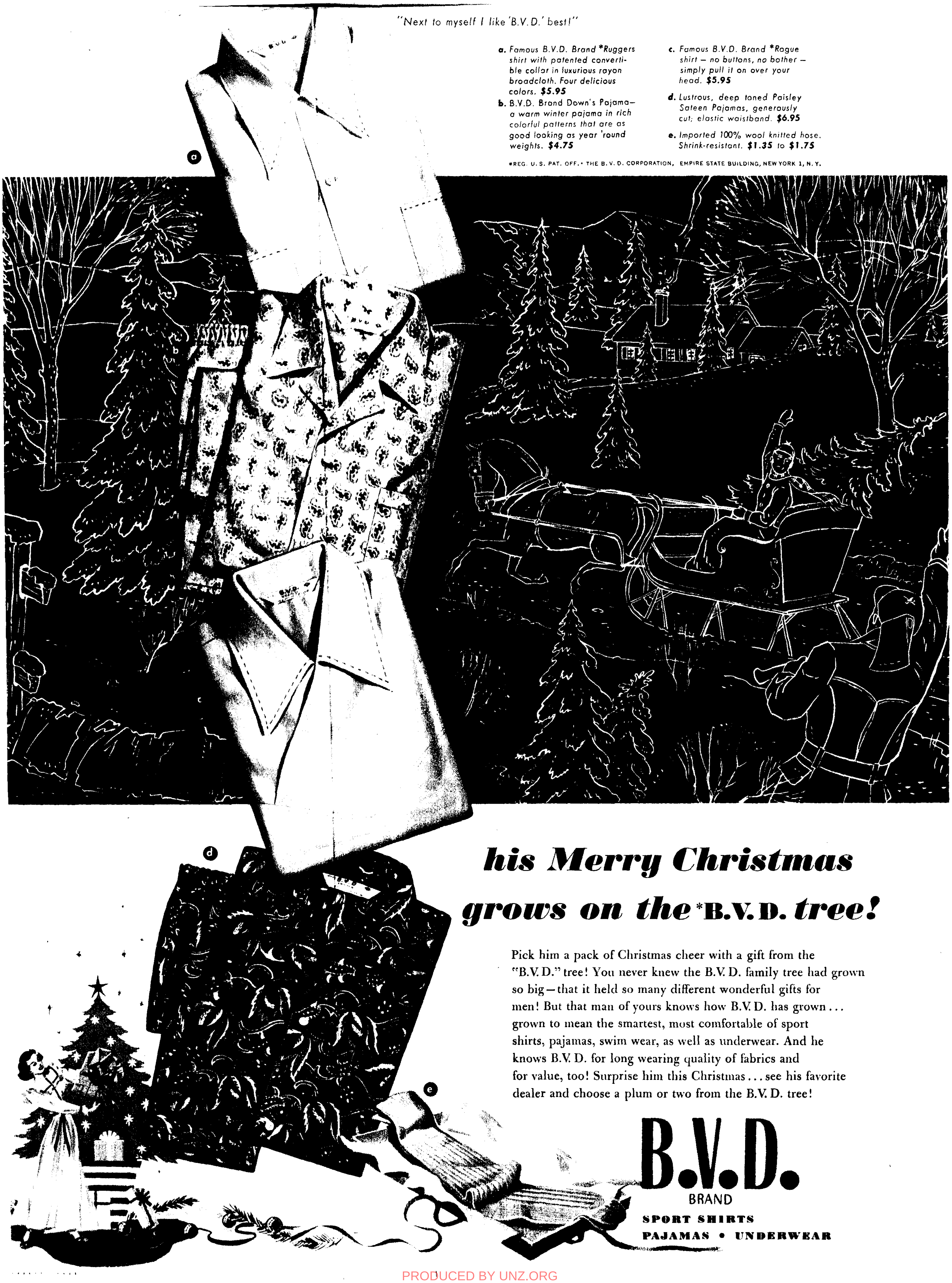
Lark went off to Italy to marry a handsome *marchese* she didn't care a pizza pie for, and Rollo hardened into a lonely old chap who conversed with the vanished Lark whenever he grew lightheaded, uttering sad things like: "Don't empty your heart; it will only fill up with bitterness."

So much for the past tense. The present tense opens in London during the blitz. Who should turn up at 99 Wiltshire Place but Grizel Dane, Sir Rollo's great-niece; and one Pax Masterson, a wounded R.A.F.-er who is none other than Lark's nephew. Pax is promptly attracted to Grizel. Grizel, however, is having None. She's been Hurt.

This modern story begins developing, running a parallel course with the Rollo-Lark imbroglio of the past via a series of skillfully contrived flashbacks and forths. Once again things come to the point where two lovers are about to be torn apart in the old house with the whispering walls, what with Grizel giving Pax the well-known boot. Sir Rollo climbs handily out of the Slough of Despond long enough to bring on what's been tagged as a happy-unhappy ending.

David Niven does a solid double job as Sir Rollo, young and old; and a brand-new little mopsy named Gigi Perreau, as the child Lark, already has the Hollywood boys referring to Margaret O'Brien as an old lady.

(Continued on page 90)



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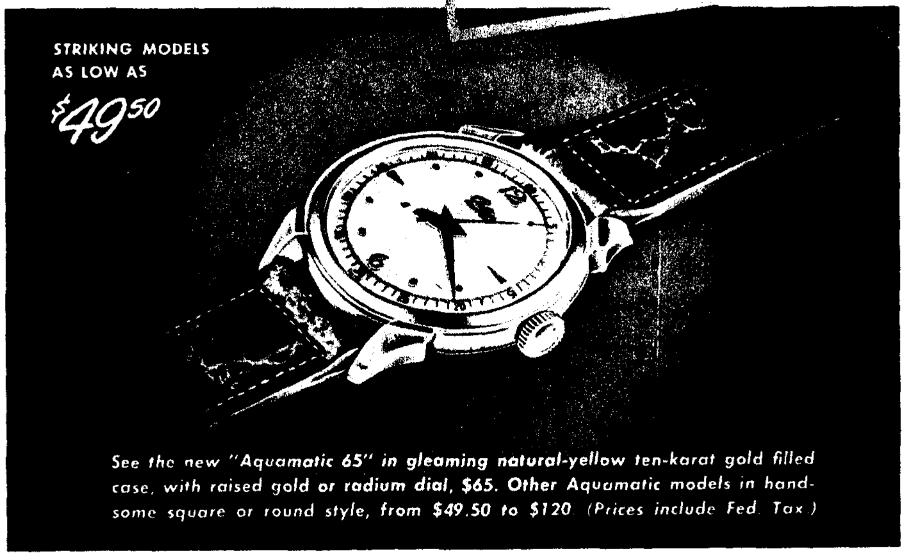

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THE YELLOW DOOR

Continued from page 16

absurd little sapphire-blue hassock, as if someone not very tall had liked to sit there with the yellow curtain behind her hair. One very beautiful white, glazed jar stood where it should have held flowers, empty and looking somehow displaced, like a person suddenly cut off from ordinary aims.

I should put lilies there, Pauline was thinking. Big gold and white ones.

The room was elegant, all the colors soft, muted, silky. Pauline remembered ruefully that she had come out without a hat, or even a coat. She looked down at her bare hands, ringed only with Stephen's rather too conventionally set diamonds. They should have been gloved, for a house like this!

There was a step in the hall. France Thibault came in. Out of her sunlight Pauline smiled at him and stood up. She observed France's old, blue sweater, his rumpled hair, his comic smile that disturbed every muscle in his face—and laughed.

"What?" he demanded, surprised.

"I came out without a hat!" Pauline chuckled. "I was feeling rather naked and wondering if the owner of the house might turn out to be some prim, exquisite old lady, just to shame me! Instead, it's—you!"

"Have *you* come to buy the house?"

"To look at it!" she said hopefully. "It's very—beautiful, isn't it? This room—" Pauline waved her hand.

"My mother planned it . . ." France's voice trailed off, as if he were not conscious of what he was saying.

SHE was such a little person, with the same pint-sized, fragile look his mother had had; dark-haired, too. Plain, simple hair not all scratched up in waves and curls and pins. And her face was very still, very tranquil, elfish but immobile, so that the dark eyes and brows and the wide bow of the lips seemed painted on it, their lines were so clear.

Her right hand was folded over the left, with a demure, puritanical stillness that charmed him with its patience—as if she could go on standing like that for hours and never be disturbed. Then Pauline unfolded her hands and he noticed the diamond ring.

"W-would you c-care to look over the house?"

Why was he stammering? Pauline followed him, wondering.

He showed her through the rooms very formally, relieved that she made no comments as he opened and shut cupboards and doors, pointing out assets. She was experiencing a very strange feeling. All the house seemed familiar to her. She seemed to know, as he put his hand on each door, that this would be the study, this a guest room.

France kept his mother's dayroom to the last. As he led Pauline into this room, all his formality disappeared. Ruefully raking at his hair, he looked at the books and records strewn all over the carpet.

"I was packing," he explained. "Could you step over it, round here?"

Pauline had already picked her way across the room and was looking at a photograph that stood on a small table behind the couch. Against a background of lilacs the face of Helen Mavrogordato smiled at her. It was the same photograph that stood in her father's study.

Pauline turned surprised eyes toward the man, whose name she still didn't know, and sat down, guessing wildly. Helen was one of twin daughters, each as lovely as the other, and her beauty was as famous abroad as it was at home. Not really strange, then, she thought, to find Helen's photograph anywhere.

"How," she heard herself asking, "do you happen to have Mrs. Mavrogordato's photograph?"

France looked up.

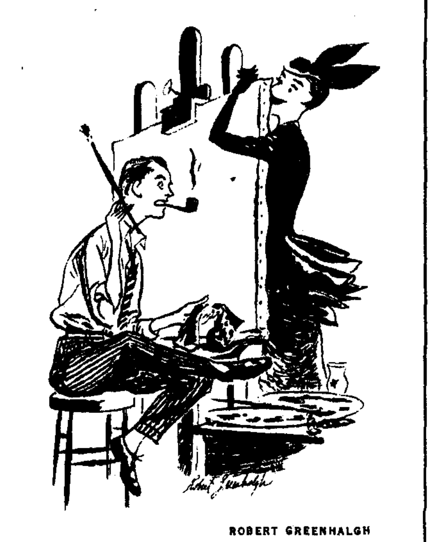
"Who—Helen? She's my aunt. My mother's twin sister."

"Her sister's name was Louise Thibault," Pauline said.

"That's right. That was my mother. I'm Francis Thibault, or France. Why?" He was watching Pauline's curious, questioning expression. "Didn't the agent tell you?"

"No," said Pauline. "I don't think he mentioned your name at all. I—I wonder if he knew about—you see—I am Pauline Duncan. Leslie Duncan is my father."

"Oh, my God!" France exploded. Collapsing among the records, he propped his elbows on his knees and shook with laughter.



ROBERT GREENHALGH

TO A YOUNG LADY WEARING A BUSTLE

This troubles me
An awful lot:
Just what is you
And what is not?

—RICHARD ARMOUR

"Do you think the agent did it on purpose?" Pauline asked.

"He could have. Helen's never quite out of the limelight no matter how hard she tries to efface herself." He looked at the photograph. "The one on the other table is my mother."

"She died, didn't she?"

"Yes," said France. "I miss her very much."

It was then that the strange thing happened. Their laughter, like a high wind, had tossed formality away. Pauline's quiet little question, France's "I miss her very much!" had drawn them into brief intimacy. Now France leaned toward Pauline curiously. He was on the point of asking her if they were buying the house so that she could live in it, remembering the ring on her finger, but while he looked at her, the light in her eyes changed suddenly. It was like a cloud drawing its shadow over a sunlit lake.

"What happened?" he asked, candidly. "What did you think about? You stopped laughing!"

Pauline turned her eyes away and unconsciously let her fingers twist the stones of Stephen's ring out of sight under her finger.

"I—remembered *something!*" she said. She could not say any more, or look again, just yet, at the keen, dark, eager face that leaned so close to hers. It was all there, everything she had thought

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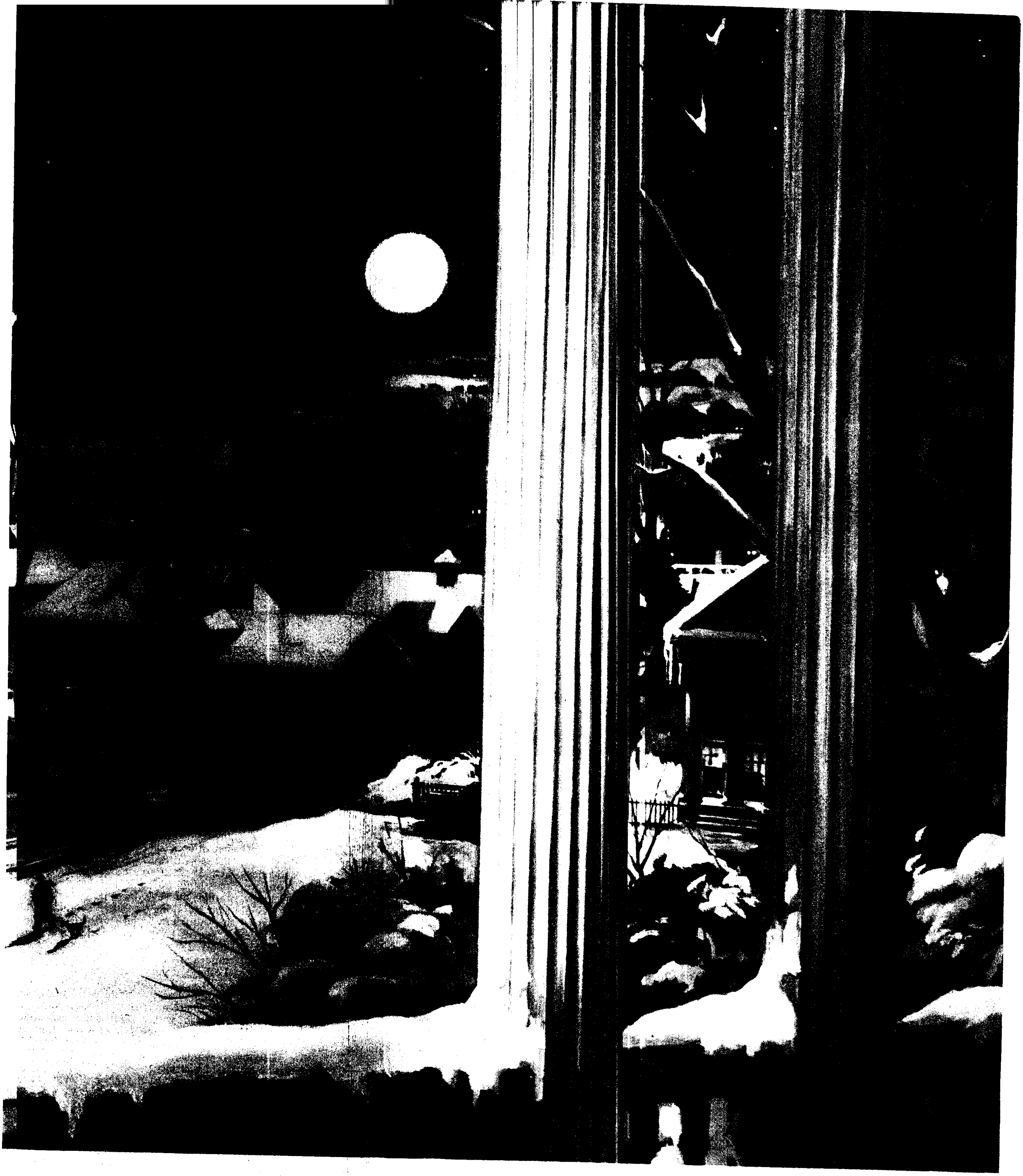

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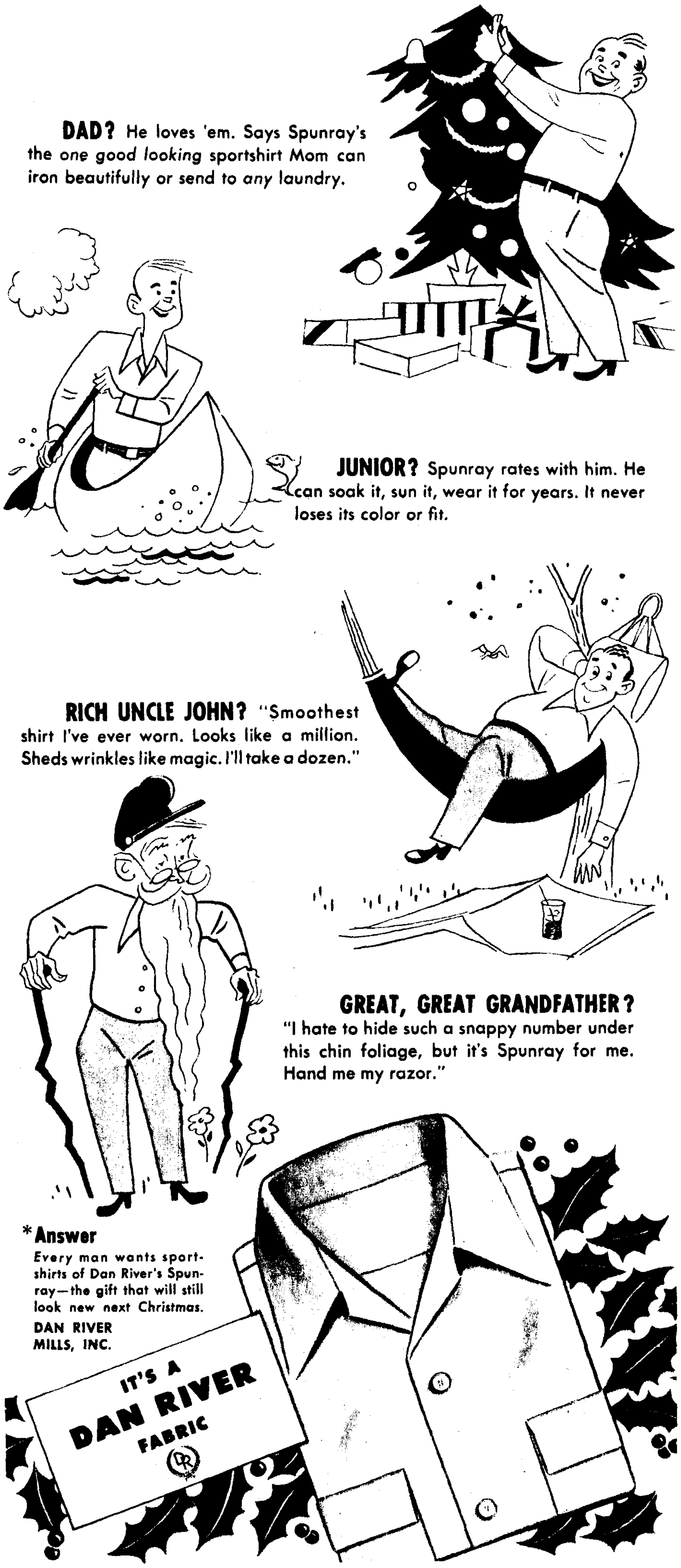

IT'S A DAN RIVER FABRIC
DR

about in the park, all the wonder, all the delight were there in the face of this man, France Thibault.

"What did you remember?" He was staring and he had to avert his eyes. Her still face, with its etched brows and lovely lips, had such an electric effect on him that he couldn't look at it long. She did not answer his question.

France reached out and took both her hands in his. "Do something!" he begged. "Stay and have tea with me this afternoon? I know I shouldn't ask you. I know I'm a fool, hatching blue eggs out of the air! But somehow I want you to stay."

Pauline smiled, widely. She wanted to stay. She had a feeling she never wanted to leave the house again.

"Why are you going to sell it? The house, I mean?"

"I'm not," said France. "I've just changed my mind!"

"I'm not surprised," she said. "But why *did* you want to sell it? It's so beautiful!"

"Too beautiful! It needs cherishing, and I never could find anyone to cherish it—or to be cherished in it. A man can't live alone in a house like this. It's a married house, made for—" He stopped.

"For what?"

"For love, I was going to say, only it sounded as if I might mean us. People don't talk about love out loud. But I don't mean lust. I mean love—something I have never felt before"—his voice was gentle—"until now. You brought it here! Where did you find it?"

He was holding her hands as if he would never let them go again.

"I think I found it in the park," Pauline told him, "when I was walking over. I—I felt it there. Then when I saw the yellow door, it had a magic look."

"That's what Helen always calls it. Magic door."

"Does she say things like that?"

"Don't you know?"

"No. I've never met her," Pauline said. "I've seen her often, of course. But my father seems to have thought it would be unsuitable for us to know each other. Aren't parents prim? And he said it wouldn't be fair to obscure my own somewhat less worldly charms!"

"Did he really say that? Is he *blind?*" France fell to thinking again. "Tell me about the man you're going to marry."

PAULINE told him about Stephen. "I'm afraid I'll make him a very bad wife. I don't seen to have a flair for social behavior."

France snorted. The idea of this girl "behaving" seemed grotesque.

"I've met your father," he said unexpectedly. "He rather doted on my mother. She was like Helen, you know, only there was something rather special about their friendship. As she used to say, Helen had all the come-on, the love-me-tonight business, while she had the peace and quiet in between. Are you shocked?"

Pauline shook her head. "I don't get shocked. But I'm sorry they didn't marry."

"Didn't marry? Why, don't you know?"

Pauline's stare was frozen. "What do you mean?"

"They were married here in this house, secretly, four years ago."

Pauline sat quite still.

"That was cruel of me," said France. "Of course you wouldn't know. It was always understood that Helen wasn't to go and live with your father till after you were married."

"That's what I was remembering just now," Pauline whispered. "That's just why I have to marry Stephen—even though I don't really want to!"

"Stephen?" France brushed the thought away. "I'll try to find some of the photographs they took that day," he said. "I expect you'd like to see them."

They were in the study when France heard the familiar horn of a car down in the street. All the lines of his face crumpled to laughter again. "Something silly's going to happen!" he threatened. "That's Helen now, downstairs. Isn't it just superbly like her to choose the limelight of this afternoon to come and call."

"Shall I hide?" Pauline asked.

"Only if you don't want to meet her."

"But I *do!* I've always wanted to. I've always felt so shut out."

A sweet voice hailed from the hall. "Francis? Are you up or down?"

"Up!" he yelled back. "In the study."

HE WENT down, leaving Pauline alone for a few moments. I should have been allowed to meet her long ago, she was thinking; then perhaps I would have known the Thibaults, too, and met France before—not after—I promised to marry Stephen.

Then Helen was in the room, her presence as surprising and lovely as the scent of hidden roses. Lovelier than the rose! Dark-eyed, exquisitely featured, alight, alive, lovely, full of a comic reticence now as she came across the room to Pauline and half whispered in her smoky voice, "No, we've never met, but I've often seen you at theaters. How do you do?" She put out her gloved hand. The clasp of it was especially friendly.

The Case of
THE MISSING STOCKHOLDERS
By PAUL D. GREEN and SIDNEY FIELDS
Thrills and tears pace George Parker's job as he trails the owners of forgotten fortunes
In Collier's *next week*

They all had tea together, talking nonsense because there were so many unapproachable secrets shuttling between them all the time. France had the manner of a circus ringmaster, not sure how the leopardesses would get through their act. It was Pauline's easy laughter that reassured him. Sitting beside her, he found himself drawing closer till his arm lay along the settee behind her and his shoulder was very near to hers.

Across from them, Helen spoke suddenly. "You two should have met a long time ago. I always told your father—Leslie—" She checked herself.

"It's all right," said France. "She knows. I've just quite accidentally told her you're married."

"Leslie will be wild!" Helen exclaimed.

"No. No one need ever tell him that I know. But I do think he's been stuffy—it would have been such fun!" Pauline said wistfully.

"That's what I said. But he swore you were happy! I expect you were, or you wouldn't look so serene now!"

"Serene?" France echoed. That was the word he had been trying to remember all afternoon.

"I must go," Helen told them. "I'm on my way to— How did you get here?" she demanded of Pauline, suddenly.

There was a little uneasy silence, then France spoke up. "I had been thinking of selling the house," he said. "The agent sent Pauline to see it."

"France! Sell this house? Your mother would throw her shinbones at you! Are you mad? She always meant it to be your married home!"

"Yes, I know." France dropped his hands to his sides. "Anyway, I've changed my mind. I'm not going to sell."

He came back restless, when Helen had gone, and stood against the window drumming like a Victorian fidget with his fingers on the glass.

"I think it's time I went home," Pauline said. The room seemed to draw closer round her as she spoke, not wanting to let her go.

"No!" said France, roughly. "No!" He came and stood very close to her, reaching out his hands and pulling her against him, dropping his head so that she felt the smooth warmth of his cheek against her head. She moved in his arms, coming closer to him, tilting back her head, feeling his fingers move across her back. The prolonged enchantment of his kiss brought them to absolute felicity.

"I think I ought to get back."

"Stephen." He snatched her thought out of silence. "Are you really going to marry him?"

"Yes. It would shock him if I let him down. He's on the verge of—success. As it is, he's been noble about Daddy's rather illustrious past!" She was ashamed of her bitterness. "But if I did anything outrageous now, so near the day of our wedding, it would disgrace him completely!"

"Don't you think"—slyly, France was rubbing his cheek against hers—"that it might be better if—"

Pauline moved away. "Don't. It's all difficult enough as it is. Let's not talk about Stephen any more. I—think I'd better go."

"I'll drive you back."

"No, thank you. I'll just go out, as I came, through the yellow door, by myself, then I can pretend afterward that all this never happened, that there never was a yellow door, that it never opened, and I never saw this other world inside."

France silenced her words with his lips.

IT WAS ten o'clock before he took her back, skirting the park because its big iron gates were closed now and locked. Stephen's car was parked in the road outside the Duncans' house.

France said goodby at the gate, looking down at her with the long, hungry stare of saddened defeat.

"If ever anything goes wrong, will you promise to come back? The yellow door will always be there."

She got away somehow, closing the gate behind her with a leaden click, walking up the path with steps that seemed weighted with unwillingness. Stephen was waiting for her, reading his evening papers solemnly. He had a portentous look.

"Hullo!" she called. "I'm sorry I'm late. I didn't expect you."

"Pauline—there's something I have to tell you." He put his paper down, folding it tidily and placing his cigarette case neatly on top of it. Every movement was precise. "They are sending me to Sweden on the fifth of next month."

"Oh, I'm so glad, Stephen! That's what you wanted, isn't it? How splendid for you!" She could hear the dullness of insincerity deadening her words. "You *are* pleased, aren't you?"

"Yes, very pleased indeed. But I feel—" He got up and stood with his back against the mantelpiece, addressing her across the room. "Don't misunderstand me, Pauline. Please. I had thought we might marry before I went abroad, but I have been wondering if it wouldn't be wiser to wait for a little while. It may only be for a year. I'd like to get the form of this Swedish appointment before I assume the responsibility of marriage. Don't you think it wiser? You could come to me later on."

Pauline's mouth twitched to a smile. She looked up at Stephen quickly with such a flash of gratitude that he mistook its meaning. "You don't mind?"

"Gracious, no!" She was laughing frankly now. "I have always wondered myself whether I'd make you a suitable wife."

"What do you mean, Pauline?" Stephen demanded.

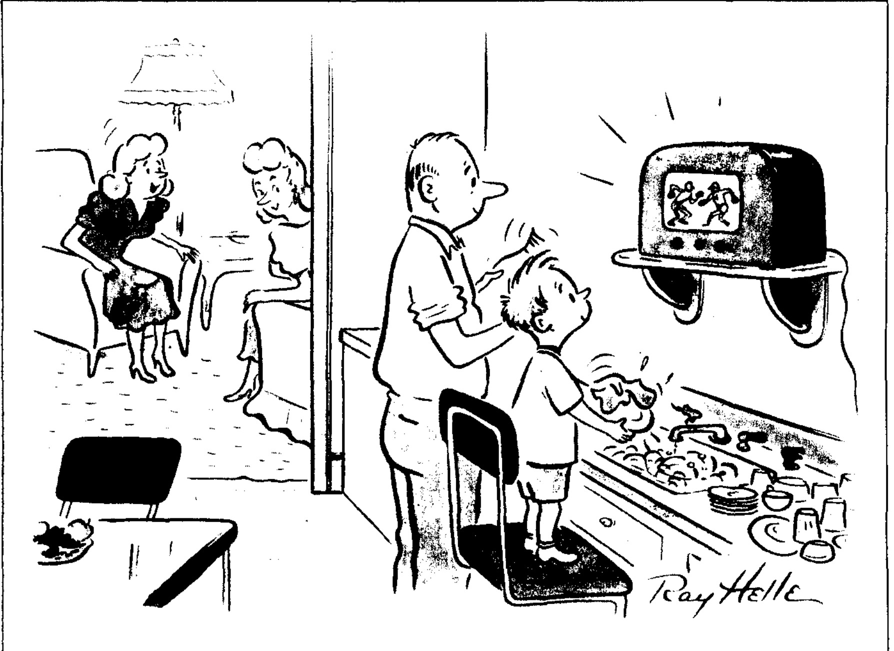
"I think you know what I mean. If you were quite happy about me yourself, you would never leave me here while you go to Sweden. Isn't that so?" Her voice went suddenly soft, intimate, faraway, talking not to Stephen but to someone else. "People who love each other can't bear to be apart, even for a day."

Stephen dropped his eyes. Pauline would have liked to have taken off his ring and given it to him then, but that would have been behaving like a B-movie heroine. She would have to pack it in a little box and send it to him afterward, with a note. . . .

When Stephen had gone it was nearly eleven o'clock. Her father was still out. The maid was hovering on her way to bed.

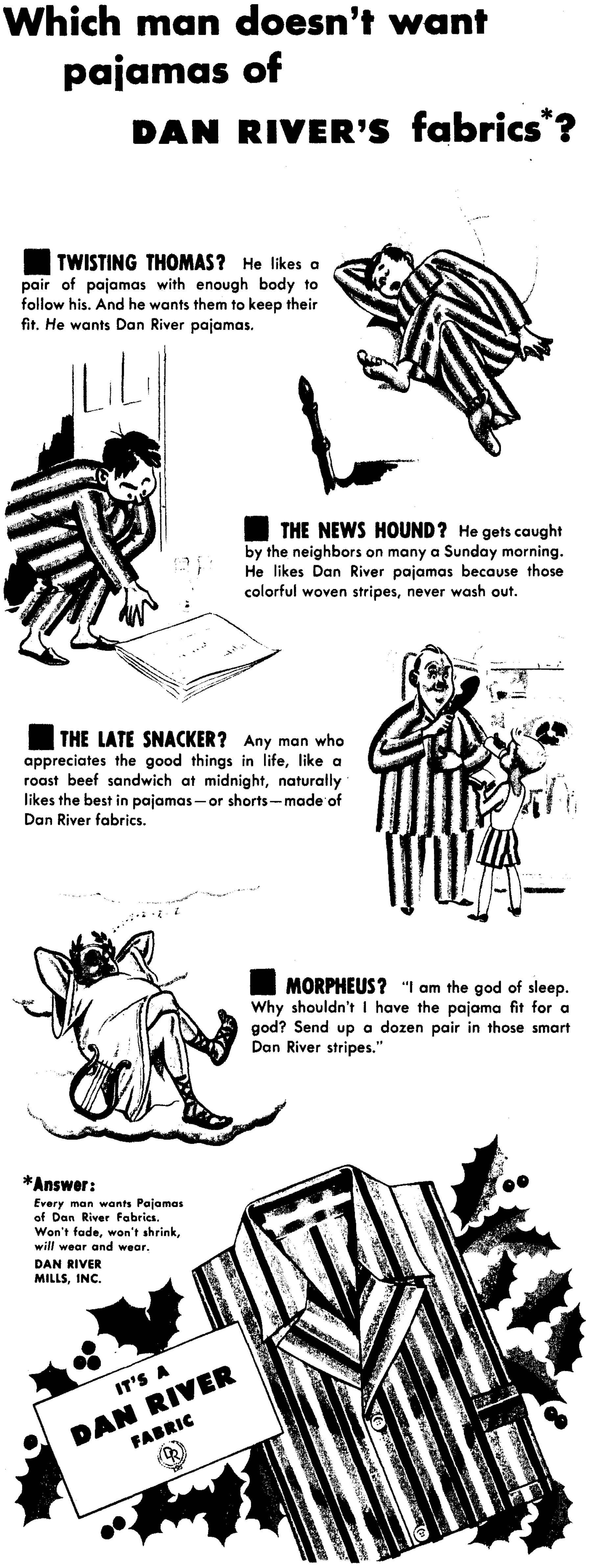
"Don't wait!" Pauline told her. "Good night."

Pauline fetched her coat and a soft scarf for her head. She hadn't been out alone in the dark since her wartime night shifts, but the idea excited her. It was such a little way to Peacock Walk. In her imagination she had already lifted the knocker on the yellow door.



"On the other hand, keeping it in the kitchen does have its advantages"

COLLIER'S RAY HELLE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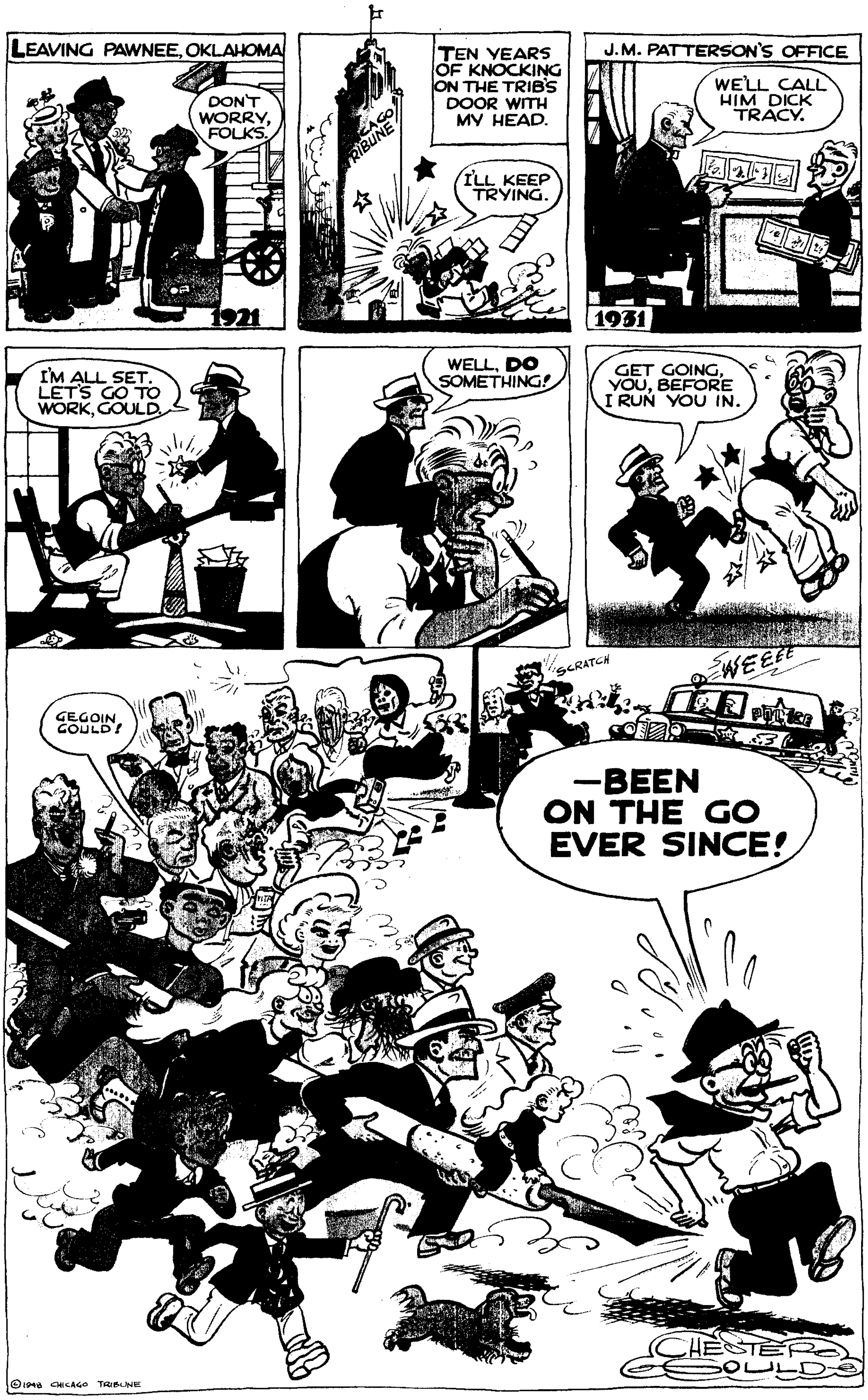
Dick Tracy and Me

NUMBER 4 IN A SERIES DEVOTED TO AMERICA'S TOP COMIC STRIPS



By CHESTER GOULD

CHICAGO in 1931—ten years after I'd migrated there from Oklahoma—was being shot up by gangsters and I decided to invent a comic-strip character who would always get the best of the assorted hoodlums and mobsters.

The result was a series about a detective named Plainclothes Tracy which I sent to Captain J. M. Patterson, publisher of the New York Daily News. The silence that ensued was so prolonged I forgot about the whole thing.

Up to that time I had had a decade of frustrating experiences in every Chicago newspaper art department except the old Post. The first was a job with the extinct Journal where I filled in for a guy who was ill. He got well in 30 days.

Followed a year in an advertising outfit; then, in rapid succession, I worked on the Herald-Examiner, the Tribune and the American. Stayed with the latter until 1929, when I moved to the News. All this while I was consumed by an ambition to be a comic-strip man. But I couldn't get the angle.

So when Captain Patterson wired me in July, 1931, that Plainclothes Tracy had possibilities, I almost passed out. The publisher shortened Tracy's first name to Dick, suggested a format, invented a few other characters and, in fact, gave the feature all the basic elements that have put it over.

The first strip appeared October 6, 1931, and I've been whipping them out on a tight schedule ever since. The routine goes like this: Mondays, in my Tribune office, I write the script for a Sunday page. Tuesdays, I draw it for publication 10 weeks hence. Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays I work at home on the weekday strips, six weeks before they will appear. This means filling in action to connect two Sunday pages completed weeks before. Saturdays and Sundays I worry about plot.

Like most comic-strip men, I get some help. Backgrounds are drawn by Coleman Anderson, and my brother Ray does the lettering.

My family comprises a wife, Edna, and daughter, Jean, and we live on a 130-acre farm near Woodstock, Illinois, 58 miles from Chicago. I don't have much time to join in the farm activity but I jockey a tractor around once in a while and kick a lawn mower along when necessary.

Probably the tops in fan mail was a letter I once received from an Iowa convict who accused me of stealing incidents from the life of his father, who was then in an Arizona prison. I quickly explained that my ideas come only from newspaper reading and observation.

I have a fetish for accuracy and usually manage to keep boners out of the Dick Tracy strip, but once I was guilty of a lapse which I'll probably never live down.

One Sunday some years ago three or four gangsters had Tracy at bay in a room. The atmosphere was thickly charged with murder. In the background a little gunman was guarding the door. How it happened I'll never know, but the little guy, who appeared in four different panels while all this tense action was going on, showed up every time wearing a different hat.

Right now I feel as though I'm caught in a machine that mustn't stall and I'm forever being chased by characters, past and present (see graphic illustration at left). But don't get the idea I don't like it. So long as I can smoke a cigar and play poker now and then I'm happy to be riveted to the drawing board. ☐☐☐

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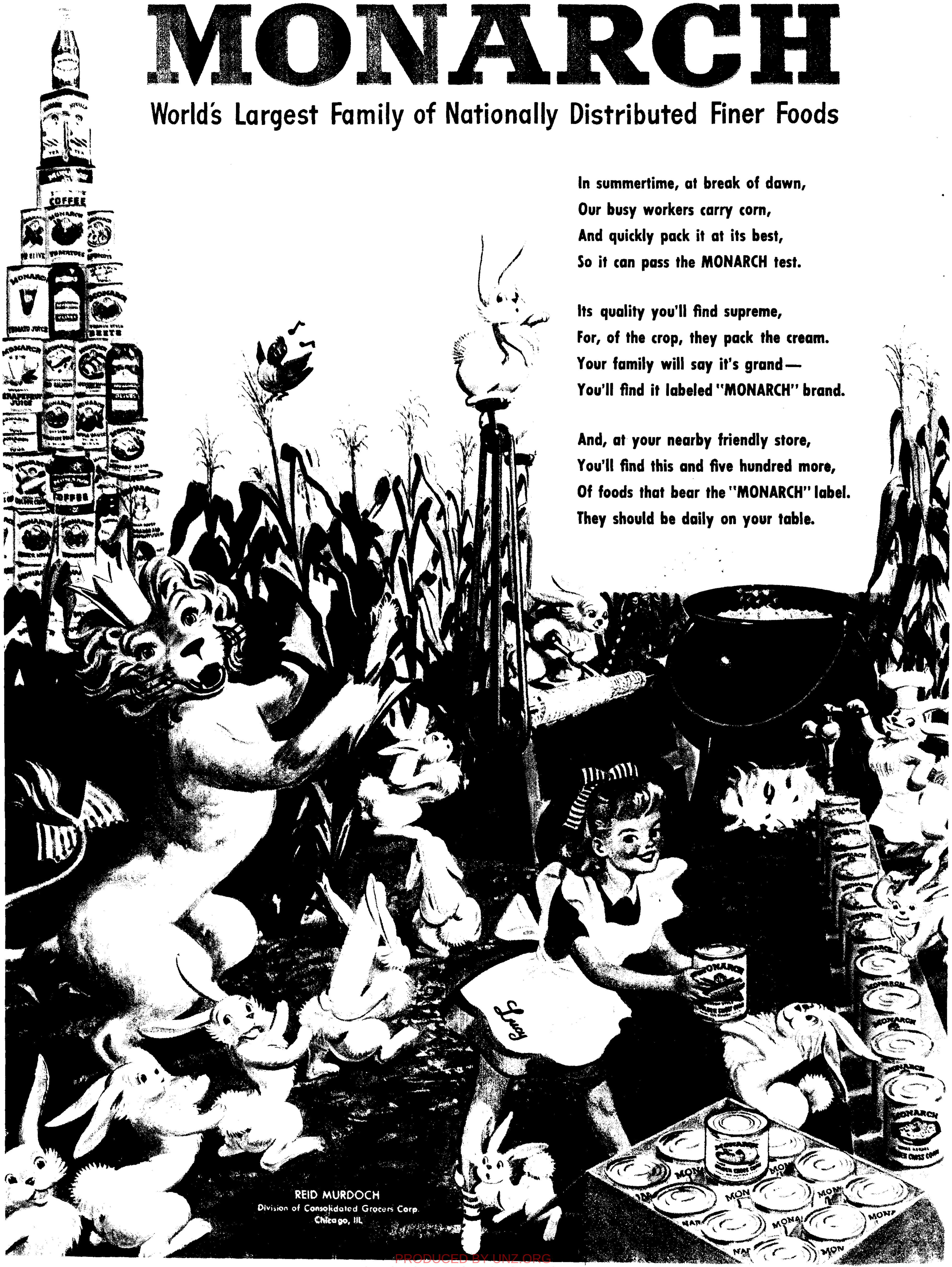
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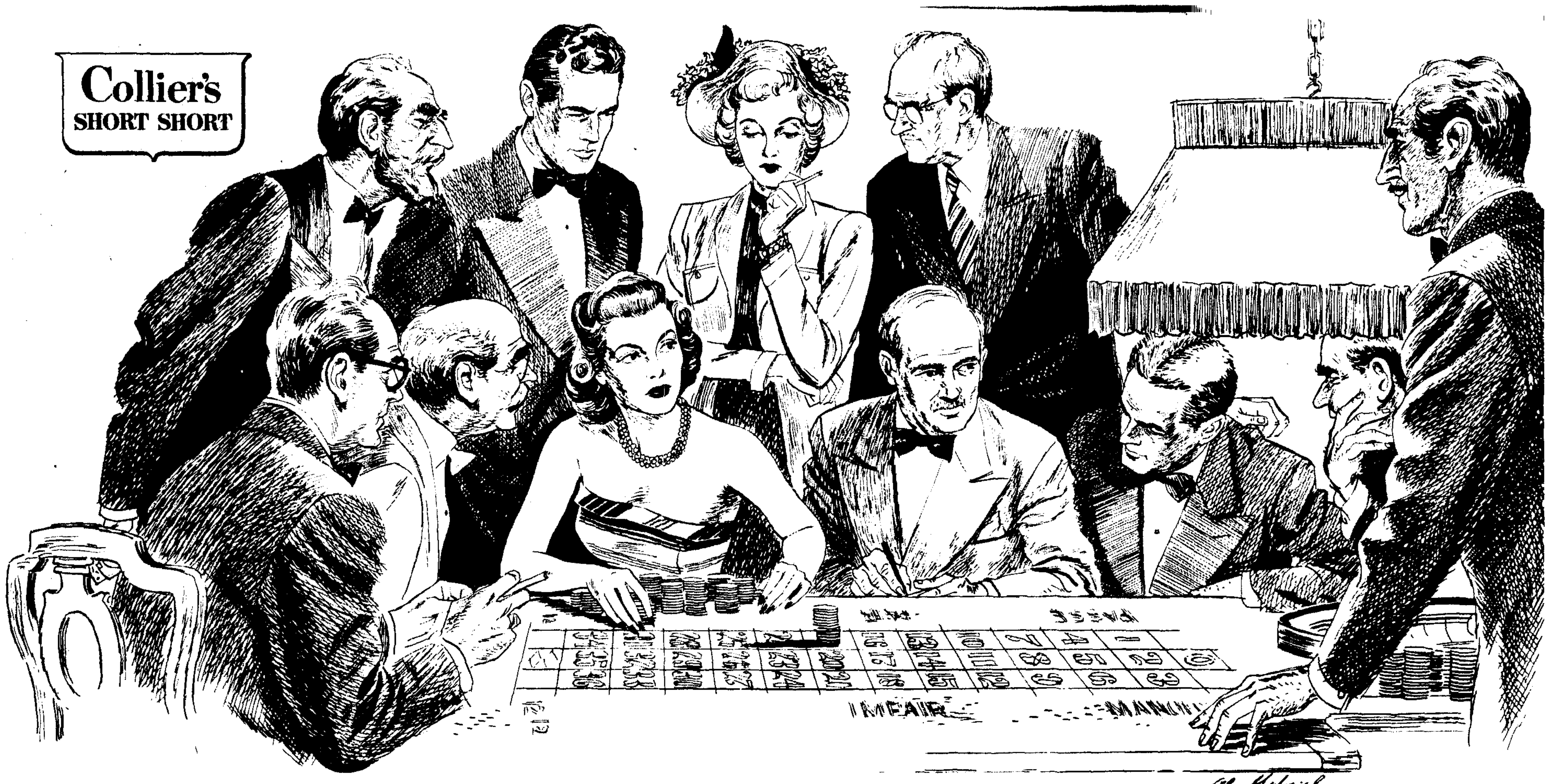

She barely waited until the board was cleared before she bet again

HARP RIGHT TURN

By MAX MURRAY

I STOOD behind the girl and watched her play. A group of others were gathering as they do in Monte Carlo when someone is winning. She was not, I could see, an experienced player. She barely waited till the board was cleared before she bet again.

I guessed that nineteen was her age. She had wavy brown hair that was inclined to flop over her face. Her face was somber, her lips were full and her dark features were regular. Her eyes were gray, but as I watched they were expressionless.

There was a man beside her who was not playing. He was sitting crouched in his chair. He had an envelope cupped in his hand and with a stub of pencil he was recording figures. His hand was not steady. He was neatly, prosaically dressed and I guessed that he was her father.

Sometimes they lost, but the trend was always upward, winning, winning, winning. And I kept hoping they would get up and take the enormous pile of chips they had accumulated and go.

At last it happened. The man gave a quavering sigh that sounded like a sob and drew the girl's hand away from the table.

"Don't, Elinor," he said. "Don't. We have enough."

The girl seemed to come out of a trance. She passed a hand over her eyes and looked in bewilderment at the winnings in front of her.

The croupiers leaned back in their chairs. There was one of those odd pauses.

"Finished, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes, thank you."

They smiled at her, "Congratulations— Well done, Mademoiselle."

Tentatively she handed them a plaque for a hundred francs. It was very little considering what she had won. But they were pleased just the same.

An attendant gathered her winnings into a basket and we watched him lead the little procession into the manager's private office.

The game became as flat as yesterday's beer.

I met her later that evening, picked her up, in fact, shamelessly in the garden of the Café de Paris. I asked her to have a drink with me and she agreed. But when I mentioned her coup she looked frightened and said, "Please don't. I don't want to talk about it."

But she didn't a bit mind talking about herself. Her father was a widower. He had been in the Indian Civil Service and when he had retired, they had gone to live in the sedate English town of Cheltenham.

It is odd how people affect each other. I knew that night that wherever this girl went I would go. That hadn't been my original idea at all.

Her father went off on an early plane. We drove him to the airport in my car. He had changed overnight and was quite jaunty, very friendly to me, quite definitely Anglo-Indian.

The days and hours after that were a kind of breathless pause. We were together in a vacuum.

But vacuums have short lives in this world. I was working in the United States embassy in Paris and I had to go back to work. This was my last free day.

WE HAD driven up the Grand Cornice and from where I had parked the car you could look down over the little world in which we had been together. The sun was bright in our faces, but the breeze that stirred the girl's hair was cold.

"I have to say it," I heard myself saying. "I suppose I have to say the ordinary things like 'I love you,' which you know, and that we will be married and that I haven't much to offer you—as if you didn't know."

Elinor did not answer me. And while I was speaking she moved away from me.

I suppose my voice was a bit unreal when I went on. She had gone away from me, but I had to go on talking.

"But you'll have to curb those little gambling habits of yours. I know you are rich, darling, but it's easy to lose, you know."

When I finished speaking she turned to face me. Her eyes were wide and frightened.

"I have no money," she said and her lips were trembling. "None."

I don't know why that made me angry. I said, "Who cares? I didn't bring you up here to talk about your dowry. Darling, what else have I said to hurt you?"

She said, "If I tell you, will you forget everything you've said to me?"

"Very well." If it was to be goodby I wanted to get away and see if I could deal with it by myself, alone.

THEN I heard her speaking, like a little girl reciting a lesson. "I didn't want to tell you this. I knew I'd have to, but I did not want to.

"My father and I had never been to a casino in our lives. But Richard—that's my brother—got into trouble. My brother worked in a law firm in Paris. He got himself mixed up. My father and I loved him. He was good-looking and fun, but he couldn't bear not to have what he wanted.

"Then a week before I met you he came and told us what had happened. He came to apologize for the disgrace he was going to bring on us. He had embezzled what equaled thirty thousand pounds."

She turned her head aside and looked out of the car window.

"The amount of money my father could raise was ten thousand pounds. Coming here was my idea. It was all or nothing, you see." She gave a little gasp. "Well, I won—twenty thousand from the casino and the ten we brought with us."

There was a pause and I grumbled self-consciously, "The damn' young fool! I hope this is a lesson to him."

She shook her head. "Father paid his debts, but he wanted Dick to have a while to think over his crime. He didn't tell Dick what we had done." She shivered. "Yesterday my brother committed suicide. I imagine he thought we had deserted him."

I waited. The mist below developed into a cloud and blotted out the little world below us. Elinor and I were alone in the sun. There was no need for me to make any more of my clumsy speeches because the fear had gone out of her eyes.

Quite simply she needed somebody to take care of her. I imagine that's what it does amount to most of the time.

ILLUSTRATED BY AL GABRIELE

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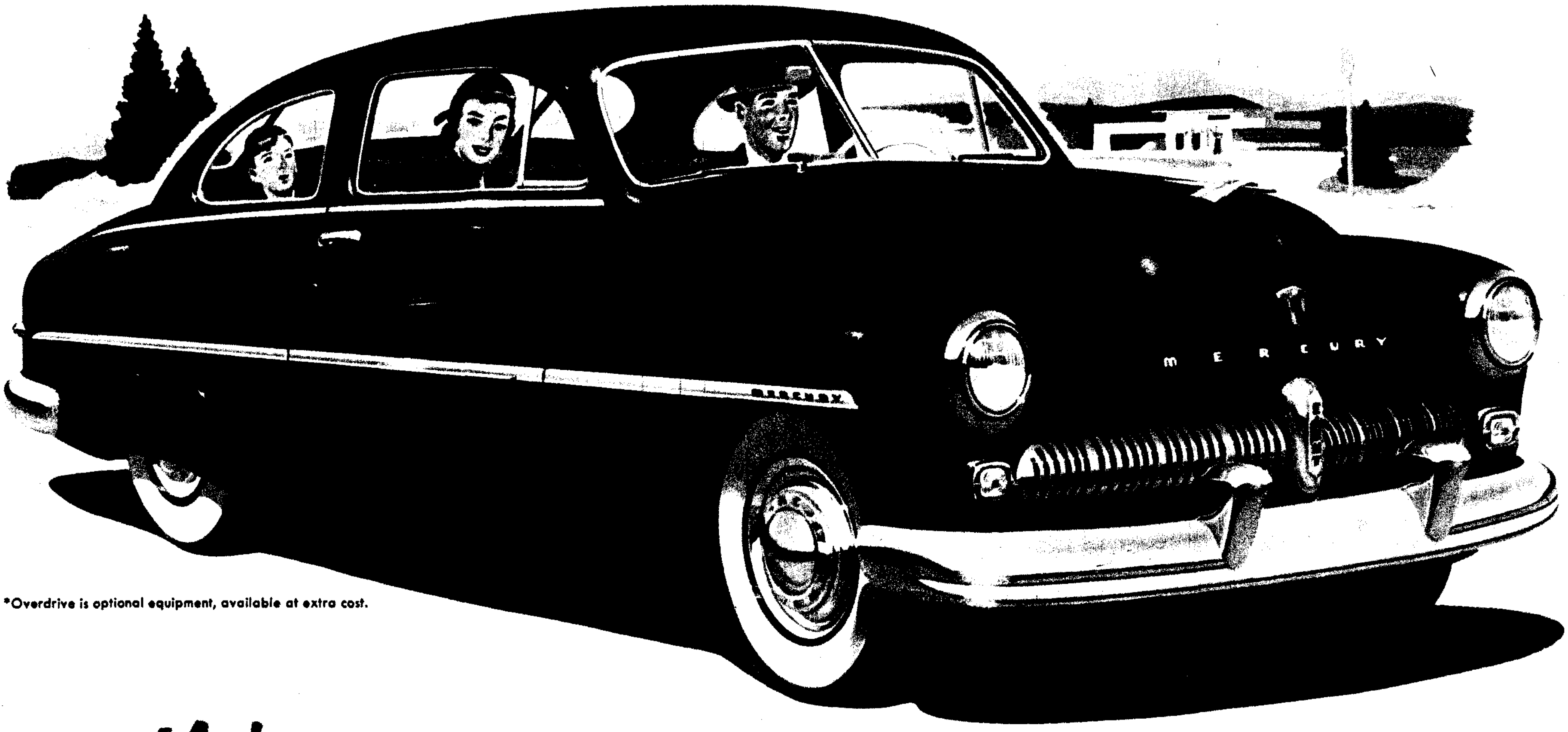

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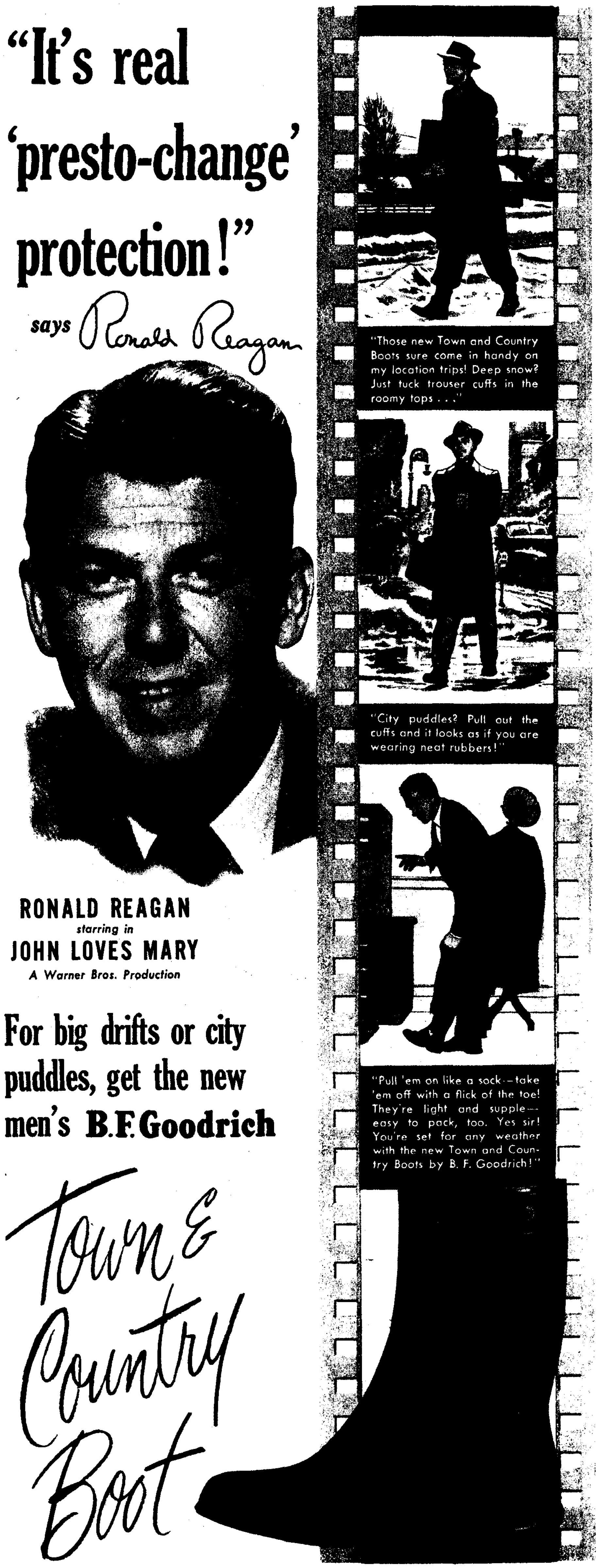
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For big drifts or city puddles, get the new men's B.F. Goodrich

Town & Country Boot

PASSAGE TO PANAMA

Continued from page 34

sea with binoculars. Since he had been given to understand the first officer spoke no English, Johnny photographed him without bothering to get permission. The first officer thanked him by raising his cap and bowing.

"Hey!" Anna Marie called.

Johnny lifted his head. His client was poised on the top rung of the ladder to the flying bridge, both hands grasping the railing, her body curved outward.

"How's that for cheesecake?" Anna Marie asked. "Shoot me quickly before I break in two."

"My dear girl—"

"Go on. *This* is something special for your scrapbook."

"Hold it!" Johnny said, abruptly caught up by a strange excitement. "Arch your feet, honey—it makes your legs look better. Take a deep breath."

As seen through the finder, she was a small gold goddess suitable for a figurehead on a ship. The lovely, clear lines of her body were etched against the sky. Her short hair ruffled in the breeze, glittering when the sun touched it.

Johnny's heart speeded up alarmingly. He had a sickening, falling sensation inside. Portrait of well-known confidence woman, he told himself, enjoying her last vacation before entering the poky or getting knocked off. He pressed the button.

"I don't actually seem twenty-nine, do I?" Anna Marie said. "Come on up."

AFTER climbing the ladder, Johnny stood against the rail in what he trusted was an attitude of careless nonchalance.

"At least not in a bathing suit," Anna Marie said. "Isn't that your impression?"

"Well," Johnny said, "you're awfully well preserved."

"Listen," she said tensely, "is that the trouble, Johnny?"

"What?"

"The difference in our ages?"

"Annie, please—"

Anna Marie made a commanding gesture. "You admitted you were twenty-eight. Is a single year such a broad gulf? Do you hold with the ridiculous rule of thumb that a man should be five to ten years older than his little woman?"

"Yes," Johnny said desperately, recognizing a straw which needed grasping. "Men have to be older. Women age faster. Think of the tragedy—"

"That opinion," Anna Marie said, "is on a par with the other pitiful little thoughts you have expressed. Smith, I am bringing you the devotion of a mature woman, a better mind than yours, superior powers, a brighter outlook. I'm a breadwinner. I do business. Your future is safe with me. You'll never want. You'll have the inestimable advantage of being with a going concern, of associating with somebody you can admire and look up to. Would you trade those qualities for some silly giggling girl of twenty-three?"

"No!" Johnny said. "I mean, yes. Damn it, will you stop courting me now? Our lives are in danger!"

"Doesn't danger add a spice to the wooing?" his client demanded. "Let us live while we may—"

She was interrupted by wild cries in Danish. Johnny simultaneously clutched her, his camera and the gun in his robe pocket. "This may be it!" he stated.

The captain switched to English. "Mr. Smith!" he shouted. "Come down here, quickly! Turtles! More turtles!"

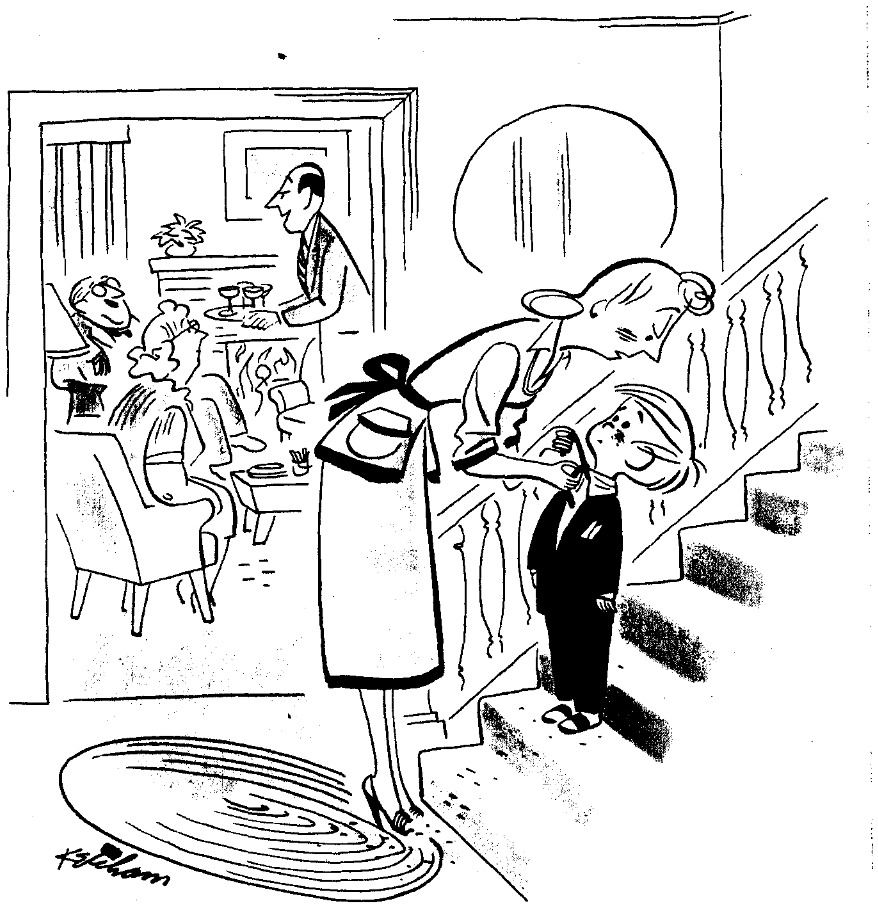
"As I was saying," Anna Marie said, "let us cast away dull care and—"

"Turtles!" Johnny said loudly. "More turtles! Come on, Miss Bishop!"

He bolted down the ladder and over to the port side. The captain resembled a man who had that moment hit the daily double. Putting his arm around Johnny, he led him to the rail and gestured largely at the Pacific.

"Not over fifty feet," he said. "Observe approximately eight points off the port bow."

After a moment, Johnny spotted them—two gigantic, greenish creatures, partly



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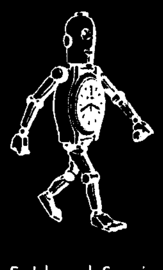

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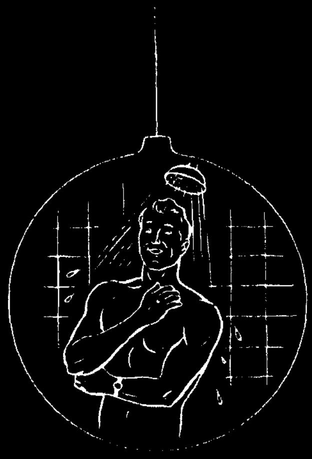

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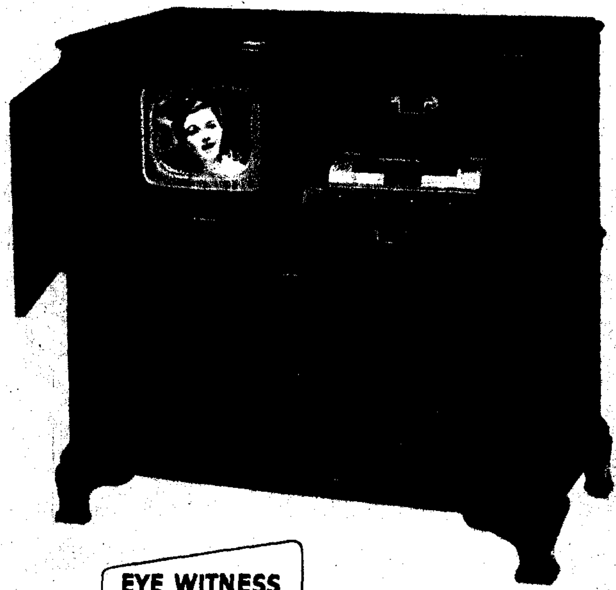
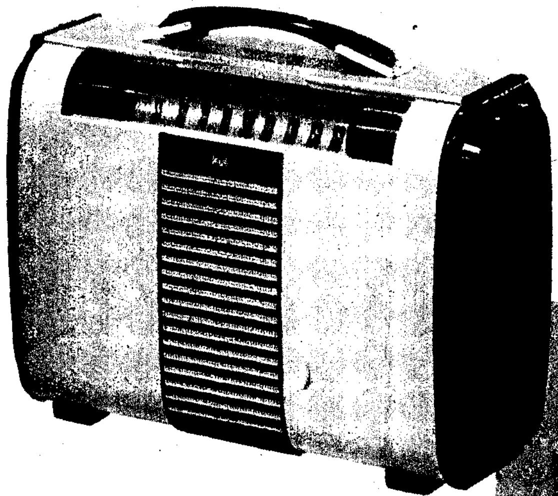


Merry Christmas! Say it, sing *it*, SEE it, with this EVERYTHING-in-one console, the "Monticello." Here's "Eye Witness" television PLUS a luxurious AM-FM Victrola radio-phonograph! A season ticket for complete home entertainment! 52 sq. in. screen. Walnut, mahogany or blond finish. AC. RCA Victor 8TV323.*

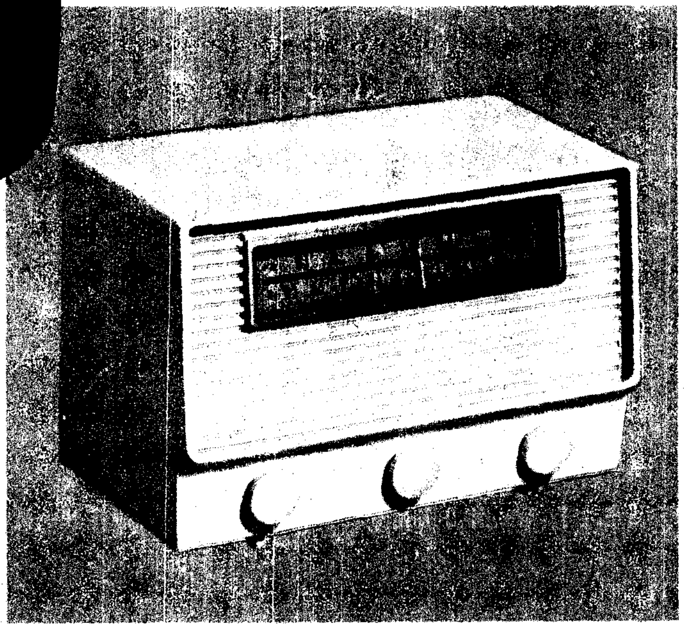
EYE WITNESS TELEVISION

For Santas with modest incomes, millionaire tastes! A brand-new table television set—the "Onlooker"—with the best pictures in "Eye Witness" television history! 52 sq. in. pictures that are *locked in tune!* Automatic Multi-Channel Station Selector! It's a value you'll have to SEE to believe! Mahogany, walnut or blond finish. AC operation. RCA Victor 8T243.*

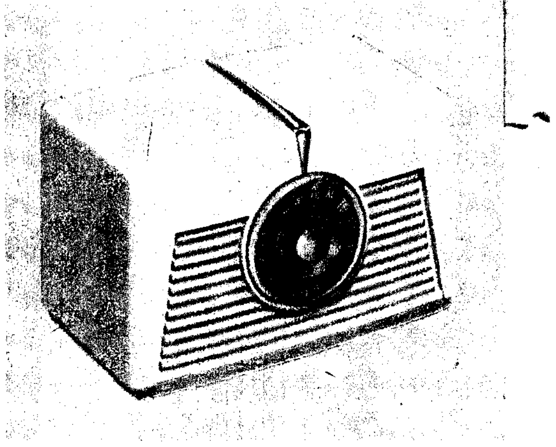
"I'd give the world . . ." and you *can!* With the "Bystander," RCA Victor takes television out of the luxury into the "let's-get-it" class! And it's full-size, "Eye Witness" television in a cabinet that itself is a pleasure to see! 52 sq. in. screen. Multi-Channel Station Selector. Walnut, mahogany or blond finish. AC. RCA Victor 8T241.*



Greetings for every season—The "Globe Trotter," in its *weatherized* aluminum and plastic case, is a summertime outdoor playmate with its long-lasting RCA battery. Indoors, it's a powerful table set any time of the year—plays on AC or DC with the wonderful tone of the "Golden Throat." RCA Victor 8BX6.



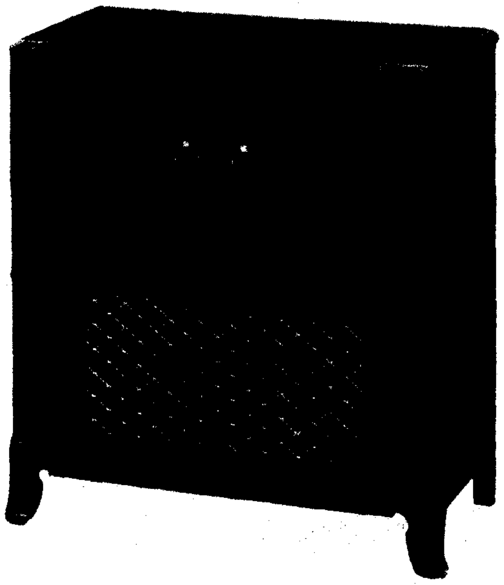
For the one on your list who "has everything"— this brand-new beauty with AM and FM radio—Frequency Modulation at its finest through the exclusive "Golden Throat" tone system. Antique ivory-finish case or in plum-colored plastic. Exceptionally selective and sensitive, it's one of the choicest "plums" in Santa's pack! AC-DC. RCA Victor 8X71.



For a White Christmas, this dream-come-true value—a world-famous RCA Victor at a new low price. Marvelous tone—the exclusive "Golden Throat"—selective, plenty of power. RCA Victor 8X542, antique ivory-finish or maroon plastic.

perfect *Santa Claus*

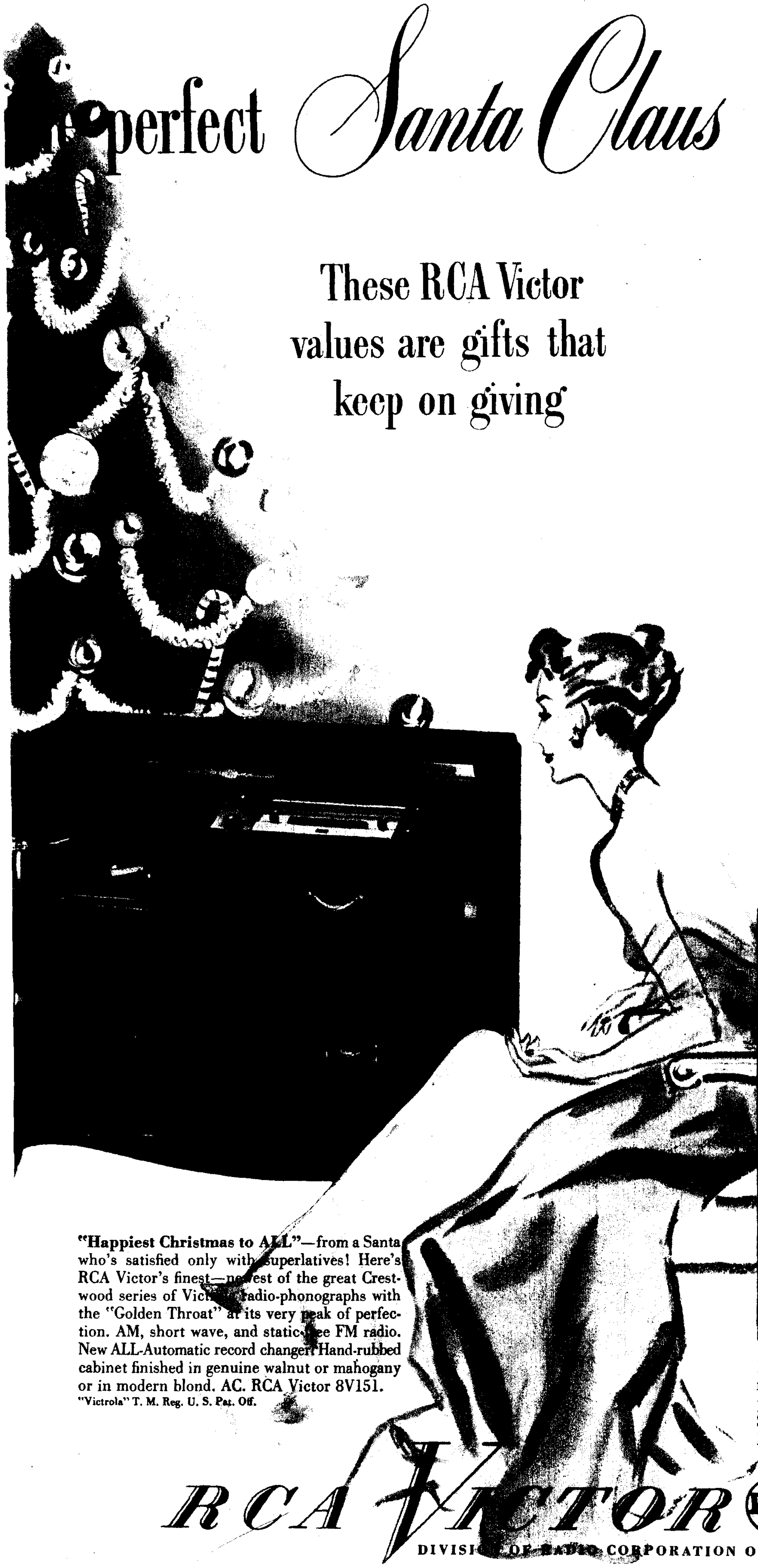
These RCA Victor values are gifts that keep on giving



Wreathed in smiles—that's the family that finds this new Victrola console under the tree! It's RCA Victor's newest big, BIG value, AM-FM radio; automatic record changer with the "Silent Sapphire" permanent-point pickup; big record storage compartment; AND the "Golden Throat" tone system! Complete the picture with some new RCA Victor records—have you heard Dennis Day's album of "*Johnny Appleseed*" from "Melody Time"? RCA Victor 8V90. AC. In walnut, mahogany or blond finish.

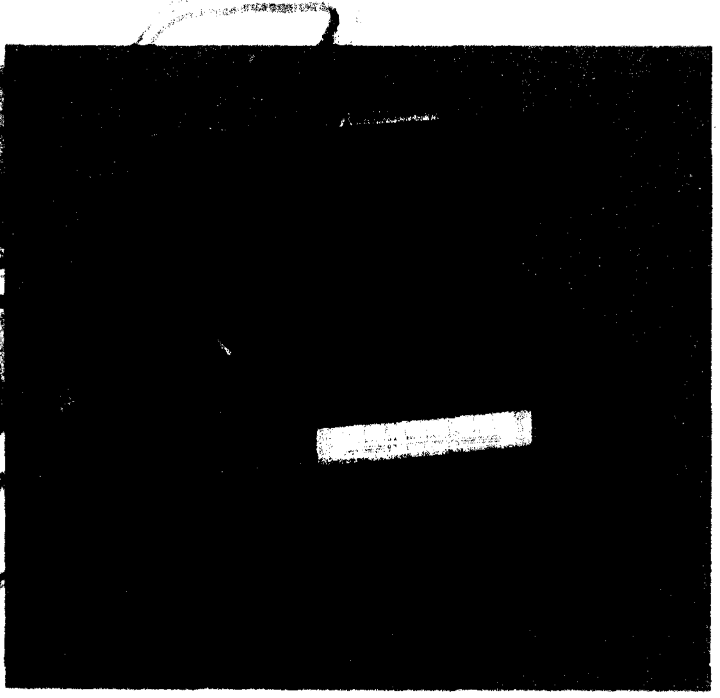
The "Golden Throat"

Only RCA Victor makes this perfectly balanced 3-Way Acoustical System. It gives you radio tone so true that even trained musicians could not tell the "Golden Throat" from an "In Person" performance.



"Happiest Christmas to ALL"—from a Santa who's satisfied only with superlatives! Here's RCA Victor's finest—newest of the great Crestwood series of Victrola radio-phonographs with the "Golden Throat" at its very peak of perfection. AM, short wave, and static-free FM radio. New ALL-Automatic record changer. Hand-rubbed cabinet finished in genuine walnut or mahogany or in modern blond. AC. RCA Victor 8V151.

"Victrola" T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



High jinks for the holidays and all year 'round! It's the *most* music in the *smallest* space, the *biggest* value in table radio-phonographs you'll find! Powerful radio, fine automatic record changer with "Silent Sapphire" pickup and the famous "Golden Throat" tone system. AC. RCA Victor 77U in walnut, mahogany or blond finish.

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DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

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awash, swimming drunkenly with their short legs. One of them lifted a wrinkled reptilian snout and stared incredulously at the passing ship. They were not awfully pretty.

"I declare," Johnny said, manifesting joy. "Turtles."

"Turtles," the captain said. "Ancient ones."

"I'm so happy," Johnny said.

He was clapped on the back by the exhilarated Maesk. The first officer shook his hand and spoke at length, using the stiff upper lip which seems essential for the pronunciation of Danish. Anna Marie came up.

"See the pretty turtles, Annie," Johnny said.

"Two, eh?" she said. "Unquestionably man and wife. It's the only solution."

"I knew you were disappointed yesterday at not seeing the turtles," the captain said. "We have kept a watch all morning that you might not arrive at Panama without the experience."

"You've been simply swell about it, Captain," Johnny said. "I can only say a simple thanks. Other words fail me."

"Say no more, Mr. Smith," the captain told him. "We have grown fond of you aboard the Leise Neilsen. By tomorrow, porpoises. Count on it."

"You can't help getting fond of him, can you, Maesk?" Anna Marie said. "He has a swell, ignorant, human quality."

"American quality," the captain said. "Very charming."

"I think the world of him already," Anna Marie said. "If harm was done to him, I'd kill everybody in this steel bughouse with my bare hands."

"So would I," the captain said.

"Gee," Johnny said, "the turtles are nearly out of sight. I feel like crying."

THE steward ascended to the bridge from the boat deck. Both the captain and the first officer spoke to him in his native tongue. The steward stepped forward at once and shook Johnny's hand.

"Congratulations on the turtles," the steward said; "dinner is ready."

"We put the bos'n on the forepeak to help in the search," the captain said. "See, he is coming down now, Mr. Smith."

Johnny looked toward the bow. The big, blond man who had come into his office and told him not to take the cruise was descending to the main deck. Of course, he was now minus his mustache and beard, but Johnny would have known him anywhere.

"I must thank that good man someday," he said.

During dinner, he abstractedly ate herring, eggs in cream, black bread, cheese, meat, potatoes, canned fruit salad, Danish dessert pancakes, and drank a bottle of beer. A sensation of pressure was building up in him, engendered by his client and the menace of villains he was no longer quite able to place. There was a need for action, a plan, an unmasking of the guilty.

"They say you saw turtles today, Mr. Smith," the chief said. "I am very glad."

"Thank you, Chief," Johnny replied.

"Now we must find you porpoises," the chief said. "Are you interested in flying fish?"

"I don't have the passion for them that I have for porpoises," Johnny said. He stared at the chief, slugged by an idea. The simplicity and soundness of it dazed him.

"What is the matter?" the chief asked. "You are not ill?"

"No, no," Johnny said. "Never felt better in my life. I was just thinking of something."

"So was I," Anna Marie said. "Captain, do you have the power to perform marriages on the high seas?"

"Yes, certainly," the captain said.

"Have you ever performed a marriage?"

"No, but I would like to. Why do you ask?"

"I had a simple and sound idea a moment ago," Anna Marie said. She shrugged. "Never mind."

Captain Maesk glanced from her to Johnny, his attitude less sleepy than was customary. Johnny jumped up.

"Excuse me," he said. "I'm going to look for porpoises."

His client was easily avoided for the remainder of the afternoon. She had retired to her cabin when he returned from the porpoise search, and presently he picked up the chief, who had time on his hands, and they sat in the stifling saloon playing gin rummy. Although new to the game, the chief possessed the faculty of concentration and seemed to have a horseshoe in every pocket. Johnny had suggested a small wager to add interest to the contest; by four o'clock he was forced to hand over eight dollars and ninety cents.

"I hate to take this," the chief said. "It does not seem fair. I am a newcomer to the game—"

"Don't give it a thought," Johnny said. "I'd rather lose to you than anybody on the boat. Why, I regard you as my best pal already."

"You have made me very happy by saying that," the chief said. "The other day I thought it was over between us. I wish I could tell you how sorry I am for the occurrence. If I were only free to explain—"

"Forget it, pal," Johnny said. "A mere misunderstanding—nothing more. Are we going to let a little thing like assault with intent to do great bodily injury break up the finest friendship either of us ever had?"

"A thousand times no," the chief replied.

"Right you are," Johnny said. "Chief, suppose I drop down to see you before supper tonight? We'll have a little drink together."

"That would be delightful," the chief said. "I will provide us with some herring as appetizer."

"That's the spirit," Johnny said. "Just our party, Chief." He slapped the man on the back. "So long till then. You're a swell gin player. Miss Bishop must have shown you everything last night."

"Yes, she did," the chief said. "The captain lost thirty-six dollars, and I lost twenty-nine."

Knowing he had stern work ahead of him, Johnny slapped down the most evident of the insects in his quarters, turned on the fan and took to his cot for a nap. The fan blew on him refreshingly and the ship had the easy motion of a gently rocked cradle.

Soon he was dreaming of being marooned on a desert island with a beautiful blonde, who danced for him in a grass skirt. The girl had diamond earrings and a huge limousine, and later in the dream she bought the Royal Hawaiian Hotel for him and her grass skirt started to grow out of her head and she changed into a date-palm tree. Johnny had never been more pleased during the unconscious state.

He awakened with red sunlight streaming through the portholes. The hot sun was setting. His throat felt like a burned-out building, and he knew he had been sleeping with his mouth open. Someone was knocking on the door. Pulling up the sheet, he croaked, "Come in!"

IT WAS the barefooted girl industrialist, her eyes shining with excitement. Johnny was astonished to observe that nothing was growing from her head except wavy hair. He blinked and dampened his lips with his tongue.

"Did I wake you?" she asked.

"No, no," Johnny said. "I have been laying here for hours, lost in thought."

"Lying."

"What?"

"Nothing," Anna Marie said. "Look, Smith—did you bring a black tie along?"

"Huh?"

"A dinner jacket?"

"I've got a white coat and the pants," Johnny said. "Why?"

"I have talked to the captain and the chief," Anna Marie said. "Supper tonight will be rather formal. They'll wear their uniforms. I'll be in a long dress. You can put on your black tie."

"But why?"

"I slipped the cook my winnings at cards. We're going to have baked Alaska. And wine."

"But why?" Johnny repeated. "We're comfortable the way we are. It's too hot for dressing."

"I'll be cool the way I'm going to dress," Anna Marie said, and paused to wink significantly. "This is for you, Smith."

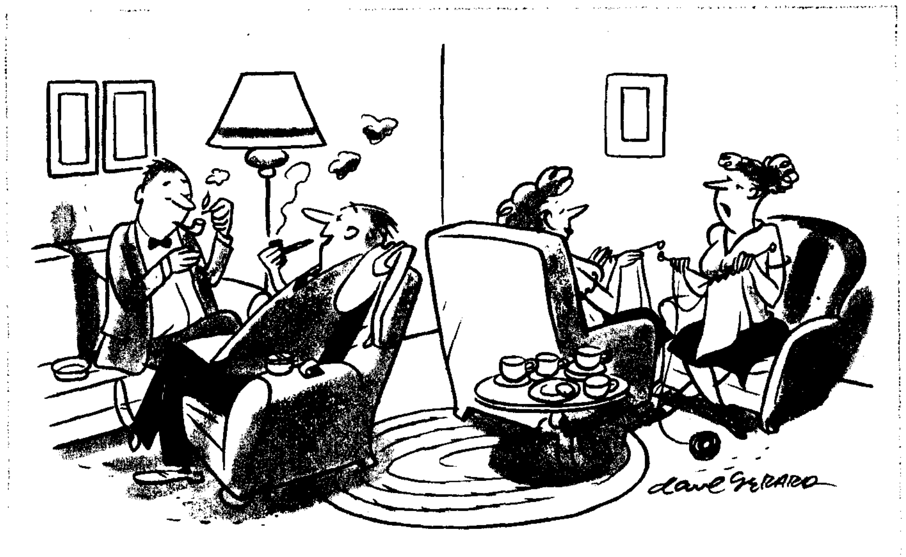
"Me?"

"You said I wasn't glamorous enough. You're perfectly correct. I realize now that on a liner with a decent wardrobe, I'd have you hanging on the ropes. I've been unpardonably careless in my attire, but tonight I intend to make up for it. You'll get the works."

"Damn it," Johnny said petulantly, "we're all happy here unwashed and in our shorts! I'm affected by women, not a new look. Why rock the boat?"

"Supper will be fashionably late," Anna Marie said. "Call for me in the owner's cabin at eight, dream boy."

Johnny rose groaningly, had a salt-water shower which left his skin the



"Cat naps keep me going. Fifteen minutes on the couch and I'm a new man"

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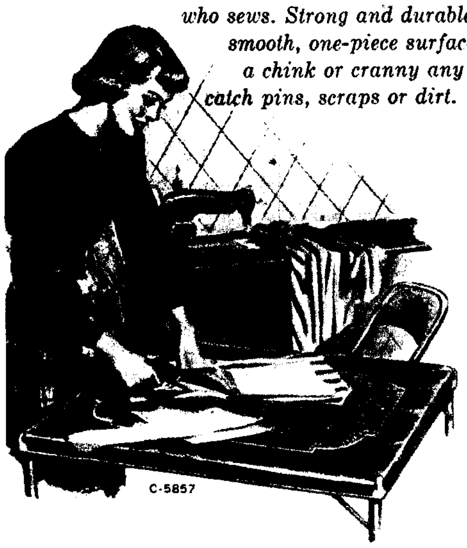

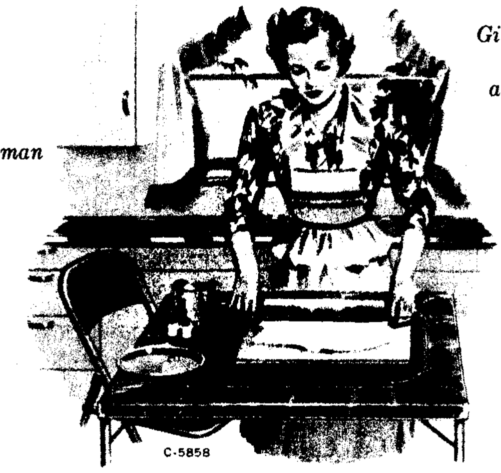

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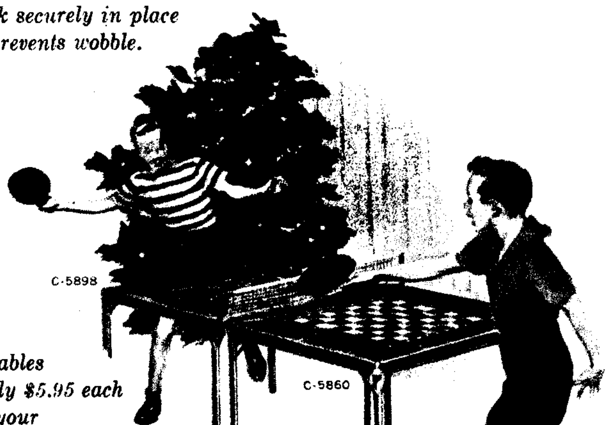

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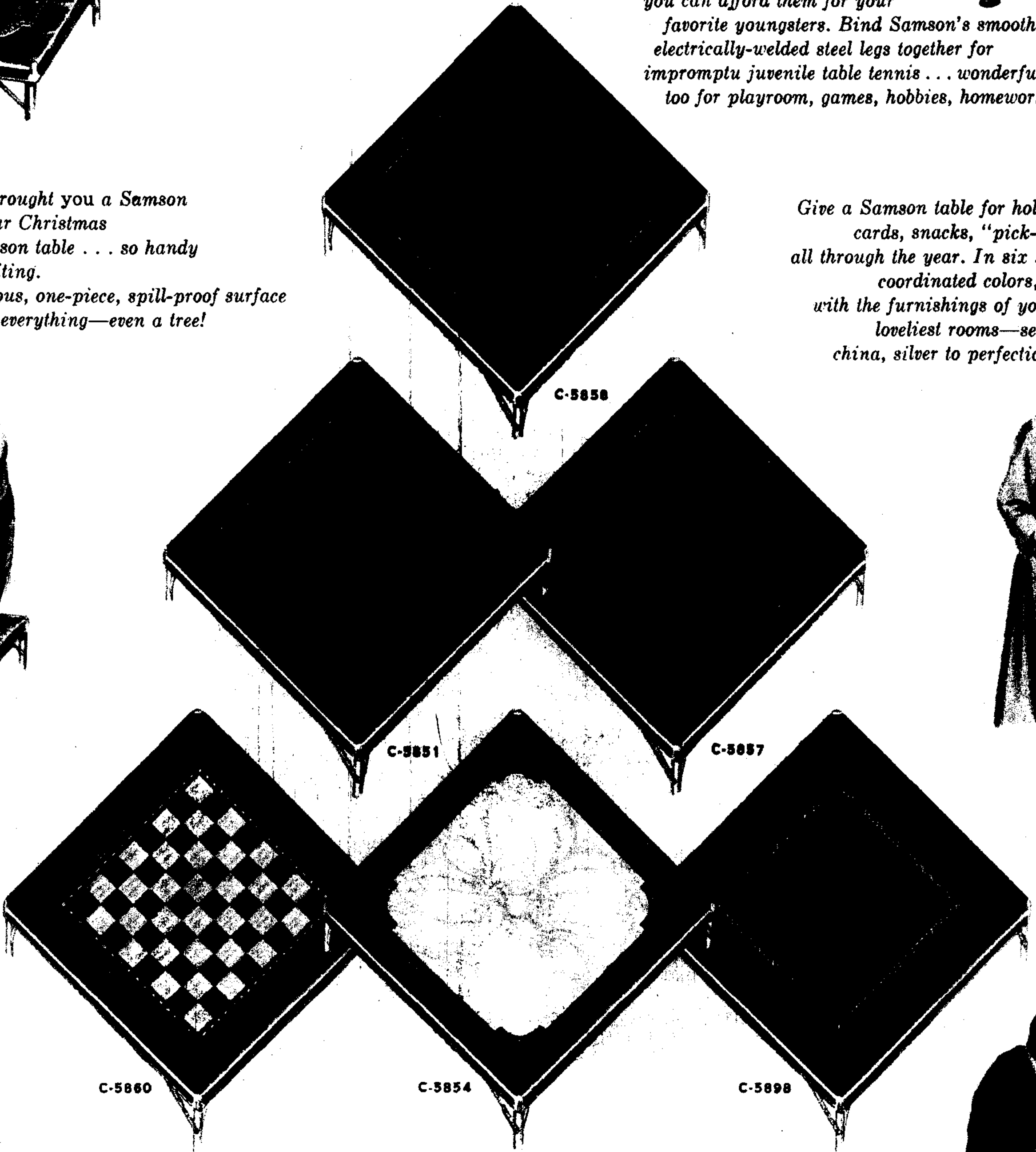

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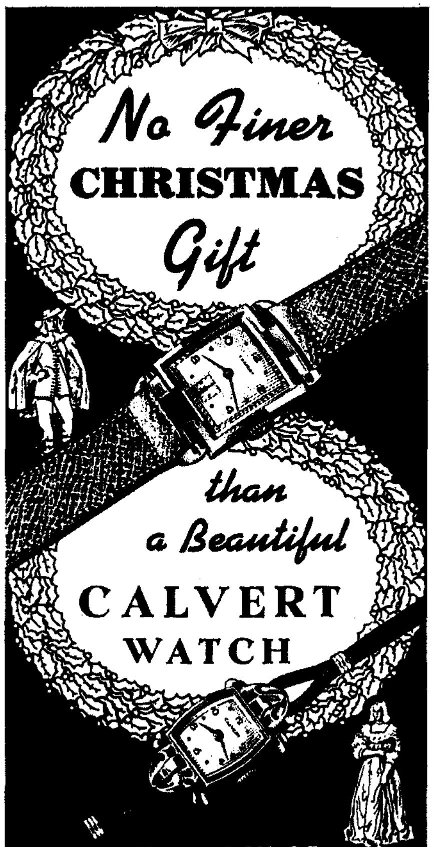

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texture of aged parchment, and shaved for the second time that day. The soft shirt, pants with the braid, and white coat grew limp and hung to him in the space of a few moist moments. He shined his shoes on a towel and trudged glumly to the steward's pantry, where Neilsen received him with admiration.

"You appear very fine in your white coat, Mr. Smith," he commented.

"So do you in yours," Johnny said. "Are you going to put on a clean one in honor of the occasion?"

"I have no other," the steward said. "Can I get you anything, sir?"

Johnny wanted to buy two bottles of liquor. The steward's stock was small, consisting of inky rum, yellow Holland gin and brandy that gave off the aroma of high-test gasoline when uncorked. He did, however, have two bottles of aquavit on ice. This was a colorless variety of schnapps, smelling of caraway seed, and highly suitable, the steward said, for inviting gaiety and washing down herring.

It seemed innocuous and watery to Johnny, but he brightened as the steward told him that aquavit was commonly chased with beer, and regarded in such a combination as having the striking power of an armored division. Johnny believed his prey was unlikely to resist both the malt and hops and the Danish lightning.

The chief was waiting for him in his water-line apartment, attired in a starched white uniform suitably garnished with gold braid. His teeth gleamed and his hair was slicked down and his desk was spread with several kinds of herring, ranging from pickled to the kind preserved in a sauce of tomatoes and onions. He was enchanted at the thought of adding beer to the repast, and called for a man to bring them bottles from the freeze box.

IT SEEMED to Johnny that the man summoned looked like the guy who had tried to drop the casting on him, but he did not care to risk offending his host by mentioning it. Instead, he munched a herring and watched the chief fill ridiculously little liqueur glasses with the aquavit.

"Tonight," the chief said, raising beer and aquavit, "we dress as though we were on a liner. Tonight we drink as though we were on a liner. Tonight we act as though we were on a liner. Skoal!"

"Skoal!" Johnny said.

He noticed the chief drank his acquavit at a single gulp, and followed suit. For an instant he had the sensation of having swallowed an eggcupful of tacks and small bits of glass; that passed when beer was applied.

"To my American friend, Mr. Smith," the chief said. "Skoal!"

"Skoal!" Johnny said. "Ca-call me Johnny."

"To Johnny," the chief said. "Skoal!"

"Skoal!" Johnny said. He ate a herring.

"A toast to Miss Bishop," the chief said, "one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen—and I was on a liner. Skoal!"

"Skoal!" Johnny said.

"To the captain of the Leise Neilsen," the chief said. "Skoal!"

"Skoal!" Johnny said. The herring was going fast.

"To a better understanding between North America and North Europe," the chief said. "Skoal!"

"Skoal!" Johnny said. "Wait a minute. To my dear pal, the chief. Skoal!"

"Skoal!" the chief said. "To all our friends everywhere. Skoal!"

"Skoal!" Johnny said.

As he devoured a pickled herring, Johnny congratulated himself on the smooth operation of his plan. Nobody could have played into his hands more quickly than the chief, who was evidently a man without fear of alcoholic beverages. Only a single flaw had developed—the "skoal" business. It forced him to drink right along with his dear pal, something he hadn't intended. But the glasses were tiny, and he was only sipping the beer. Besides, though by no means a steady drinker, he was a man who kept his head about him.

"Skoal!" the chief said.

"Skoal!" Johnny said.

And so on.

THE chief put an empty aquavit bottle in his wastebasket and opened the other. His red face had turned salmon and he was forced to wipe his steamy glasses. Johnny felt as if his own vision was becoming slightly obscured. He wiped his mental glasses.

"Chief," he said. "My old pal. We've got to talk."

"Yes, pal," the chief said. "Talk. Skoal!"

"Skoal!" Johnny said. "We're too close not to be entirely frank with each other, Chief. We don't want to hold anything back."

"No," the chief said. "Skoal!"

"Skoal!" Johnny said. "Chief, there is much you can tell me. Do you want to help your pal?"

"Yes, pal," the chief said. "Skoal!"

"Skoal!" Johnny said. "Ah—mind if I ask you a few questions?"

"Skoal!" the chief said.

"Skoal!" Johnny said.

"What are the questions?" the chief asked.

"Skoal!" Johnny said.

"Skoal!" the chief said.

"Where was I?" Johnny said.

"To the questions," the chief said. "Skoal!"

"Skull!" Johnny said.

"I am ready to tell my pal anything," the chief said. "Skoal to my pal!"

"Skill!" Johnny said. "Tell—tell me why the guy tried to drop the iron on me. Tell me why they might kill Miss Bishop. Tell me—"

He was suddenly aware of the chief helping him to a chair. "Where am I?" he said.

"On the deck," the chief said. "Don't worry. I am here. Skoal!"

"Skush!" Johnny said.

They sang for each other. Johnny did The Big Rock Candy Mountain. The chief rendered a long number in Danish, keeping a stiff upper lip. Johnny showed the chief how to dropkick a football, using a pillow in lieu of a football. He wept at pictures of the chief's wife and family; the thought of his pal being separated from his loved ones for years at a time was too poignant. The chief presented him with a book of American detective stories translated into Danish, which he knew Johnny would enjoy.

"Autogrash," Johnny said. "For old timeshakes."

"Skoal!" the chief said.

"Skish!" Johnny said.

The steward came to say that the captain and Miss Bishop were waiting in the saloon. Supper was served. Miss Bishop was annoyed.

"Whoshee thinksheeish?" Johnny said.

The table above was laid with more silver than usual, and decorated with paper flowers. Glasses ordinarily used for sea-food cocktails now contained a still wine. On the captain's right, in a backless and strapless white gown, sat Anna Marie. She pursed her lips as Johnny was assisted to the table by the chief.

"We have been sitting in my cabin," the chief explained. "The heat was very bad. I believe Mr. Smith is affected by the heat."

The captain smiled speedily. "It often does that."

"No wine for Mr. Smith, Neilsen," Anna Marie said to the steward.

"Whoshaidsho?" Johnny said indignantly. "Skumb!"

After draining his glass, he took no

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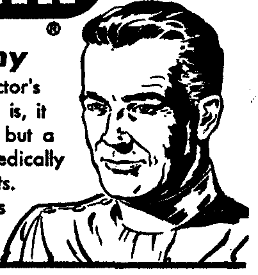

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further part in the proceedings, sitting carefully upright, manifesting great dignity, and unable to eat a bite. The captain and the chief chatted with Anna Marie and some laughter was heard, but Johnny cast an indefinable blight on the party. Even when the baked Alaska was served, no one grew really jolly. The chief urged black coffee upon his pal. Johnny took the cup obediently.

"Skunk!" he said, and drank it down at a gulp. He felt nothing.

"If you'll forgive me, gentlemen," Anna Marie said, "I think I'll take my date for a stroll on the lawn."

She aided Johnny in the climb to the bridge, and thereafter they walked steadily up and down the port side, arm in arm. Movement restored Johnny's powers of speech. His outlook was devil-may-care.

"Rough tonight, isn't it?" he said. "Think there's a blow coming on?"

"No."

"Splendid evening. The stars seem so close."

"Yes."

"What a dinner!" Johnny said. "I'm still full."

"Shut up."

They walked a while longer.

"Well, as I thought," Johnny said, "the chief engineer is the solution to this baffling case. I broke it wide open tonight."

"How?"

"By getting him drunk."

"Him?"

"He spilled the beans," Johnny said, "but good. I don't remember at the moment just what he said, but it'll all come back to me in the morning."

"Sure."

"You seem quiet tonight. Is something the matter?"

"No."

"Well," Johnny said, "here we are, huh?"

He took Anna Marie to the rail. They leaned over, watching the dim black sea roil into phosphorescence at the passage of the ship. The atmosphere was damp and incredibly soft. Overhead the stars careened with the arc of the mast.

"Gad, you're a beautiful woman!" Johnny said. "You remind me of something I learned in school once. It was a quotation. 'Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety.' Who's that by?"

"Shakespeare."

"I thought it was Longfellow. I think it was. He's all we ever had."

"No, Shakespeare."

"Have it your own way," Johnny said affably. "Anyway, it reminds me of you. Do you mind if I kiss you?"

"Oh, Johnny."

"I'm afraid I have a little trace of aquavit on my breath."

"Never mind."

There was a long pause.

"Well," Johnny said, "we can't go on this way. I love you, Annie. I'm willing to do the decent thing. Will you marry me?"

"Oh, Johnny."

"Will you, my little darling?"

"Yes."

"Well," Johnny said, "that's fine, are you crying?"

"N-no."

"Your cheek is wet. Is it raining?"

"I don't know."

"We'd better go in if it's raining," Johnny said. "Anyhow, I'm awfully sleepy. Keep your socks up, Annie. Keep 'em flying. See you in the morning."

He went below alone, leaving her a small white ghost in the starlight. As soon as he had dropped his clothes on the floor, he flopped on the bunk. He fell asleep instantly, but awakened once to the fuzzy realization that he was not alone.

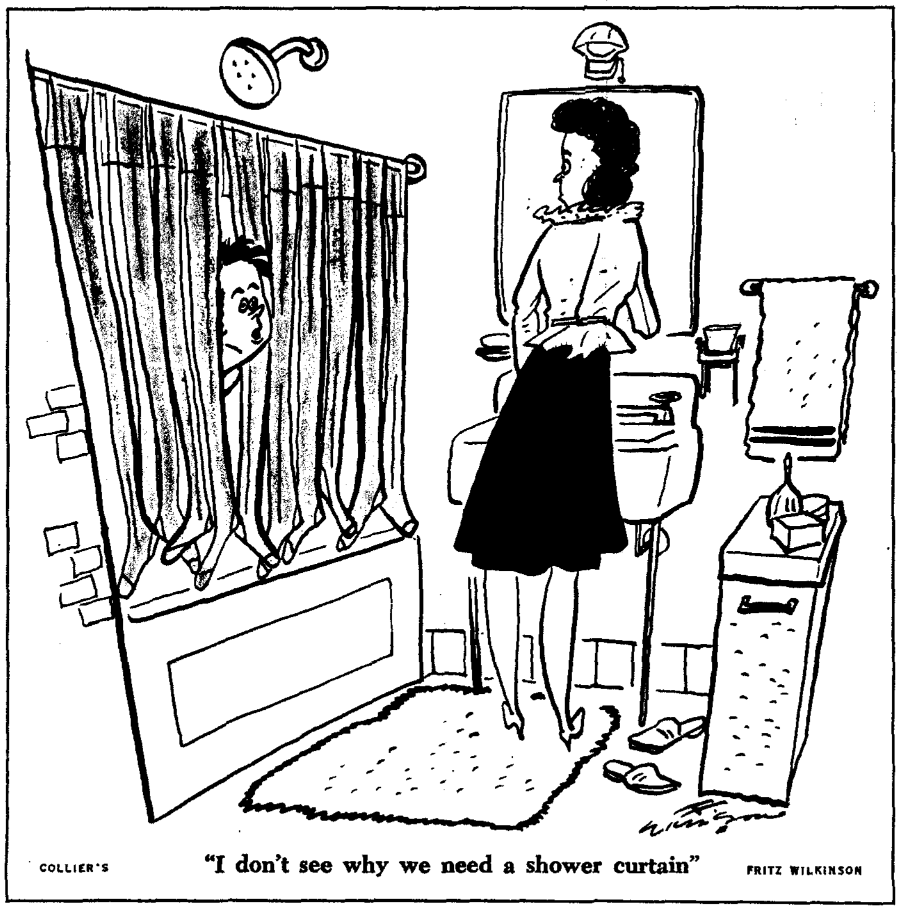
"Annie?" he said. "Is that you?"

"Yes, dear."

"Go away," Johnny said. "Let me sleep."

A BLAST from the ship's siren sent Johnny vaulting from his cot. He landed running, and shortly thereafter collided with the nearest steel wall. Recoiling weakly, he tottered to the chair and crumpled in it. His watch told him the morning was advanced, but the cabin was dark and grim. Solid sheets of rain were falling upon the Leise Neilsen. Though the temperature was down a bit, the dark, suffocating air made breathing a trial.

Following a thorough rest, he had a salt-water shower. The pounding in his head was beginning to synchronize with the steady drum of the ship's engine. Fortunately, the vessel seemed to be proceeding at half speed; he shuddered to think what would have happened to his head if



COLLIER'S "I don't see why we need a shower curtain" FRITZ WILKINSON

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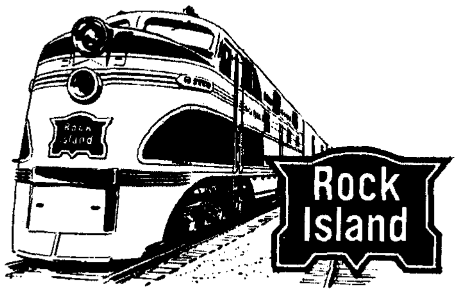

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they had been doing their regular sixteen knots.

He stood at the steamy mirror and gingerly shaved himself. Another roar from the siren caused him to gash his chin. He rubbed a styptic pencil on the wound and cussed feebly. His hands trembled as he picked last night's discarded garments from the floor, hung them up and selected a wardrobe for the day.

"Hey, Smith!" Anna Marie called. "Are you up and dressed?"

"Yes, yes," Johnny said. "Come in. I beg you not to holler."

She was wearing the rolled levis, and a halter from a bathing suit. Her wave was unwaving, she lacked make-up, her feet were bare. Johnny would have twitched anyhow, but he twitched harder. She pressed a tumbler into his flaccid fingers.

"Weather's freshing and this rain is like a fog," she reported. "Try this—it's clam juice and tomato juice mixed. The chief recommended it from his days on a liner."

"And how is the chief?" Johnny asked, with a hopeful leer he made no effort to conceal. "Dying, I assume?"

"Not at all. He came to an early breakfast, ate with great relish, and went off to the engine room whistling a merry Danish tune. You never laid a glove on him."

"Oh?" Johnny drank the juices reflectively.

"He said he was used to his little glass from being on a liner."

"Uh-huh."

"Would you care for something to eat?"

Johnny shook his head. He immediately wished he hadn't. The movement gave him the sensation of being hit by a large club with spikes imbedded in it.

"How about a mug of black coffee?"

"Yes," Johnny said, "please. But let's whisper when we talk, eh?"

She brought the coffee and sat on the edge of the bunk, regarding him with womanly compassion mixed with a faint sorrow. He kept his red eyes on the floor and held the mug with both hands. Nevertheless, at the next stab of the siren, he spilled the liquid on himself. She cleaned his shirt and the mug and aided him in the first big sip.

"Why do I get such an enormous kick from taking care of you?" she said, in a low voice. "That Salvation Army instinct in me is my one weakness."

"My mistake," Johnny said, "was in sleeping with my mouth open yesterday afternoon. As a result, I drank aquavit and beer when I was thirsty. It's been a lesson to me."

"Do you often take on a load like that?"

"Very rarely."

"Well," Anna Marie said, "I suppose the headache is worth it. Did you break the case wide open?"

He said nothing.

"What did the chief say?" she said. "Can't you remember?"

"Yes, I remember," he replied sourly. "The chief said I was his pal. He said it was like on a liner. He kept saying, 'Skoal.'"

"You'd better lie down now," she said. "I'll fix the ice bag for your head."

"Don't be silly," he said. "I'm perfectly—Yow!"

THE siren got him once more. As soon as she had peeled off his straining arms, Anna Marie stretched him on the bunk and removed his shoes. He was groaning quietly when she returned and perched the ice bag on his forehead.

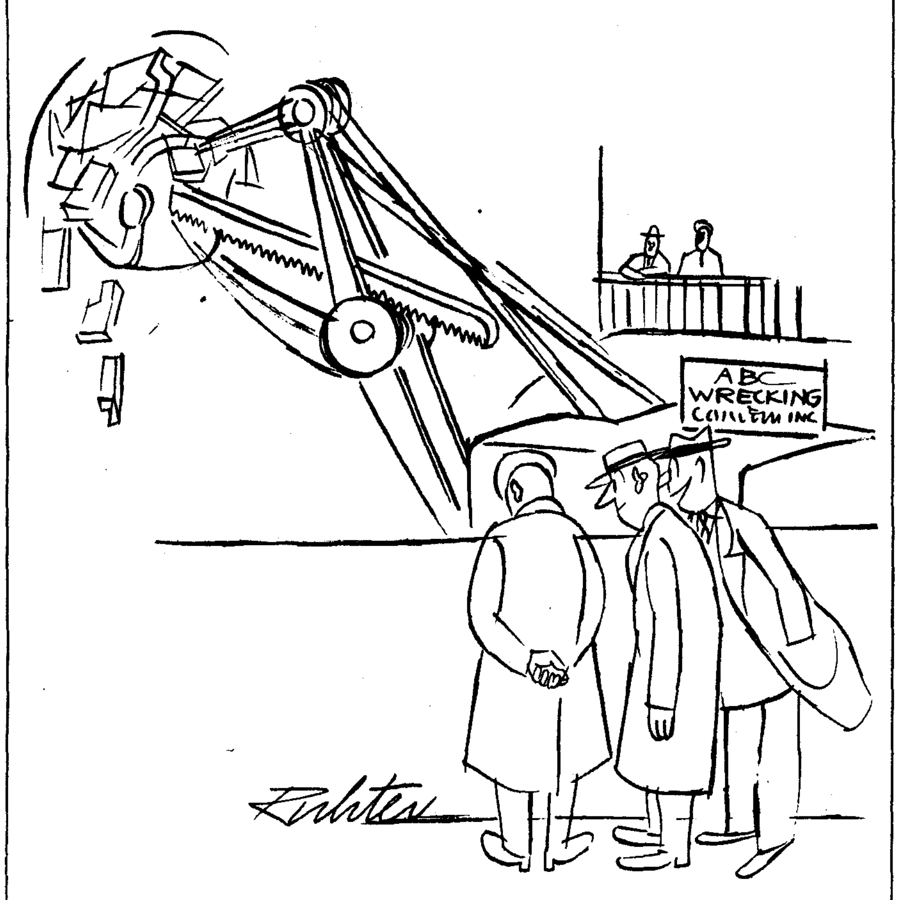
"A little toward the back, if you don't mind," Johnny said. "That is where it's starting to split open."

"I'll make you a good, strong broth for lunch," Anna Marie said. "You'll be all right when you have something in your stomach."

"I wonder?" Johnny said broodingly. "I haven't recovered from the sunstroke—that's what's the matter. Maybe I'm permanently weakened."

"Oh, stop dramatizing yourself," Anna Marie said. "You only have a hang-over— Do you know I've seen hundreds of them, and yet never had one?"

"Is that so?" Johnny said. "As I lay dying, is there any reason why I have to listen to the story of your life? Couldn't I have your autobiography another time?"



"That's nothing. You ought to see what my kid can do"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

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FRUIT OF THE LOOM

"Lie," Anna Marie said.

"What?" Johnny said.

"See you later," Anna Marie said.

During the passage of an hour, Johnny experienced unmistakable signs of recovery. The headache diminished and his stomach grew settled. Outside, the rain was lessening, and the Leise Neilsen picked up speed. They weren't blowing the siren any more. He rose from his bed of pain and reflected upon the case of the threatened cold-wave manufacturer, which—to put it mildly—baffled him. A growing awareness of his own inadequacies as a detective gave him pause.

Suddenly he remembered something, and stopped to search his clothes. Then he searched the whole cabin. His nurse, covered by a dripping sou'wester and slicker from the ship's stores, reappeared to find him feeling under the cot. He got up slowly.

"D.T.'s?" Anna Marie asked.

"They lifted my gat last night!"

"What?"

"It's gone," Johnny said. "My gun. I've been robbed."

She patted his arm soothingly. "I wouldn't worry. You're not much of a bodyguard anyhow."

"Hold on," he said. "You've got it, haven't you?"

"Me?"

"Come on, hand it over. You were in here last night after I went to sleep."

"I was not," Anna Marie said.

"Don't kid me. That gun may be the margin of our safety."

"I swear I'm telling the truth."

Johnny stared at her. He was positive she wasn't lying, although she didn't appear unduly alarmed. He cursed himself inwardly for a drunken, incompetent bum; not on his own account but on hers. If he failed her and she were harmed, he would assuredly cut his throat. Despite her age and bare feet and frequently overbearing manner, the dear, dishonest creature meant the world to him.

"Holy smoke!" he said. "They're moving at last. And I've let them tie my hands, sucker that I am. You haven't got a little gat somewhere among your underthings, have you?"

"No," she said. "I'm afraid of them."

"So am I," Johnny said, "but so are other people. Holy smoke! . . . Hey, Neilsen! Neilsen!"

The steward came on a trot. He said he hoped Mr. Smith was feeling a lot better. Both the captain and Chief Neilsen had asked concerning him at breakfast.

"Ain't that nice of them?" Johnny said. "Listen, were you in here last night after Miss Bishop put me to bed?"

"No, sir."

"Who was?"

"Nobody that I know of, sir."

"Do you deny that you entered my cabin last night, went through my clothes and took a gun from them?" Johnny demanded.

"Yes, sir."

AFTER hunting in his luggage, Johnny showed the steward his private detective's badge, a gaudy thing in blue and white enamel. "Take a look at this, brother. I'm speaking officially."

"I know you're a detective, Mr. Smith," the steward said. "But I did not take anything from your cabin."

Johnny rubbed his large hands together indecisively. "I ought to strong-arm the guy, but I hate getting tough with people. It never seems to do any good."

"Leave him alone," Anna Marie said. "You can go, Neilsen."

"Thank you, Miss Bishop," the steward said, and departed.

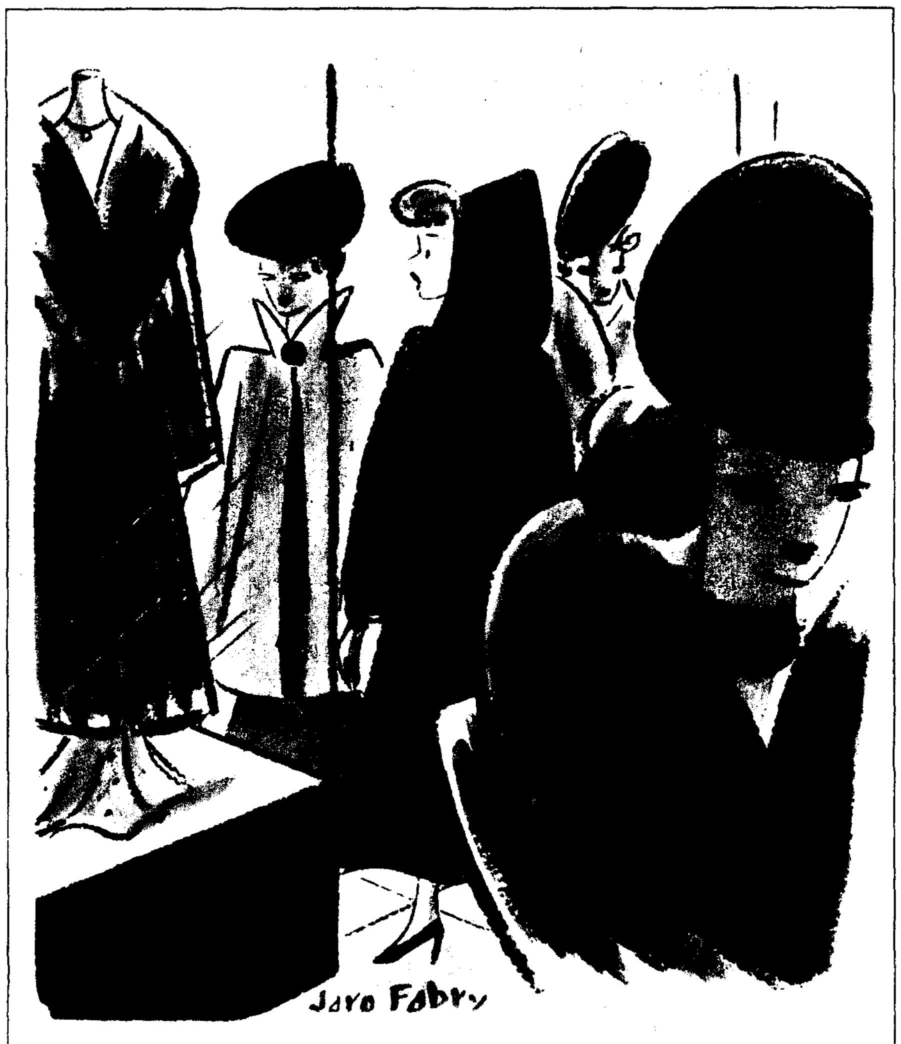
"What burns me up," Johnny said, "is the idea of some guy imitating you. That's adding insult to petty larceny."

"It kind of burns me up, too," Anna Marie said.

"You didn't hear or see anybody last night?"

"No."

"Oh, boy!" Johnny said. "They're off



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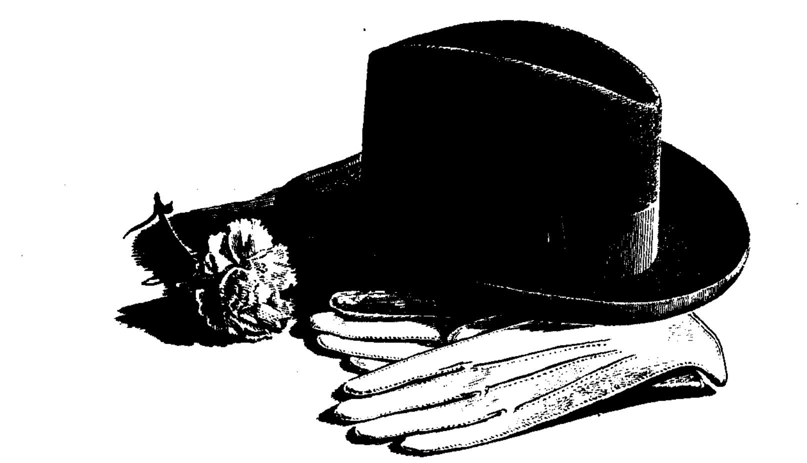

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at Saratoga. They're running. Here I go to cut up a few touches with the captain."

Anna Marie said, "He's on the bridge, so take this slicker and hat. I don't want you catching cold."

"Thank you," Johnny said. "Not a moment is to be lost."

"Well, don't do anything silly," Anna Marie said, "and don't try getting tough. Come down and see Mama before you begin private eying. You need the advice of an older head."

"I'm handling this case," Johnny said.

HE CLIMBED to the bridge. Visibility was still low, and the rain was blowing, in occasional sheets. The sea was a dull, greenish gray, dappled by the rain, and showing crests of angry spume. On the starboard side, beneath a canvas fly, was the captain, his legs braced to the increasing roll of the Leise Neilsen.

"Ah, Mr. Smith," he said, and smiled. "How is your health today?"

"Pretty good. And yours?"

"Excellent, thank you." The captain gestured ahead. "We are approaching Mangrove Island, where the weather is always bad at this time of year. We seem also to be entering the tail end of a storm. I am afraid we won't have any porpoises to show you until we've passed from the area of disturbance."

"How about showing me my gun instead?" Johnny said.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I know in advance you're going to deny it, but somebody eased into my cabin last night and swiped my gun—and I'll bet any amount of dough you are responsible."

Captain Maesk replied, "I am responsible, and I have no intention of denying it."

"Oh," Johnny said.

"We observed you carried the revolver everywhere with you. You are a private eye, and intimated you were a perfect shot. It was an unpleasant and ticklish situation."

Johnny produced his badge. "See this, Captain?"

"Very good-looking."

"I'd hate to put everybody on this tub under arrest and radio for a Coast Guard cutter."

"I fear you couldn't, Mr. Smith—with that," the captain said. "And what would you call the Coast Guard for? The theft of a gun you don't need? An article you might easily have lost yourself?"

"Mind you," Johnny said, raising his voice, "I'm not a narrow-minded guy. I hate throwing people in jail. Return my property and we'll forget the matter."

"I can't. Your property is at the bottom of the Pacific."

"Captain, Captain. I'm losing my patience. Don't you want me to play this like a perfect little gentleman?"

"I think you would be wise if you did," the captain said. "You are unarmed and surrounded. To back you up, you have not a shred of authority, and no evidence except your unfounded suspicions of something wrong. Your job, as I understand it, is to protect the life of Miss Bishop, nothing more. She is in good health, and in no danger. You have done your duty. I give you my word that you don't need a revolver in order to insure her safety."

"And my own, friend? A guy warned me not to get on this boat. Some more tried to head me off in Oakland, and they meant business. In the engine room the other day, a guy wanted to dump a casting on me."

"I apologize for those incidents. When Mr. Bjornson, our San Francisco agent, told us we were having another passenger and refused to answer our questions, we knew events had miscarried. We gave way to panic and attempted to prevent you from coming aboard. Then the night watchman at the oil dock told us you were a private detective. We were frightened again. A vote was taken—"

"A vote?"

"Among the crew."

"What is this?" Johnny demanded. "A corporation, with stockholders?"

"In a sense, yes," the captain said. "But that isn't your concern. A majority of the voters felt you, and possibly Miss Bishop, should have an accident during the voyage, not necessarily fatal. I was opposed to violence, but gave in to their wishes. That is to my eternal discredit. As the master of this ship, I should have exerted my authority at once; unfortunately, I did not do so until the attempt had been made on your life. Then I was disgusted."

"Good for you."

"Yes. Violence is never a solution to any problem."

"No," Johnny said. "Still, I'm glad I didn't hang around waiting for your chums to flatten me."

"Yes," the captain agreed. "Incidentally, please don't worry for Miss Bishop. She is a lovely girl, admired by all, and no harm is now intended to her. She's as safe as if she were in her own home—perhaps safer."

"You've changed your mind since you wrote that letter, huh?"

The captain's sleepy eyes opened extremely wide for an instant. "Yes—yes, since I wrote that letter. There is positively nothing to fear on her account."

"I trust you implicitly," Johnny said. "If she's safe, then I'm off the hook—and I could use a little more dough. How's for letting me in on the deal?"

Captain Maesk expressed his bland surprise facially. "What deal?"

"You were considering making me an offer during our last conversation together, weren't you?"

"That was before I realized you were in love with Miss Bishop."

"Aw, I'm not in love with her," Johnny said. "I always give dames a big whirl on my cases. You know me—a typical private eye."

"I know you pretty well," the captain said, "and you are scarcely typical. Mr. Smith, you are not equipped for such deep water nor girls like Miss Bishop. And you're on the wrong side financially."

"Well," Johnny said, "sorry to have taken your time for nothing. We must have lunch someday."

The captain caught his arm as he turned away. His pudgy fingers were surprisingly powerful, and he did not release his grasp on Johnny.

"Mr. Smith," he said, "one more thing. I was indiscreet when you mentioned the letter—of course you realize I didn't write it. That letter will explain a great deal that I should know. Suppose you describe it to me."

"It's why I'm aboard, Cap—and why you're in trouble."

"Go ahead, Mr. Smith."

"Captain Maesk," Johnny said, "don't you remember? No violence."

"Don't try my patience, Mr. Smith."

"Captain Maesk, in another second or two you're going to stop one right on the whiskers. Do you feel real lucky?"

IT WAS the same old story. Nobody liked the looks of a decent, law-abiding attorney. The captain did not feel real lucky. He removed his hand from Johnny.

"You can earn yourself an extra hundred dollars by telling me of the letter," he said.

"You've hurt my feelings," Johnny said. "No dice."

"And avoid possible discomfort and inconvenience as well."

"No, thanks."

"I won't offer you more," the captain said, "since your loyalty is to Miss

Bishop, and money is no longer of any value to you."

"Right," Johnny said.

Hurrying below, Johnny burned the original and two samples of the letter. Anna Marie came in as he was removing the oilskins.

"How did it go?" she asked.

"Well," Johnny said, "I showed him my badge and pulled a lot of rank. He was scared and confessed."

"He took your gun?"

"The chief did, on his orders."

"Why?"

"They're afraid of me."

"Did he give you your gun back?"

"Ah—no," Johnny said. "No, he didn't. But he apologized."

"Listen," Anna Marie said, "are they really off and running at Saratoga? Is something apt to happen to us?"

"What! With me around, honey?" Johnny demanded.

"Yes, with you around."

"Yes," Johnny said.

DINNER was gay and talkative, in spite of increasing tension. The ship had acquired a pitch in addition to the roll, and the rain was thickening once more. Racks were attached to the table by the steward to hold the dishes. The chief said not to be concerned, that freighters usually rode better than liners, and storms were nothing to the Leise Neilsen. He expressed himself as delighted that his pal was over his second touch of the heat.

"To my pal," Johnny said, and held up a conspicuous glass of water. "Skoal!"

The chief laughed happily. "Skoal!"

Conversation shifted to the island for which they were heading. The captain said it was the worst season, and that Mangrove was often hard to find because of rain and low-hanging clouds. The wind and currents about it were tricky, anchorages untrustworthy. It seemed to be a target for all the storms within five hundred miles. Plenty of wrecks were piled upon the island's shores.

Anna Marie related some of Mangrove's history—how it had been discovered toward the end of the seventeenth century by an English buccaneer, been a frequent port of call for both pirates and their pursuers until the close of the nineteenth century, and since then the scene of several treasure hunts. According to fairly well-authenticated stories, at least two hard-pressed freebooters had buried their loot somewhere on the island and never returned.

Though nothing had yet come to light, Mangrove was supposed to be full of gold ingots, plate, doubloons, jewels and solid goddesses three feet in height. Explorers had found old cutlasses, boarding pikes and remains of habitation. There were secret maps galore, full of obscure directions to the hoards, and skulls and crossbones.

But the island had a bad reputation, a way of guarding its riches. Nobody ever stayed long. Even the most elaborate expeditions soon gave up, blaming the weather, the dampness, the isolation, personal quarrels, lack of funds, a hundred other things. Mangrove was stronger than the humans assaulting it.

"Say, Mama," Johnny said, "I'm hungry. Could I have something besides this broth you made me?"

"No, dear," Anna Marie said.

"Just a little smoked herring, or pickled pigs' feet?"

"We're running into rough weather. You might get seasick."

"Me?" Johnny said. "Seasick? You make me laugh."

"Have you done much ocean traveling?"

"I went to England on the Queen Elizabeth a few years ago. And I went to Omaha Beach in an LCI."

Anna Marie's manner softened. "And you weren't sick, son?"

"I got sick of that beach awful fast," Johnny said. "How's for a few crackers and a piece of cheese?"

"All right," Anna Marie agreed.

"Speaking of treasure," the captain said, "I believe if anyone can succeed on Mangrove, it will be Mrs. Redo."

"Do you know her well?" Anna Marie asked.

"I had her as a passenger several times when I was in the Central and South American coastal trade," the captain said. "An admirable woman. Highly intelligent."

"That's the old girl who's partners with you in the treasure hunt, huh?" Johnny said.

Anna Marie nodded. "You mustn't talk with your mouth full."

"I beg everybody's pardon," Johnny said.

"So do I," the captain said, and rose. "I have to return to the bridge."

The chief shared a second cup of coffee with Johnny and Anna Marie. His attitude had been carefree and hearty while the captain was among them, but now he became rather uneasy and repressed. He didn't appear to relish looking Johnny in the eye.

"I would suggest a game of that charming gin rummy," he said, "except that I shall soon return to the engine room. My assistant is not to be trusted entering strange waters."

"He probably isn't any more untrustworthy than you are," Johnny said. He added bitterly, "My pal!"

The chief was obviously stricken. His red cheeks shaded into cerise. "We are no longer pals, John?"

"Definitely not," Johnny said. "Furthermore, if you come in my cabin after this, come while I'm still awake—and keep your greasy mitts off my personal possessions."

The chief turned purple. "I would not have done it myself. I was compelled to do it. Believe me!"

"By who?" Johnny demanded.

"Whom," Anna Marie said.

"Huh?" Johnny said.

"Forget it," Anna Marie said. "Proceed with the interrogation."

"Spill your story, Chief," Johnny said. "I know you want to. Tell me by whom you were forced to take my gun."

"I cannot," the chief said, and jumped to his feet. "I am sorry I cannot."

"Here's my buzzer," Johnny said, and flashed the badge. "You're practically under arrest. Now, do you want to answer my questions, or do you want to take a trip to the jailhouse? Am I going to be forced to jug my own pal?"

"What a pretty shield!" the chief said. "My duties. Excuse me. I have to go."

He fled from the saloon.

ANNA MARIE and Johnny contemplated each other gravely. "I wouldn't want to be without that badge, would you?" she said.

"Not a soul will give me a straight answer," he said, "but I'm going to continue to ask questions. For instance, who is this Mrs. Redo really? Is she the former head of the Purple Gang in Detroit?"

"You heard the captain. She is an admirable, highly intelligent woman."

"I see."

"A woman," Anna Marie went on, "who can steal your socks without taking your shoes off."

"Yes, yes," Johnny said.

"I'm going to steal her socks without taking her shoes off," Anna Marie said.

"How?"

"Don't worry your pretty head about it."

"Anna Marie Bishop," Johnny said, "I'm surprised at you. A poor old woman like that!"

"She'll be poor when I'm through with her," Anna Marie said grimly. "Shall we take a stroll around the block?"

(To be continued next week)

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I Hate Point Killers

By TED SHANE

It takes all kinds of people to spoil a funny story. Here are a few

THE other night I was holding a small audience enthralled with the powerful and moving story of my suffering on the top of Mount Tremblant in the snowy waste with tangled skis, a broken ankle and no help in sight. My hostess, whose tears should have been streaming down her face, leaned very close to me and whispered, "Won't you have some mashed potatoes?"

The spell was broken. Everyone at the table selfishly began to recount his own ski accidents. How I got down no one ever found out. So far as that tableful of people is concerned I may even be up there still, frozen solid. The point killer had triumphed. And the world is filled with millions of the victims of the point killer.

As I see it, the phenomenon of story interruption falls into these categories:

(a) Social Interrupting
(b) Business Interrupting
(c) The Waiter as Point Killer

Social Point Killers or (a) fall into many classes. Consider the Neurotic Point Killer, for example. You are at a party and off on a serial story about your children, or your troubles at the office, when all of a sudden, someone asks: "What's *that?*"

"Mashed potatoes?" she whispered

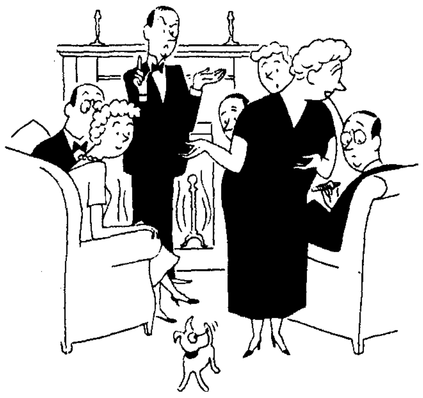
You stop and listen. The water pump has started its peculiar thump. The Neurotic Point Killer meanwhile has turned pale and is fidgeting. However, by the time he's reassured there's nobody walking around upstairs and the thump-thump isn't the sound of an Indian attack, someone else has seized the floor. You are a dead pigeon.

There is the point killer who kills with kindness. Instead of hearing ghosts, he unexpectedly interrupts with: "Let me get you a drink" or "How about an ash tray?" His solicitude is matched only by the Allergy Point Killer, who, just as you start telling about your neighbor's whims, gets a sudden attack of sneezing, brought on, possibly, by an allergy to hearing stories through to the end.

And of course there is the point killer who somehow manages to spill a drink on herself as you begin to warm up anecdotally, sending everybody scrambling for drying cloths while uttering cries of solicitude.

Then, too, there's the Solicitous-for-Everybody-Else Point Killer—usually the hostess—who announces in the middle of your best sentence to the host: "Dear, did you let the dog out?"

And, naturally, there is the dog himself, who begins scratching at the window to get in, or whining at the door to get out, at exactly the wrong moment in your harangue.



They ruin your best sentence

Let us skip over various other interrupters and get to the Drawer-Out Interrupter, female and gushy, who operates in this fashion:

You are, let us say, a minor government employee attending a party. For twenty-five years you have been storing up a plan for straightening out the world, to which nobody, including your wife, has been willing to listen. The Drawer-Out gushes innocently: "Oh, Mr. Whistlehead, your work with the Department of Gully Control must be so interesting. Do tell me *all* about it!"

You can hardly believe your ears; it's the chance you've been waiting for. Like the gates opening at Boulder Dam, out pours the works—beginning way back before the beginning. You're just getting your second wind when Mrs. Drawer-Out interrupts: "For Heaven's sake, if there isn't Mr. Duckschogger! Oh, Mr. Duckschogger . . ." And as you are left running, like an abandoned tap, you can hear the Drawer-Out crying: "Tell me all about yourself, Mr. Duckschogger, every little last bittie thing!"

Which brings us to (b) or Business Interruptions. In this field the Telephone probably takes on major importance as a menace. The instant I have gained the inner sanctity of an office on a top matter, and have got down to cases with my client, a secretary always barges in and deftly takes the play away from me with a "I have St. Louis now, Mr. Glottis!"

He turns his attention to St. Louis

"Pardon me," my prey says briskly and turns his attention to St. Louis.

Usually the call is long and intense, and I sit biting my mental thumbs till Mr. Glottis hangs up and cries, "Now let's see—where were we?" and the phone promptly interrupts again. "Damn that phone!" cries Mr. Glottis, as he makes no effort not to answer this nor the next half-dozen calls that ordinarily come in during such chunks of talk.

Since Mr. Glottis never once refuses to answer the phone, after a while I am convinced that I am interrupting *it.*

Invariably the last call causes Mr. Glottis to apologize and say he's sorry but he'll have to terminate the conference as he has to rush out to an important meeting, and would I mind calling on him again and we'll thrash the matter out.

Which brings us to (c) the Waiter as a Point Killer. I often think that of all point killers, the average, common variety of flat-footed, flatheaded waiter is the most talented. Few excel him in timing, footwork and ability to crush a point completely.

Just as I am about to release the gag of a story, the waiter somehow manages to appear and either intrude a plate of soup in front of my listener or ask, "Would the gentlemen like some more string beans, sir?"; or start brushing crumbs off the table; or stick a menu in my face; or perform one of the hundred different little things which can kill off my story—like that.

Nothing I can do ever defeats him either. Should I raise my voice to overcome his, he firmly repeats his request: "What would the gentlemen like for dessert?"

Waiters are the worst of all

It never fails and it is never possible, once the interruption has taken place, to wait till the waiter retreats. For there is nothing deader than a delayed punch line. It's like trying to put the head back on a deceased chicken.

I can only ascribe this type of point killing to long training, the normal dislike of waiter for customer, and to a sixth sense which enables the waiter to appreciate the exact instant to strike and render your point *hors de combat.*

I can safely say that in my long years of anecdotery I have rarely been allowed to finish a story.

My life is filled with hundreds of thousands of unfinished stories, left hanging there without the punch line. Like this one.

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FATHER WAS A TALENT SCOUT

Continued from page 20

frightened and was crying softly. "I'm afraid George doesn't have the right attitude," she told Mr. Hale.

George had locked himself in the attic, and he bargained with my mother through the trap door. She dreaded having to call the fire department again so she finally promised George there would be no physical retribution and that he could have his supper as usual. The clarinet was bent slightly and several keys were twisted or sprung.

"George must never have another musical instrument," my mother told my father that night. "For him, they are only deadly weapons."

"I suppose so," my father said sadly. He went into the living room where he strummed his ukulele and thought.

When my father was disturbed he would play the few basic chords he knew on a ukulele shaped like a banjo and juggle the factors of whatever problem bothered him at the moment until his equation of complacency was again balanced. As a result, the clarinet was abandoned and never mentioned again.

WHEN I was six and George was eight, more than a year later, my father took George and me to the Northern Maine Fair, held at Presque Isle. My father bought us large cones of floss candy, and my brother George went over to look at the painted canvas advertisements of the side shows while my father took me through the pavilion with its booths of merchandise. We stopped in front of a compartment with new pianos on display. My father seemed fascinated by them. He placed his hand on my head.

"Son, you would like to learn to play the piano, wouldn't you?" he asked me, looking at the pianos.

"Which piano?" I asked.

"Any piano," said my father.

"No, sir," I said.

"Of course you would like to play the piano," he said in a loud voice.

"Yes, sir," I said.

So my father talked to a man wearing a dark blue suit, while I sat on a wooden bench eating the pink floss candy.

"Son, I've bought a piano," my father said to me, leading me out of the pavilion. "You're going to take lessons and make your father and mother very proud of you when you become a famous concert pianist."

"Yes, sir," I said.

We spent an extra day in Presque Isle looking for my brother George, who had crawled under a tent which contained a show featuring partially nude women. The day after we got back to Easton the piano was delivered. It was a small, upright model with a mahogany finish. My mother had an oak library table moved to the attic to make room for the piano in the living room.

"I think he will develop a natural instinct for harmony once he gets to know the keyboard," Father told my mother. "I'm sure he has an ear for music." He seated me at the piano. "Play anything you feel like playing, Son. Try and get the feel of the keyboard."

"Yes, sir," I said. I began pounding indiscriminate combinations of black and white keys with both hands. After a while my father told me to stop playing.

The next day he took me to see Mrs. Miller and arranged for me to take a piano lesson from her every Saturday afternoon. She suggested that I come with a beginner's book of piano music and my father bought one for me in Fort Fairfield. The first part of the book was filled with diagrams and large letters and the second section contained elementary compositions, the first two of which were entitled, Over the Waves and The Happy Farmer.

Mrs. Miller was a young widow who lived in a four-room apartment over the bank. She used a perfume which could always be recognized in any of the four rooms and the front hall. Mrs. Miller sat in a chair beside me while I perched on the adjustable piano stool. She told me the standard jingles by which I could remember where the notes were on the lines and spaces of the musical staff.

"First we will have to learn the proper fingering and to know musical count," Mrs. Miller told me.

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

So the first two months I did finger exercises at home. When my father got home from his store he would often take me into the living room and ask me to play what I had learned that day from Mrs. Miller. He always seemed a little disappointed when it turned out to be only a scale in another key.

"Well, it takes time, Son," he would say, patting me on the head. "We mustn't give up too easily, must we?"

"No, sir," I would say.

Frequently my father would call for me at Mrs. Miller's apartment toward the end of my hour to ask the widow how she thought I was progressing. By the time I was in the initial labors of playing Over the Waves, my father was stopping regularly on his way home from the store. He would sit on the divan and listen while Mrs. Miller supervised my performance from her chair beside me at the piano.

"Isn't he progressing rather slowly?" my father asked.

"He is a little behind my other pupils of his age," Mrs. Miller admitted. "It's really too early to say, though."

Mrs. Miller was very popular with the eligible young bachelors in Easton. She kept company with several nice young men but the only one I ever saw was Mr. White, who knocked on Mrs. Miller's door one Saturday just as my hour had begun.

"Henry!" said Mrs. Miller. "I asked you not to try to see me any more. You promised."

MR. WHITE came into the living room and looked at me. "Hello, Mr. White," I said.

"So that's it," Mr. White said to Mrs. Miller. "He makes his kid take piano lessons so he can come up to see you."

"What are you talking about?" asked Mrs. Miller.

"This kid's old man!" shouted Mr. White, pointing at me. "I've watched him come out of this place a dozen times. If I see him come up here once more I'm going to work that guy over good and proper."

"Don't you dare to start anything, Henry," said Mrs. Miller beginning to cry. "You've already beaten up two friends of mine. It's getting so nobody dares to come to see me any more."

"Somebody's been telling you lies about me," said Mr. White going toward the door. "That's why you don't like me. I think it's this kid's old man this time."

"I told you it was only because I can't stand your actions, Henry," said Mrs. Miller.

"I'm not so sure that's it," said Mr. White. "Just make sure he stays away from you and he'll be all right."

Mrs. Miller was too upset to give me my lesson after Mr. White had left. When my father came by for me later that afternoon she told him what had happened.

"By George!" said my father. "I never heard of such a thing."

"Please don't come by any more," said Mrs. Miller tearfully. "He's insane when he's jealous."

"I think Mrs. Miller has been work-

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ing too hard," my father said to my mother that night at dinner. "I just can't believe all this."

"She is a little high-strung," agreed my mother. . . .

A few nights before Halloween, that fall, Mrs. Miller held a piano recital in conjunction with a minstrel show by the Odd Fellows Lodge for the benefit of poor school children in Easton. Mrs. Miller's pupils were to be dressed in costumes symbolizing the seasonal holidays. My father was to be master of ceremonies at the performance held at the Easton grange hall. The hall had no dressing rooms, so the participants in the show were obliged to dress at their homes. Mrs. Miller stopped by our house after dinner, on the evening of the show, and left a rabbit costume for me. It was a white fleecy garment, made in one piece, with an oval gap toward the top for my face and a large ball of cotton wool at the back to represent a tail. There were two long convex ears attached, with the insides dyed pink. The ears were supposed to be upright, but in the right one the wire support was broken and the ear hung down along the side of my face like a broken cornstalk.

A little before it was time to leave for the grange hall I found my father in the bathroom putting cooking chocolate on his face and hands, leaving a white elliptical-shaped area around his mouth. He looked at me in the rabbit costume.

"Good Lord, Son!" said my father. "What's that you've got on?"

"I'm the Easter bunny," I said.

"By George!" said my father. "So you are. We'll give them a good show tonight, Son. Maybe someday we can start a father-and-son act and be famous all over the world."

"Yes, sir," I said.

My father looked at himself in the mirror and put his hand on my head between the rabbit's ears.

"By George!" he said. "We may even tour Europe."

"Maybe Africa, too," I said.

Collapsible chairs were set up in ranks on the floor of the grange hall. The children were permitted to sit unattended in the front four rows for the sake of visibility. My mother sat in the sixth row, looking at the roller curtain which was painted with a picture of a Gothic castle and a series of winding stone steps which led down to a purple-colored lake. I saw her through a small hole in the curtain. She had a sweet smile of anticipation on her face.

As the opening number, the Odd Fellows and the piano students gathered on the stage, in costume, and sang, Hello, Everybody, Hello. We were supposed to sing two choruses and file off but there was some difficulty in getting one side of the roller curtain to come down so we sang the song through three extra times.

My father, who wore a bow tie and derby hat, and carried a cane, introduced the children as each one came out of the wings. I went on after a girl who wore a black-and-orange dress made of crepe paper and who carried a large jack-o'-lantern. My father's cue line was, "And who may you be?" At which I faced the audience and recited an eight-line poem, beginning:

Oh, I'm the Easter bunny,
Bringing Easter eggs to you. . . .

When I had finished the poem, the crowd, which had quite liberal standards of criticism, applauded noisily. There were tears in my mother's eyes.

AFTER the procession of children was past, a bench was placed on the stage and two of the Odd Fellows came out, sat down and told jokes. Most of the jokes contained personal references to people in Easton and the collapsible chairs squeaked with laughing people after each line.

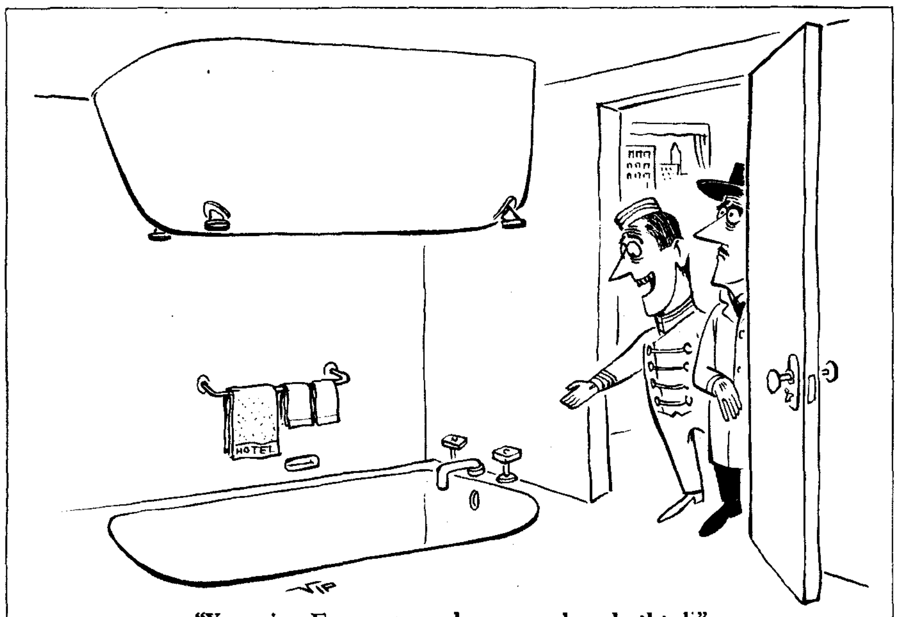
A small girl tap-danced while Mrs. Miller played abbreviated parts of I'm Just a Vagabond Lover and then the piano recital began, under Mrs. Miller's direction.

Most of Mrs. Miller's pupils were girls and for this reason a boy who was dressed to resemble Santa Claus was the only one who was to perform after me. An upright piano had been pushed on stage, barely out of the wings, so that Mrs. Miller could stand next to it without being seen and give encouragement.

The building was warm and my rabbit costume had begun to itch by the time I sat down to the piano. Several of the ivory strips were missing from the white keys on the piano, and the dark wooden gaps on the keyboard confused me somewhat. I began playing The Happy Farmer quite loudly, but the first point in the composition which required my striking one of the keys lacking an ivory surface caused me to stop.

Unfortunately, my method of learning the piece was such that I was unable to begin anywhere except at the beginning. By the third trial I could feel the audience straining sympathetically with me, in three-quarter time, and there would be an audible intake of breaths each time I approached the critical place in the music.

Around the edge of the piano I could see Mrs. Miller sitting in a chair, sobbing into a handkerchief. On my fourth attempt I heard my father speaking consolingly to Mrs. Miller and saw him pat her on the shoulder. When I looked up again Mr. White was grappling with my father and the two men were stumbling about the wings, knocking over an occa-



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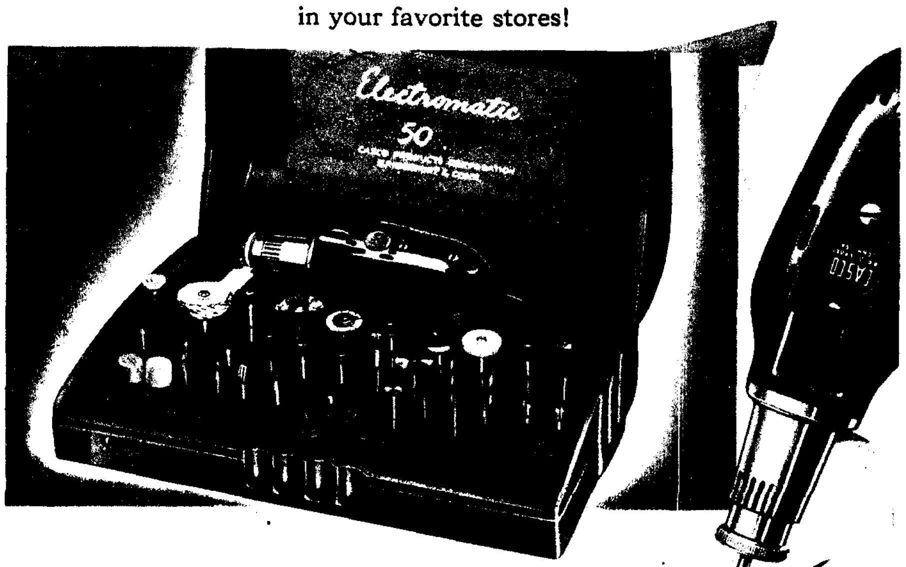

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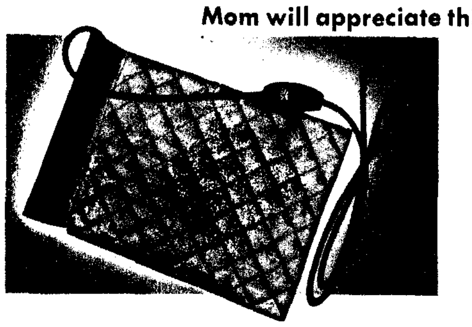

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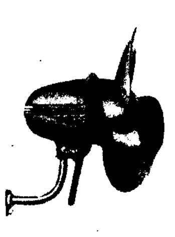

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sional chair or prop. They disappeared out of sight so I began playing The Happy Farmer again. Over the sound of the piano I heard Mrs. Miller shout, "Stop it, both of you!"

"You heard what she said," I heard my father say to Mr. White. His voice was muffled because I could see Mr. White lying on top of him.

"Not until you learn to keep your hands off my girl," snarled Mr. White.

I stopped playing the piano and watched them. The audience was beginning to stir restlessly at the thumping from the wings when suddenly Mr. White and my father rolled out on the stage. The crowd roared with laughter, apparently thinking it was another comedy act of my father's. He was well known as a man who liked to clown.

Mr. White was a large man who worked in a lumber camp part of the year and I was quite proud of the resistance my father was offering him. Mr. White's face was red with anger and my father looked much more composed with his face covered with cooking chocolate. Their thumping about shook down my music book from the piano rack and the two grunting men rolled on top of it. Mr. White began bumping my father's head on the floor of the stage. I saw my mother in the audience looking worried. Someone began applauding.

"They're on my music book," I called to Mrs. Miller who was still sitting in her chair crying off stage.

SOMEBODY dropped the curtain, after Mr. White got up and stalked off the stage, leaving my father lying there. Dr. McKay gave my father three shots of whisky. He sat up and leaned against the piano.

"By George!" said my father. "I thought he was going to kill me. Is Mrs. Miller all right?"

"Your wife took her home," Dr. McKay told him. "Mrs. Miller is leaving Easton and is going back to Skowhegan to live with her family. I think it best she get away for a while."

"My mother and father came here to hear me play the piano and I never did," said the boy dressed like Santa Claus.

"You were lying on my music book," I told my father. "I couldn't finish playing The Happy Farmer."

My father looked at me in my rabbit costume. He took another drink from Dr. McKay's bottle.

"I'm sorry, Son," said my father.

When we started for home together my father was feeling better. I suppose it was the effect of the drinks.

He sat down on a bench under a street light in the park which commemorates the veterans of the Civil War who had come from Easton, Maine. I sat down beside him. My father was humming to himself. He looked strange sitting under the street light with cooking chocolate on his face.

"Son," he said finally, "how long has it been since you started taking piano lessons?"

"Last year, in August," I said.

"Last year, in August," he repeated absently. "That's a year and two months."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"What can you play on the piano, Son?" he asked.

"I can play The Happy Farmer," I said.

"Mrs. Miller is going away," said my father. "Perhaps it's just as well. We must never be unhappy about anything, Son. We must always be just like The Happy Farmer. We must never let our ambitions be frustrated by an occasional failure."

"No, sir," I said.

"We must always adjust ourselves to the dictates of life and turn defeat in one field into victory in another," my father continued.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Son, would you like to be an artist and paint beautiful pictures?" my father asked.

"Mother wouldn't let me," I said. "I'd get my clothes covered with paint."

"Of course you want to be a famous painter!" said my father in a loud voice. "You could wear old clothes!"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"I'll bring you some water colors from Fort Fairfield tomorrow," said my father, pulling absently at the broken ea of my rabbit costume. "If you practice every day you should be able to put on your own art exhibit in Boston by the time you're twenty."

"Would I have to take piano lessons too?" I asked.

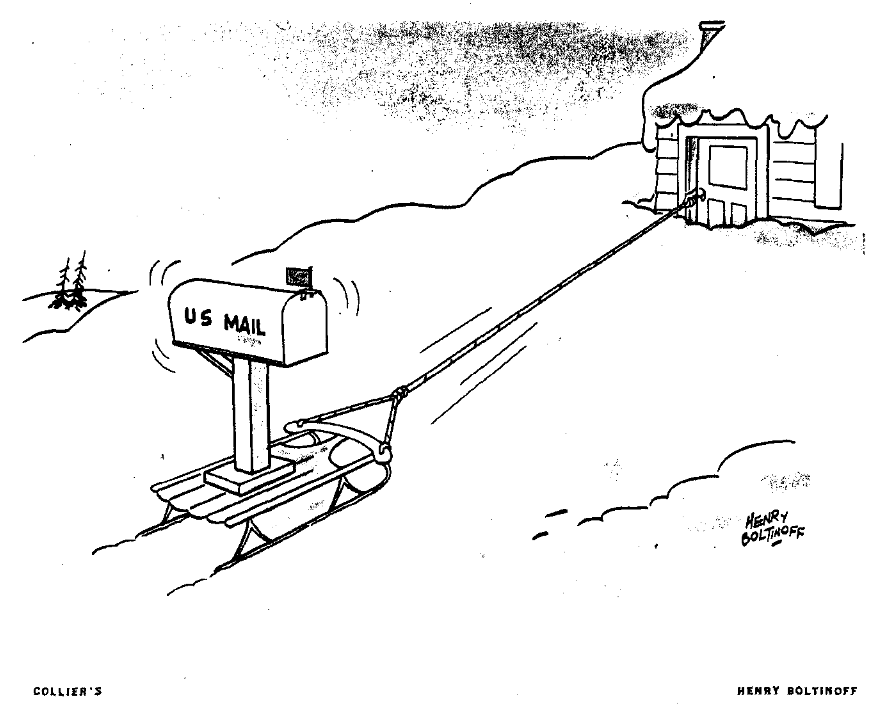
"No, Son," said my father thoughtfully. "You must concentrate on your painting. Maybe we should forget abou your piano lessons."

"I can play The Happy Farmer," said.

"I know, Son," said my father quietly "You must always love music. Woul you like to sing on the way home?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

So my father put his arm around my shoulders, getting cooking chocolate on the rabbit costume, and we sang Dea Old Girl all the way home. I sang th melody and my father tried to harmonize with me, but neither of us knew al the words. ⊔⊔⊔



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†*Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER models.*

**Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER models.*

Oil does it all in Dynaflow Drive

There's no clutch pedal in Dynaflow Drive. And no gears that shift. Instead, the engine makes oil whirl in this drum. And it whirls in such a unique and special way that whatever kind of power you need — for starting, climbing, accelerating, cruising — is instantly delivered to the rear wheels. You just set a lever, press the gas treadle — and the power plant does the rest.

MORE CLEARLY THAN EVER "Buick's the Buy"

When better automobiles are built BUICK will build them

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, Mutual Network, Mondays and Fridays

For the Women in Your Life

By TOBÉ

LAST week we inaugurated our Christmas shopping with a showcase of gifts for men. Now our subject is gifts for women.

By touring the stores, culling through the vast array of items, we are able to give the average shopper a head start. The suggestions on these pages are passed on to you with the hope that your Christmas shopping this year will not turn into Christmas swapping afterward. The first rule in our project was quality; the second, value for money; and third, practicality and fashion rightness.

To get an idea of the price range, let's consider the ash tray and cigarette holder which we chose for somebody's auntie. For less than $5 you have something pretty, practical and priceworthy. Then consider—and here we let go of the purse strings—the diamond wrist watch in the last row. Scores of brilliant diamonds are planted in purest platinum. Price: about $3,000.

Always bear in mind that prices and presents are interchangeable. They come in almost any quality at a corresponding difference in price.

Send your questions on the merchandise shown on these pages with a self-addressed stamped envelope to Women's Fashion Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Next week Collier's will present a roundup of last-minute gift suggestions for the whole family.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY NICK LAZARNICK

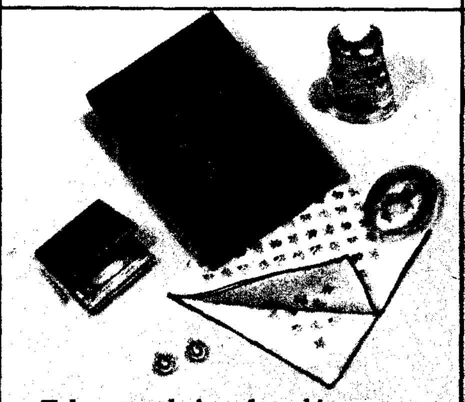
Grandmother

Mother

Wife

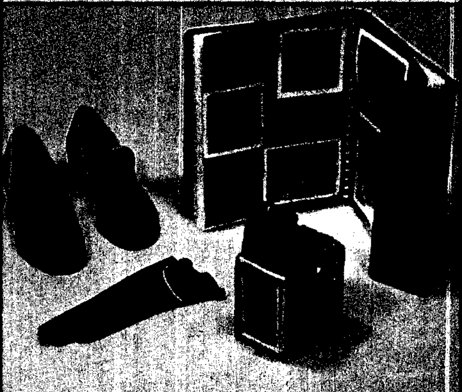
Under $5

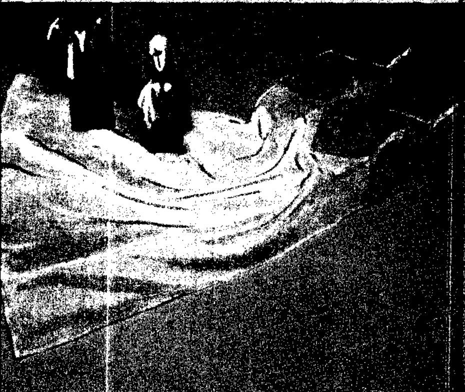
A stole, spicy scented powder or simulated pearls are guaranteed hits


Take your choice of stockings, compact, perfume, earrings, or a hankie

Few gifts are more welcome t
an atomizer and dress accesso

$5 to $10


If she's a fan, give her a camera and album—if not, slippers or gloves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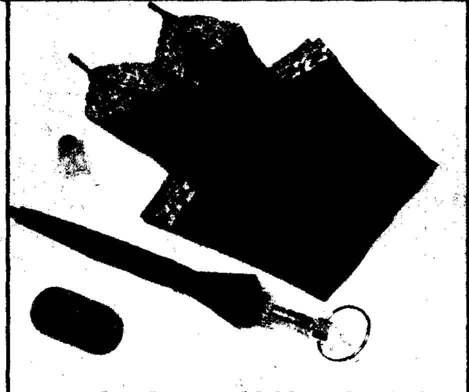
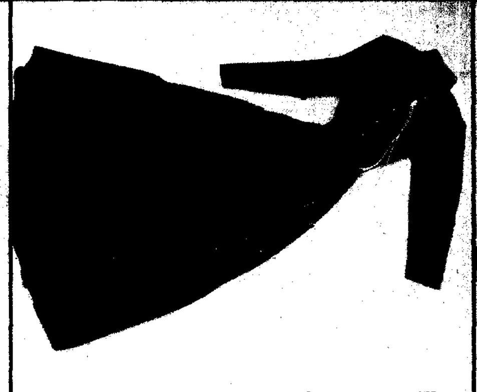
A checked taffeta petticoat o
black velvet bag will be valued g

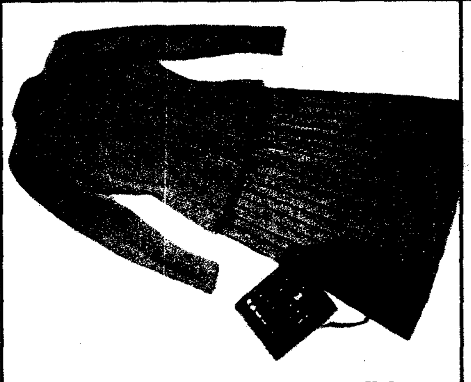
$10 to $25

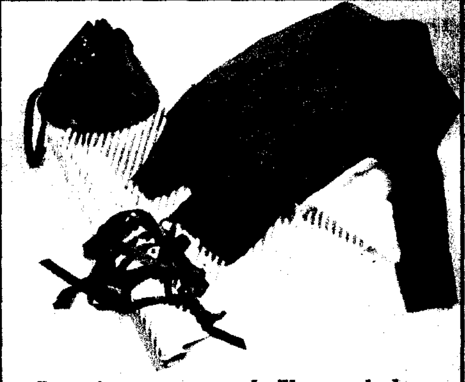

Grandmother would like a beaded glass case, slip, umbrella or perfume


This ninety-inch pearl rope will glow on a taffeta at-home gown

Believe it or not, satin dunga
are topped with upholstery w

$25 to $50


This warm knit beige dress will be smart with a brown alligator bag

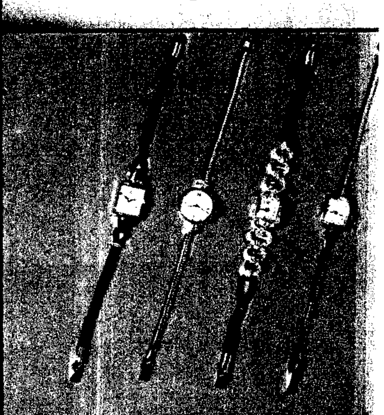

In rain or snow, she'll travel dry with hooded raincoat and calf bag

A beaded bronze bag and a pur
lace-trimmed gown make lavish

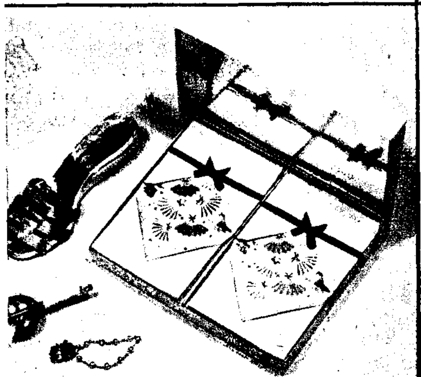
Over $50

Soft to the touch and soft to the [illegible] are the robe and radio-alarm [illegible]

No one will deny that this [illegible] scarf is the top gift of the [illegible]


A fine watch is a [illegible] gift that will be [illegible]

Aunt

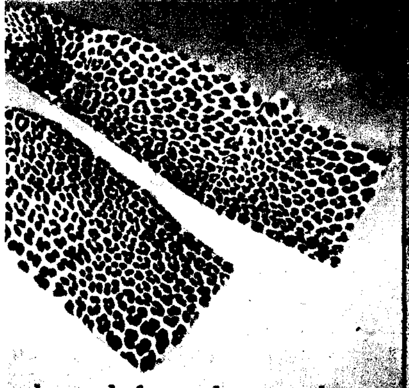


mpanion pieces for an evening at
ne will bring a note of thanks

udoir accessories never fail to
ase the most fastidious taste

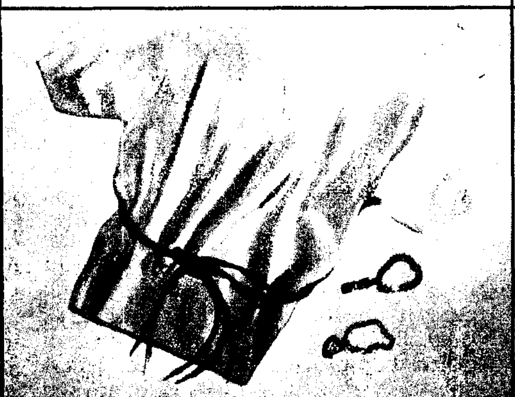
ace shawl and gloves, handbag
compact glamorize an evening

and a ski jacket provide incen-
for a Northern winter vacation



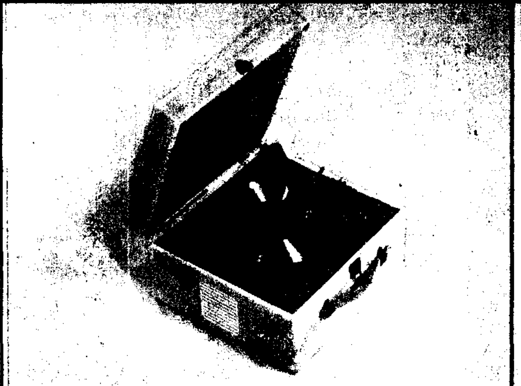
g leopard fur stoles are the
ion now and for years to come

Sister

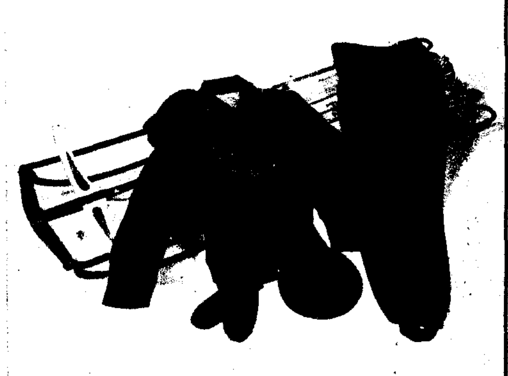


Teen-agers will delight in sweaters,
a taxi whistle and heart bracelets

[illegible] bracelet, slippers [illegible]



She will have music wherever she goes with this "cool" record player



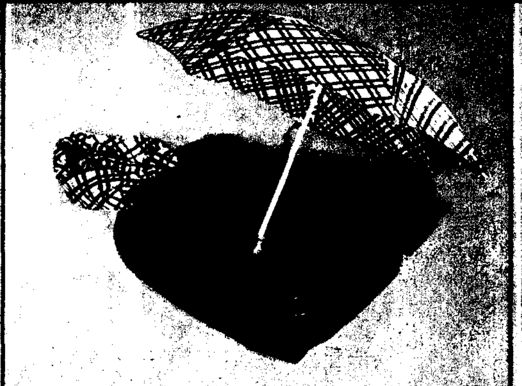
She'll look like a Currier & Ives girl, with this snowsuit and sled

Urge her to learn to type when she isn't slaloming in these ski boots

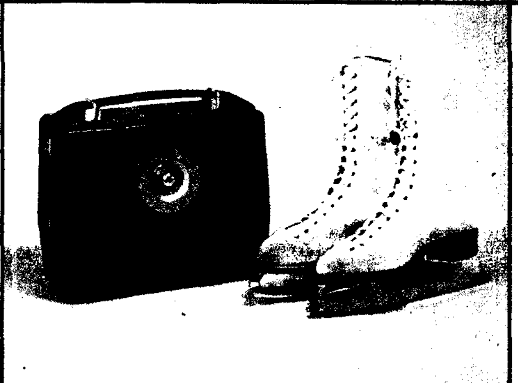
Daughter

Give little Miss a hat and muff set,
a shoulder bag or doggie hankies

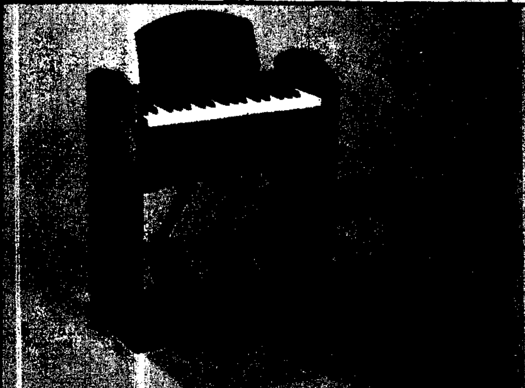
Cozy comfort goes with [illegible]
[illegible] accessories with [illegible]



For rainy days choose umbrella and matching cape. Bracelet is for fun

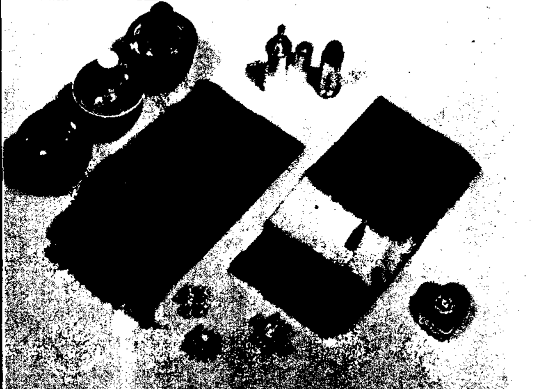


Fancy skates for a figure skater—to inspiring music on this radio

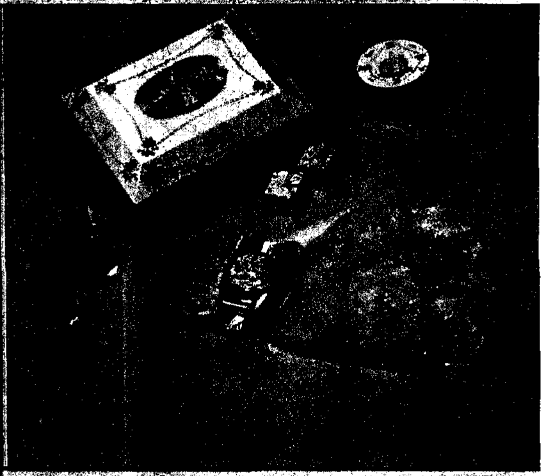


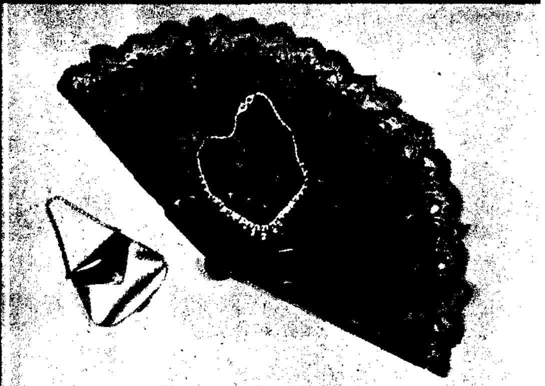
[illegible] music [illegible]

Girl Friend

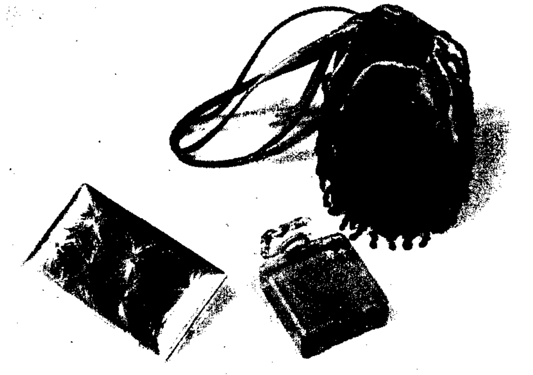


Scatter pins, [illegible] pill-
box, party [illegible] are [illegible] gifts

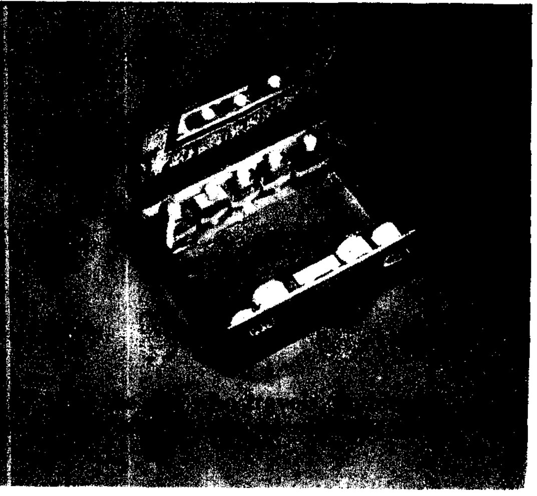




Coquetry is revived with this fan, Empire necklace and purse compact



No girl will feel blue with an evening bag, perfume or cigarette case

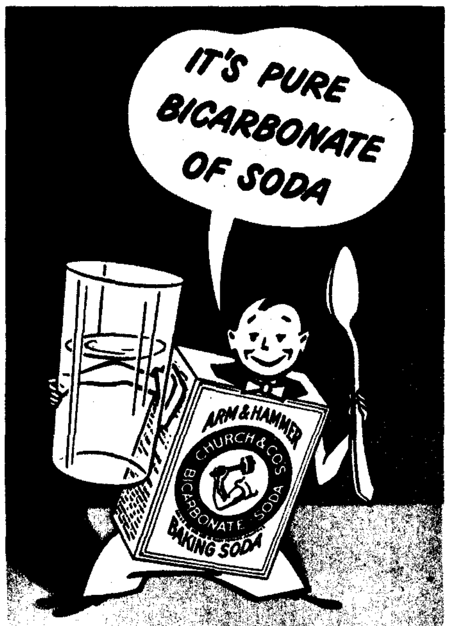


NEW MILANO
IMPORTED BRIAR
with "LOCKMOUNT"

STOP
GOO
WDC
"LOCKMOUNT" GUARANTEES TIGHT FIT
NO GOO CAN PASS LIFETIME HESSON GUARD
PERMANENT CORK SEAL KEEPS VITAL SHANK CLEAN
$1.50
IMPORTED BRIAR

Famous Milano pipe with added feature ...*Lockmount* Hesson Guard. It *screws* into bowl for tighter, firmer fit. Stops *goo!* Mister, if you want a pipe that always stays clean and dry, get a Milano!

WM. DEMUTH & CO., INC., NEW YORK 22



When bicarbonate of soda is prescribed for indigestion, use our Baking Soda. Look for it on your kitchen shelf—it is pure sodium bicarbonate.

ARM & HAMMER
OR COW BRAND
BAKING SODA
BOTH PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA

THROUGH HELL AND HIGH BRASS

Continued from page 19

hostile land without detection by sea or air patrols.

It was such detection that robbed the Doolittle raiders of their scant fuel-range margin of safety by imposing several hundred additional miles upon the flight; putting them a day ahead of the scheduled time at which the Chinese had been alerted to watch for them; getting them over Tokyo at noon instead of after dark, as planned, and giving the Jap fighters better chances at them; besides, finally, wasting the carefully thought-out psychological effect the mystery and terror of a night bombing from Nowhere would have.

Among cliques in the Regular Air Force, on the other hand, clusters of sour grapes sprouted because the glory of Tokyo fell to a "maverick" officer, Doolittle. It became the fashion to dismiss the raid as a mere propaganda stunt. Just recently a semiofficial book about the Air Force said the raid had "no bearing on the outcome of the war."

However, an Army statement in 1943 disclosed that the raid had obliged the Japs ". . . to set up defenses against a number of possibilities . . . they did not know when the attack might be repeated . . . were forced to tie up part of their military strength during crucial months. . . ."

Nuisance Value of the Raid

Naturally, the sixteen tons of bombs dropped by the raiders was a needle prick compared with the 6,000 tons dropped in single later raids by the B-29s. Also, Japanese morale wasn't permanently dented, because the raid was not followed up.

But historians and military students, now in possession of Jap records, have discovered profound influences. One is the vital effect the raid had upon the Battle of the Solomon Islands, then raging; the Japs were compelled to hold at home four whole fighter groups which might well have altered that battle.

Another is the "help" the raid gave those Jap general staff officers who then were agitating for extension of the outer imperial defense line farther to the north, east and south. Part of this plan was to push from Wake to Midway; and from the Kuriles to the Aleutians. Its proponents won, *in the days of fear* brought on by the raid, and thereby weakened Japan for easier bleeding. She overextended her lines of communication, and brought on the Battle of Midway in which the Jap fleet was badly hurt.

Viewed for its home propaganda values alone, the raid was a resounding success. It was the first *truthful* good news since Pearl Harbor: General Marshall called it "a heartening event in a generally somber picture." Its swashbuckling insolence and imagination appealed to Americans as being typically American; while the name of Doolittle, long a headlined daredevil of the air, lent it storybook flavor.

The Navy and the Air Force needn't have eaten their hearts out suspecting each other of having the idea. Roosevelt himself was its papa. Hap Arnold first heard of it from the President, who discussed with him in a very general way the possibilities of a take-off from Manchuria or China. The President next discussed it with Admiral King, seeking to find out the feasibility of carrier use after Russia had rejected his request for Vladivostok.

There would have been little publicity about the raid had it not been for Roosevelt's happy wisecrack that the raiders "took off from Shangri-La." This became a byword, convulsing Americans and Britons as much as it puzzled the enemy. The entire German press and radio solemnly announced that the attack was made "from the air base at Shangri-La, not otherwise identified by Roosevelt."

Doolittle's part in the raid stemmed directly from brilliant technical and engineering accomplishments he achieved when he re-entered the service as a major in the Specialist Reserve, after returning from Germany in 1940. Arnold sent him to Detroit, where, as Jim puts it, he "married the aviation industry to the automotive industry without benefit of shotgun" in the interests of mass production.

Fetched back to Washington as Director of Operational Requirements on General Spaatz's staff, Jim contrived another tough but essential wedding: between the "technical" and the "tactical" sides of the Air Force. With quick and nonregulation candor he pointed out that the United States, on the verge of war had a peacetime Air Force "performance" rather than "combat" planes.

Warplanes Unfit for Combat

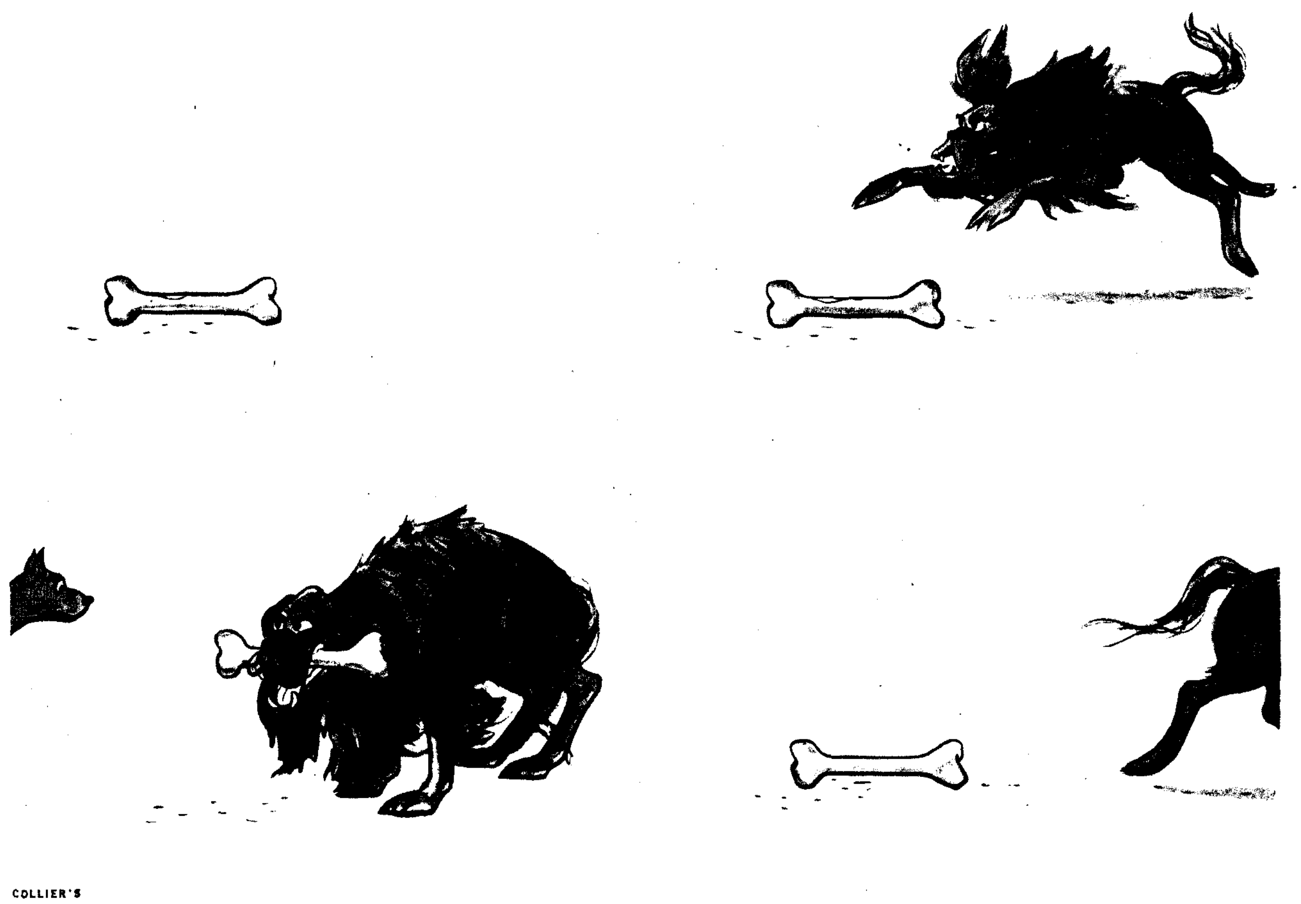
There were golf-stick compartments and many kinds of gadgets and pilot comforts in the planes but the machine guns wouldn't fire more than five shots without jamming, bomb racks wouldn't release, bomb doors wouldn't open, gas tanks weren't leakproof, armament was wrongly or awkwardly placed, turrets wouldn't turn.

Jim mangled a lot of feelings among the higher ranks, but he got results; and late in January, Hap Arnold called him in for a hush-hush talk. Jim was a lieutenant colonel by then. "I can't tell you what this is for, but find out which if any of our medium bomber types can be fixed up to go 2,400 miles, with 2,000 pounds of bombs, and take off from a very, *very* short and narrow run. I'll need 24 of them," said Arnold.

Jim went to General Kenney and hi staff of military and civilian experts a Dayton, Ohio, and studied the Martin B-26, Douglas B-23 and North America B-25, or "Mitchell." He decided the B-2 could best meet Arnold's mysterious re quirements, if its belly turret was re

Clancy

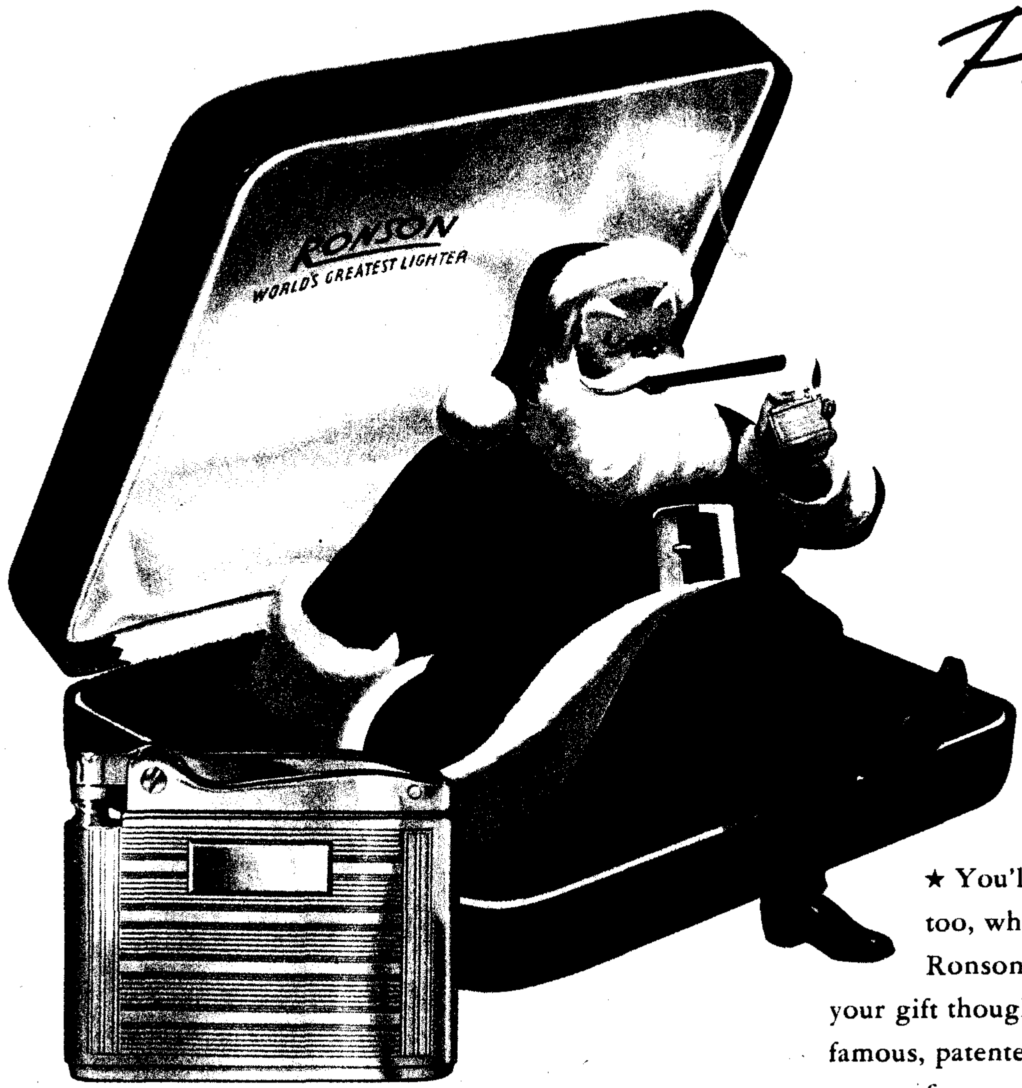
By John Ruge



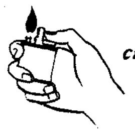
COLLIER'S

Pretty soft for Santa!

This year he knows what everybody wants . . .



"ADONIS"—slim-as-a-fine-watch in 14K Gold (above)—$200 (plus tax). In sterling silver—$25.00 (plus tax)—in other metals, starting at $10.00.



For cigarettes, *cigars or pipes . . .*
PRESS, IT'S LIT! *RELEASE, IT'S OUT!*

Safely out the instant you lift your finger!

★ You'll be sitting pretty, too, when *you* play Santa with Ronson! Now is the time to put your gift thoughts into action . . . the famous, patented Ronson safety-action . . . *one-finger, one-motion!* Many times each day, Ronson's swift, sure lights will serve your loved ones faithfully and well . . . adding to their smoking pleasure . . . repeating your message of good will through the years.

Every Ronson is styled to fine jewelry standards, and precision built for enduring service. See the models shown here and other handsome Ronsons at your favorite dealer. Be sure it's really a Ronson—not just an imitation.

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means WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

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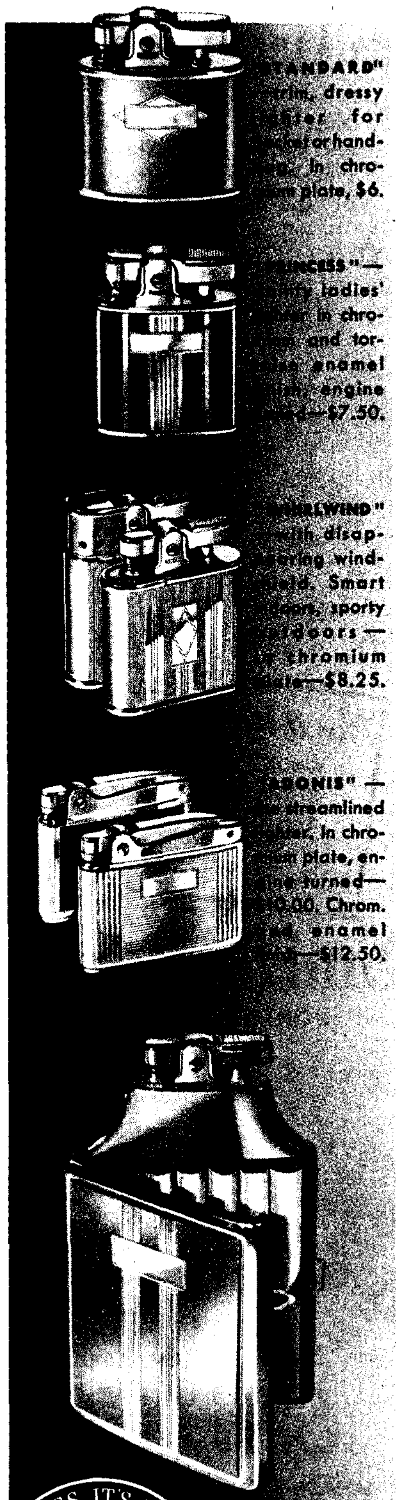


"STANDARD" trim, dressy lighter for pocket or handbag. In chromium plate, $6.

"PRINCESS"—dainty ladies' lighter in chromium and tortoise enamel finish, engine turned—$7.50.

"WHIRLWIND" with disappearing windshield. Smart indoors, sporty outdoors—in chromium plate—$8.25.

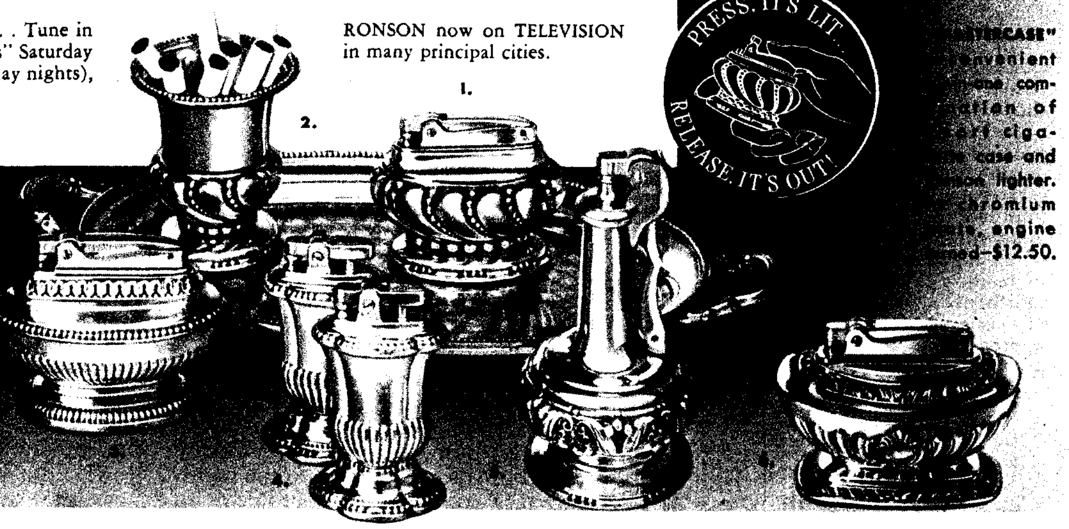
"ADONIS"—the streamlined lighter. In chromium plate, engine turned—$10.00. Chrom. and enamel finish—$12.50.

"MASTERCASE" convenient all-in-one combination of smart cigarette case and Ronson lighter. In chromium plate, engine turned—$12.50.

FUN . . . EXCITEMENT . . . Tune in to Ronson's "20 Questions" Saturday nights (Pacific Coast, Sunday nights), Mutual Network.

RONSON now on TELEVISION in many principal cities.

Writes
AND LIGHTS!
RONSON



NEW RONSON PENCILITER . . . Your two most constantly used personal appointments now trimly, beautifully streamlined into one . . . for years and years of trouble-free lighting and writing service! This double-duty masterpiece—with the world-famous Ronson safety-action—makes an inspired gift for *every* smoker who writes and *every* writer who smokes! Comes in a handsome gift box. 1/20 14 K GOLD FILLED . . . $15.00 (plus tax).

For every table and desk . . .

1. **"CROWN"**—that famous Ronson table lighter, in rich, heavy silver plate—$11.00 (plus tax).
2. **"CROWN SET"**—comprising "Crown" table lighter (see 1, above) with matching cigarette urn and tray—all heavily plated in gleaming silver. The complete set—$32.50 (plus tax).
3. **"QUEEN ANNE"**—exquisitely styled table lighter, heavily silver-plated—$11.00 (plus tax).
4. **"MAYFAIRS"**—silver-plated table lighters of classic beauty—$16.50 the pair (plus tax).
5. **"DECANTER"**—gracefully styled table lighter, heavily plated in silver—$14.50 (plus tax).
6. **"GEORGIAN"**—the latest Ronson table lighter, in heavy silver plate—$12.50 (plus tax).

"the *Finest* precision writing instrument of its kind in the world"

You will marvel at the ease, speed and durability of this truly fine typewriter . . . direct descendant of "the first successful portable"

☆ ☆

☆

Plus these 5 big typing aids!

1. TOUCH SELECTOR
2. VARIABLE LINE SPACER
3. FLOATING SHIFT
4. ONE STROKE RIBBON REVERSE
5. TYPEBAR SPEED BOOSTER

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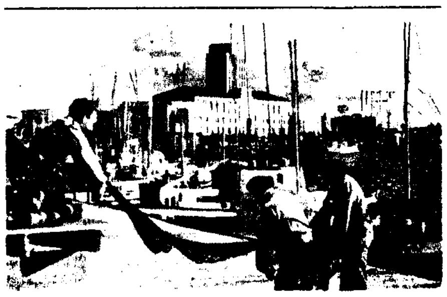
PORTABLE TYPEWRITER



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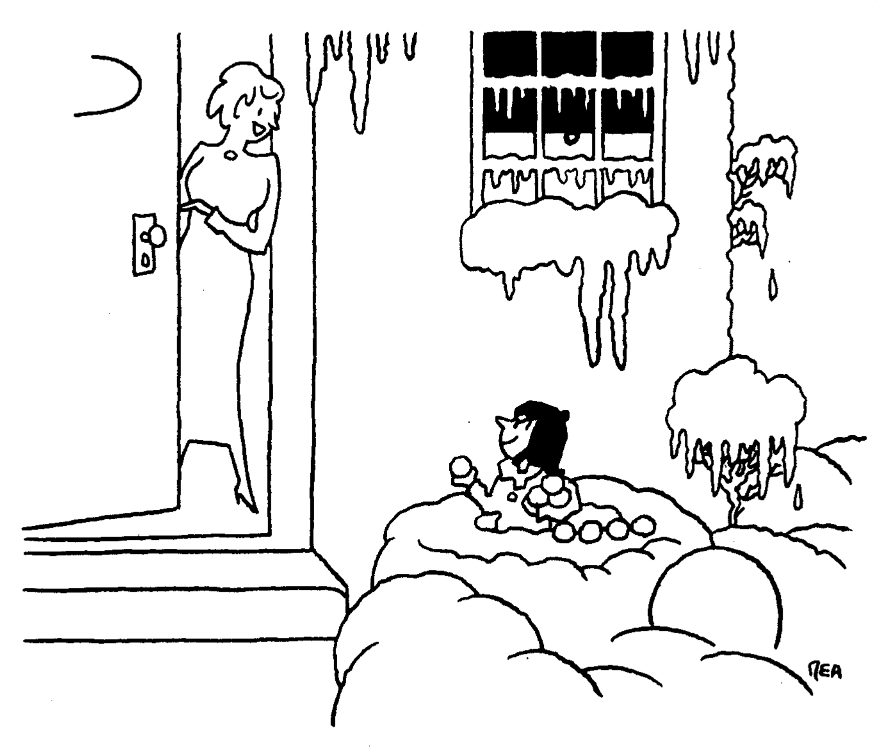
San Diego

WHERE CALIFORNIA BEGAN



"You'll have to be patient, darling. Daddy just phoned to say he'd missed the 4:47"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

moved and three additional fuel tanks set in, together with ten five-gallon cans stowed aboard loose. That would give a total of nearly 1,150 gallons, of which 50 would be used up in warm-up and take-off.

When he reported this to Arnold he was told, "Okay, now select and train crews for them!"

Twenty-Four Picked Crews

Fortified by overriding orders Jim selected 24 crews of volunteers for what he bluntly explained would be "the most dangerous mission any of you could ever be on." They were all experienced in B-25s, and were from the 34th, 89th and 95th Squadrons of the 17th Bombardment Group of the Eighth Air Force. He plucked them, amid screams of anguish from the much cannibalized Eighth's commanders then struggling to get in shape to go to Europe.

Within a month of his first conference with Arnold, Jim had the 24 modified bombers and picked crews in training, guarded by the F.B.I. and kept away from prying eyes at Eglin Field, near Pensacola, Florida. Probably no comparable operation in military history was so exactly rehearsed—without any of its members knowing what or where the hell they were rehearsing for!

Jim drilled them incessantly, day and night, on low-altitude navigation, which, at 250 or 300 miles an hour, is well-nigh an impossible feat. He marked inland, simulated targets on maps, then led them hundreds of miles over the Gulf of Mexico and turned them loose to sweep back at wave and housetop level in search of pinheads hard enough to find from normal altitudes.

He placed flags on the runway—spaced to correspond to a carrier deck, which all could surmise, but none could mention—and painted a white line. Each pilot had to keep his left wheel dead-on the line while taking off. From Pensacola Naval Base he borrowed Lieutenant Henry F. Miller to instruct in the highly specialized techniques and problems of carrier take-off.

Before "graduation," or final acceptance into the group, each pilot had to haul his overladen plane into the air within 500 feet. Since it weighed, fully loaded, 31,000 pounds, the burden of airworthiness on the ships, of airmanship on the crews, was terrific.

Doolittle had Lieutenant Miller rate the pilots numerically, in order of ability, in these tests. Most of them were hot-shot kids in their early twenties. Jim was past forty-six, an old man of the skies, his racing and testing days ten years behind. But, characteristically, he wanted to know whether he was as sharp as these spirited youngsters. He asked Miller to test him along with the others, and rate him squarely and without favor. Miller graded him ninth in the 24.

Jim felt justified, therefore, when he reported to Arnold that planes and crews were ready and rarin', to ask suddenly, "Hap, who's going to command this mission? I'd like to do it."

Arnold stared at him: "No, Jimmy. We need you too much around here!"

Ordinarily, the harassed and careworn commanding general of the Air Forces was not one to be argued with; but Jim sure argued with him that day, swiftly and eloquently. ". . . know the engineering and navigational problems . . . the planes . . . the men . . . better than anyone thrown in cold last minute . . . stranger bad for confidence and morale . . ." Jim didn't forget a single point. He says it was the best sales talk of his life.

Arnold cut him off gruffly: "Oh, well, if you can sell the idea to Miff I guess it will be okay with me."

Pulling a Fast One on Miff

Jim walked out calmly, but once in the hall—and knowing Arnold—he scooted like a madman next door to the office of Major General Millard F. Harmon, Chief of the Air Force. "Hap says I can lead this job, Miff," he said, all cherubic innocence and respectfulness, "if it's all right with you."

Harmon looked at him with mingled suspicion and reluctance, then shrugged: "All right with me—if that's what Hap wants."

Harmon's interphone buzzed, and Hap's voice came roaring through. Jim edged toward the door and, just as he slipped out, heard General Harmon growl, "But—but—but, Hap, I thought that's what you wanted, so I just told him he *could!*"

Jim sprinted down the corridor, to the astonishment of dignified second lieutenants, raced out of sight into the nearest crossway, and shot out of the Pentagon faster than anyone in its bewildered history.

Although they never knew it, that is how the young raiders, to whom Doolit-

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tle was a legendary air figure who had become even more inspiring with association, came to be led by him all the way through. It is also how Doolittle horned into the combat side of World War II, and escaped the fate of being permanently assigned to a technological desk.

Jim flew to California forthwith to make final arrangements with Vice-Admiral William Frederick ("Bull") Halsey, who was to command the task force which included, besides the Hornet and Enterprise, four cruisers and eight destroyers. Because of the risks involved for carriers nearing Japan, and because the B-25s would have to be lashed on the Hornet's flight deck, making it impossible to bring her own fighters up from their 'tween-deck hangars, Halsey and Doolittle agreed upon three measures.

Take-Off Space Reduced

If the task force was intercepted by surface or air craft (a) within B-25 range of Midway, the bombers would fly there; (b) if within range of Japan, they would fly there, bomb and land; (c) if beyond range of *any* land, they would be ruthlessly tossed overboard to clear the Hornet's deck for action. Jim, meanwhile, had decided to take all of the crews (for "spares") but only the best 16 of the B-25s; for, no matter how tightly parked, even that many took up more than one third of the deck runway and gravely reduced the take-off space.

Not until the second day at sea did Jim reveal their destination to the raiders. Washington having left the choice of targets to him, Jim directed that Nagoya, Osaka and Kobe would be hit by one plane each, while the 13 others smacked the Tokyo-Yokohama area.

He warned that regardless of how tempting the Imperial Palace looked no plane was to lay an egg on it, for it was not a strictly military target, and damage to it would but serve to draw the Japanese closer together, and bring down horrible vengeance upon any raider captured as well as upon tens of thousands of Allied prisoners in Jap hands.

Except for actual flight, Jim worked the raiders as intensively on the Hornet as at Eglin Field, until even the minutest details became second nature to them. He was unstintingly aided by the Hornet's commander, Rear Admiral Marc Andrew Mitscher; its executive, Commander George R. Handerson; and Commanders Apollo Soucek and Frank Akers, air and navigation officers respectively. The flight deck officer, Lieutenant Steven Jurika, Jr., formerly a naval attaché in Tokyo, helped them study hundreds of photographs of their targets and other landmarks. Lieutenant Miller came all the way from Eglin to shake hands with each raider before the take-off.

Doolittle calculated that to give the raiders a maximum chance of reaching China in safety it would be necessary for the Hornet to carry them within 300 or 400 miles of landfall. Five hundred and fifty miles would give them a minimum chance. Six hundred would be outside reasonable hope.

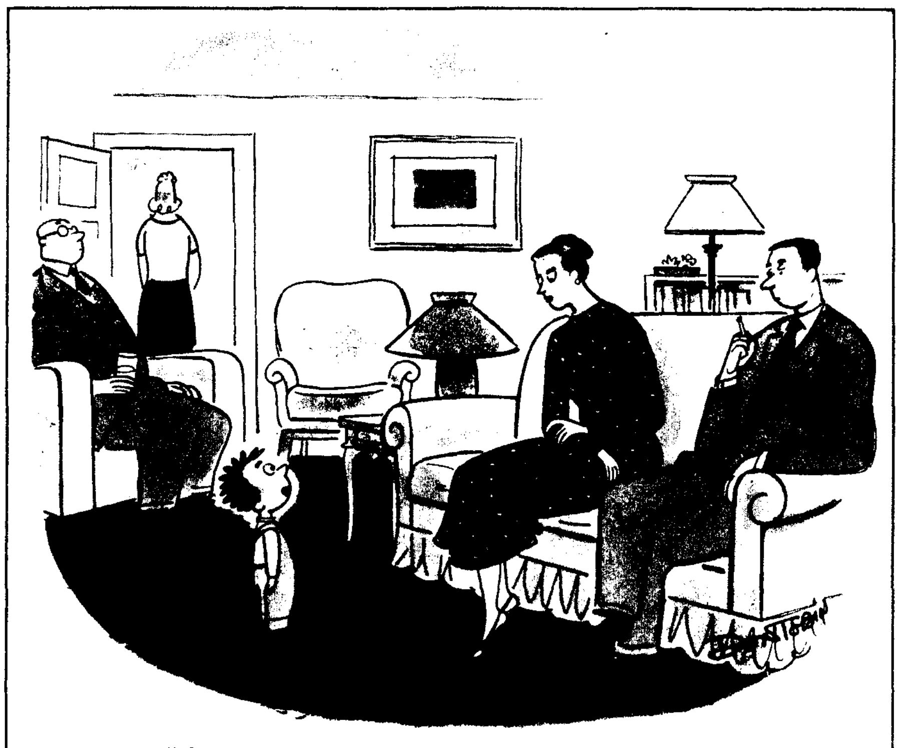
While still *800* statute miles from Tokyo, the task force sighted a patrol boat, which it promptly sank. But there was no assurance the Nip had not already broadcast the alarm. The task force would have to wheel around and scram. The previous night Doolittle had given each raider a last chance to back out, and all had simply grinned at him. Now they climbed eagerly into their planes. The Hornet was stepping up to her top speed; taking solid water over the bow end of the flight deck as she plunged through thunderous seas and a 50-mile gale.

Jim's plane headed the glut on the aft deck, which left him little more than 450 feet in which to coax fifteen and a half tons of crew, machinery, bombs and gasoline into the air off a tossing and rain- and spray-wet platform—a feat never done before. The 70-foot wing spread of the B-25s compelled a run with the left wing almost entirely over the open sea; at that, the right wingtip would miss the Hornet's bridge superstructure only by inches.

A Gamble in Leadership

It wasn't bravado, or any quaint sense of responsibility, that made Jim decide to take-off first. He knew it would be toughest, because successively longer runs would be available, of course, as the mass of B-25s was reduced. But most important, he knew the raiders would be watching him tensely. If he could set a good take-off example, confidence would soar and prospects for a safe getaway for all would be vastly increased. If he couldn't—well, that was the gamble of leadership.

He took it, and won—with yards to spare. Airborne, he circled and flashed back low across the deck, as if to say, "Come on, boys, it's easy!" Then he



"If you just let me stay up late tonight, I'll go to bed early every night for the next twenty-five years"

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DRINK IT DOWN! SEE HOW FAST ALKA-SELTZER WILL EASE THOSE ACHES AND PAINS
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sped away into the murk. One hour and three minutes later the last plane had lumbered off, to bring up the tail of a thin, gallant line that stretched for 200 miles.

Perhaps the most superb achievement of the raiders, and the greatest tribute to Doolittle's thorough coaching and leadership, was the safe take-off of all planes; and their eventual arrival (except for the Vladivostok wanderer) under foulest weather and navigational conditions in the vicinity of their landing-rendezvous in China.

Doolittle had two Californians in his crew, Copilot Lieutenant Richard E. Cole of Victorville and Navigator Lieutenant Henry A. Potter of Sacramento. The bombardier, Sergeant Fred A. Braemer, was from Seattle; and the gunner, Sergeant Paul J. Leonard, was a Denverite. The latter kept all hands amused with his wisecracks over the interphone and his complaints that it was senseless to bring a gunner if he wasn't allowed to shoot folks and things up.

But Jim was content to see his target—a munitions plant built of wood—unfold in a huge blossom of splinters and flame.

> **Just before Jim Doolittle left for his Tokyo mission he received a letter from that grand veteran barnstormer and record-buster, Roscoe Turner, suggesting they form a squadron of early birds like themselves; who, though perhaps not so keen and daring as young 'uns any more, could balance that with superior air wisdom and guile. Jim hastily replied that this scrap so truly belonged to the youngsters it wouldn't be right for bald and battered old buzzards like Roscoe and himself to mess into it.**
>
> **When Doolittle got back to the Pentagon he found a letter from Roscoe Turner, whose suggestion for a squadron of old-timers he had laughed off. It was brief: "Dear Jim. You —— —— ——. Roscoe."**

Not wanting to excite flak and fighters against the raiders in the planes strung out behind his, he passed over the many uscious "targets of opportunity" presented by the surprised Japs. One incident had shown him the danger from Zeros—a danger that wouldn't have existed if the raid had come at night, as planned.

Entering Japan above Zaki (Cape) nubo, Jim had flown inland some 40 niles before turning south for the run-down on Tokyo. He flew barely high nough to miss trees and buildings. Suddenly he spotted nine Jap pursuits overhead, flying in the same direction. Not ure they had seen him, he changed diection. So did they. He banked again —and they did, too.

"Oh-oh!" said Sergeant Leonard.

Hide-and-Seek with Zeros

It became a deadly game of hide-and-eek, with Jim almost brushing the grass s he dodged around the landscape tryng to lose the Zeros before they would egin to dive and shoot. Noticing a big hill, Jim flew past it as if making for the alley beyond, then, as the Japs swung o follow, he swiftly doubled around the wooded base of the hill. This put the B-25 out of their sight and they never picked it up again.

Leaving Tokyo Bay and flying southwestward all that spring afternoon, Jim was deeply troubled by his own gas problem and by knowing that it was as bad, or worse, for the other raiders. There ad been stiff head winds—the termites f plane fuel supply—ever since leaving the carrier. If the head winds kept up, the raiders could never make China.

Then, passing the plotted turning point at Yaku Shima, south of Japan proper, the raid got its first and only break of that memorable day. The wind shifted and began to blow steadily from the tail.

A stormy nightfall killed all possibility of a visual check at Chuchow, their appointed landing spot in an inland valley about 200 miles south of Shanghai. No ground homing aids had been set up; the slightest error in dead reckoning would put them into the clutches of the Jap troops who infested the area on all sides, in some places not more than a dozen miles away. Yet, of 15 ships, only two landed amidst the Japanese.

Bailing Out into Blackness

When his tanks were almost bone-dry Jim shut off the fuel lines, set the plane on the automatic pilot, told his mates to bail out, and leaped after them into the uncertain blackness. Chuting down, he worried about his ankles, weak since they were broken in South America. He rehearsed what he'd do—land on his toes leaning forward. He fell into the wet muck of a rice paddy, but even as he kept reminding himself not to sit down, he *sat* down, plunk into the gooey mess; a clear victory of reflexes over mind!

There was a farmhouse near by, with a light in the window. Jim knocked, cheerily yelling out a carefully learned phrase that was supposed to mean "I am an American." All it meant to him, wet and miserable in the coldness outside, was that the light promptly went out and the doorbolts clacked on. Groping farther, he found a shed and in it a large case that seemed to promise a comfortable refuge until morning. As he tried to get into it he touched something, and lighted a match to investigate. It was a corpse: Jim had blundered into the village mortuary.

Next day he contacted the local Chinese authorities, and soon the crew of his plane was gathered. Leonard had been the stubbornest to bring in; he kept chasing the guerrillas with his automatic, thinking they were Japs. Taking Leonard, Jim went to look for the plane. It was easy for him to estimate where it had come down.

But it was not easy for him, in the light of day, to contemplate its wreckage. Jim is sure this was the lowest moment of his whole life. He didn't know the fates of the other raiders. He was certain, however, that even if some of the men were safe, all the planes were smashed. It surged over him that his Tokyo mission was a gigantic failure, and that he'd get nothing short of Leavenworth for life. So he sat down on the wreckage—and cried.

Sergeant Leonard put a hand on his shoulder. "Don't worry, Colonel—at home they'll think you did a great job. I'll bet you'll be made a general and get the Congressional Medal!" He paused when he saw that Jim's despondency was unabated.

Then Sergeant Leonard gave way to emotion, too: "Hell, Colonel," he blurted, "when you get another ship can I be your gunner—always, until the end of the war?"

Jim, deeply touched, looked up. "If they ever trust me with another plane, you'll be its crew chief as long as you want to, Paul!"

Today, Doolittle says that the hardest thing he had to do during the North African campaign was compose a letter to Paul Leonard's wife, after the sergeant was killed by a direct bomb hit—in a trench beside Jim's plane.

Jimmy Doolittle was never allowed to bomb Berlin as he had Rome and Tokyo! Why was he never permitted to lead his Eighth Air Force against the German capital? In the last installment of this hair-raising series next week, read the heretofore untold story.

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Prices slightly higher in south and far west—subject to change without notice.

HISTORY ON THE AUCTION BLOCK

Continued from page 25

famous. When the late President William Howard Taft's library was auctioned, for instance, among scores of legal works were a dilapidated paper-bound copy of Louisa M. Alcott's An Old-Fashioned Girl, a favorite of Mrs. Taft's, and Edgar Wallace's whodunit, The Avenger, representing the late President's taste in recreational reading.

In 1947 the possessions of the late Jerome Napoleon Charles Bonaparte, great grandnephew of the dynamic little emperor, went to high bidders at Sloan's. The descendant's pride in his ancestry revealed itself in two sets of armor, several busts of Napoleon and one of Julius Caesar, as well as several portraits in oils.

Portrait of Susan B. Anthony

Oil paintings appear frequently at Sloan's. One dramatic story involves a life-size standing portrait of Susan B. Anthony, famed pioneer for woman suffrage. In 1890, when Miss Anthony was seventy and still in the national spotlight, a Washington artist named Jerome K. Uhl persuaded her to sit for the portrait, which he intended to sell to the National American Woman Suffrage Association, founded by Miss Anthony.

When the picture was finished the artist framed it in a gold-lined shadow box ten feet high and five feet wide and announced that the price was $2,500. The suffragists, few of whom were wealthy, gasped and sighed. While they debated about a plan of action Mr. Uhl died; the portrait was placed in storage and forgotten for some 20 years or more. In March, 1925, Mrs. Anna Hendley, president of the Anthony Foundation, received a telephone call from a frantic member who had discovered that in two hours the Anthony portrait was to be auctioned at Sloan's to satisfy a $90 storage charge.

Mrs. Hendley pleaded with Sloan's to postpone the sale of the painting for one week. They agreed, and the foundation struggled to raise the $90. When the fateful day arrived the fund totaled only $80, and Mrs. Hendley went to the auction rooms with the money and a prayer.

Sloan's was filled with well-dressed society women. When Susan's portrait was offered there was a bid of $50. It went to $55. Mrs. Hendley bid $70. A fat woman with a lorgnette raised it to $75. Mrs. Hendley could barely gasp out her "Eighty!" She waited breathlessly. Then the fat woman bid $85.

Susan Anthony would have loved Mrs. Hendley then. The president of the Anthony Foundation interrupted the auction with a fine speech about Susan—one of America's great women. She told about raising the $80, about the history of the portrait, of the inspiration the foundation would get from it. The sympathetic auctioneer began to spiel on Mrs. Hendley's side. In a few minutes the audience had taken up a collection, contributed $10 to go with Mrs. Hendley's $80 to cover storage charges, and she marched triumphantly up Thirteenth Street with a beautiful receipt.

Some of Sloan's greatest auction bargains are in house furnishings. The lovely home of Mrs. Sigourney Thayer, in Georgetown, owes much of the charm of its attractive interior to Sloan's. Many of the furnishings were bought at the auction rooms, and no one piece cost more than $35.

One of the most unusual furnishings sold by Sloan's was a mahogany coffee table which ingeniously unfolded into a full-length bed complete with spring and pad. Such novelties are usually found at the general sales. The offerings in the "catalogue" sales are more distinctive, for they include fine pieces from wealthy estates. Sloan's holds catalogue sales about seven times a year, general sales every Wednesday and Saturday.

In the general sale a diverse crowd follows the auctioneer down Litter Lane to buy whatever comes to hand. The catalogue sale, however, is conducted with dignity. The items to be sold are carefully described in a printed catalogue. The cost of this printing and of advertising justifies the commission of 18 per cent as compared with 12 per cent for the general sale. Each lot or item is numbered and listed in numerical order in the catalogue. Customers are seated in orderly fashion, and the auctioneer works from a small stage in front of a draped curtain. The numbered lots are brought to him one at a time. In the general sale the auctioneer sells an average of *two lots per minute*, but in the catalogue sale the bidding takes longer and goes higher.

One famous catalogue sale of which Sloan's is justly proud was listed as "The Lords Baltimore Sale," at which they sold the portraits, silver and jewelry of the "eldest branch of the Calvert Family, direct descendants of the Lords Baltimore," together with the historic homestead known as "Mount Airy" in Prince Georges County, Maryland.

This magnificent country estate had been granted to the Calverts by King Charles I in 1632.

The Lords Baltimore sale was made in 1903, when C. G. Sloan ran the firm and acted as his own auctioneer. Considered one of the best in the trade he established his firm in Washington in 1891 and proclaimed his policy: "He who brings buyer and seller together in honest trade does good to both." The policy still stands firm under the guidance of Mr. Sloan's son, Mark, who joined the firm in 1908. Mark's father died in 1910 and the son at twenty-two inherited the business.

Mark Sloan is that acknowledged rarity, a born Washingtonian. Now 60 years old, he plays golf and bowls duckpins and is an ardent sports fan. He knows the auction business inside out, and is expert in diagnosing "auction fever."

How the Contagion Spreads

"Everybody gets it," he says. "Folks passing by stroll in just to look on. They see bargains go to bidders, and if they don't buy something themselves they feel they're losing a great opportunity. Sometimes they go away empty-handed but they come back another day and buy. Some of them simply can't wait until we put out the red flag."

As at most auction rooms, the red flag hangs outside Sloan's show window whenever an auction is to be held. Few people know its origin. "It derives from the Arabs," Sloan explains. "In the ancient days when Arab tribes raided other tribes, they carried all their loot to a central point, piled it up and topped it with a plain red flag—as an invitation to buy. The flag proclaimed that all the stuff in the pile was for sale." Once a few years ago when Sloan's conducted an auction in a large Washington residence and hung out the red flag, a small group of passers-by, ignorant of the symbol, spouted off indignantly about the flaunting of the Communist banner in Washington.

Many auctioneers also use a big bell with the flag, to signal that the auction is about to begin. Sloan's uses the bell with the flag for real-estate sales only. He doesn't need a lot of noise to bring in the customers, Sloan says. Aside from the red flag and dignified newspaper announcements of forthcoming sales, Sloan's advertising is by word of mouth only. It reaches people in all parts of the United

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1. **Steel bottom is added.**
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Ask for Ray-O-Vac Leak Proofs

Buy Spares... *they stay fresh*

States, and even in other countries. Army and Navy officers moving out of Washington carry the word to others about to move in: "Before you buy any furniture, go to Sloan's." And once people get within range of the auctioneer's voice they are reluctant to leave.

"Some time ago there was a small fire in our cellar," Sloan says with a grin. "Nothing serious—just an overheated furnace motor. But the smoke was so thick that the people in my office on the second floor couldn't get downstairs. We stopped the sale and announced it wouldn't be resumed that day. Well! The customers stopped coughing long enough to insist that the auction keep going. They just wouldn't leave. We almost had to push some of them out!"

Pushing people around is heartily distasteful to genial Mark Sloan. He dislikes being pushed even more. For nearly half a century a counterclockwise swastika was the registered trade-mark of C. G. Sloan & Company. "The swastika," Sloan explains, "was an old, old symbol of happiness, of light—a good luck sign. The ancient Greeks and Egyptians used it on their armor and weapons, the Chinese and Japanese used it, the Navajo Indians used it, the whole world used it long before Hitler—then he had to disgrace it and I had to give it up."

By 1940, pedestrians were pointing at the swastika trade-mark on Sloan's window, refusing to enter the store. One day a man double-parked an automobile across the street, rushed to Sloan's doorway and shook a fist in the air shouting, "If you don't take that thing off your window you'll get a brick through it!" At that point Mark Sloan reluctantly removed the symbol from the window and from the firm's stationery, but he is currently considering reviving it.

With or without its swastika trademark, the Sloan firm enjoys an enviable place among the country's top-flight auctioneers, all of whom deplore the fly-by-night auction emporiums, the razzle-dazzle shops which operate day and night enticing suckers to pay outlandish prices for cheap goods. Many of these are suspected of using shills—accomplices posing as customers.

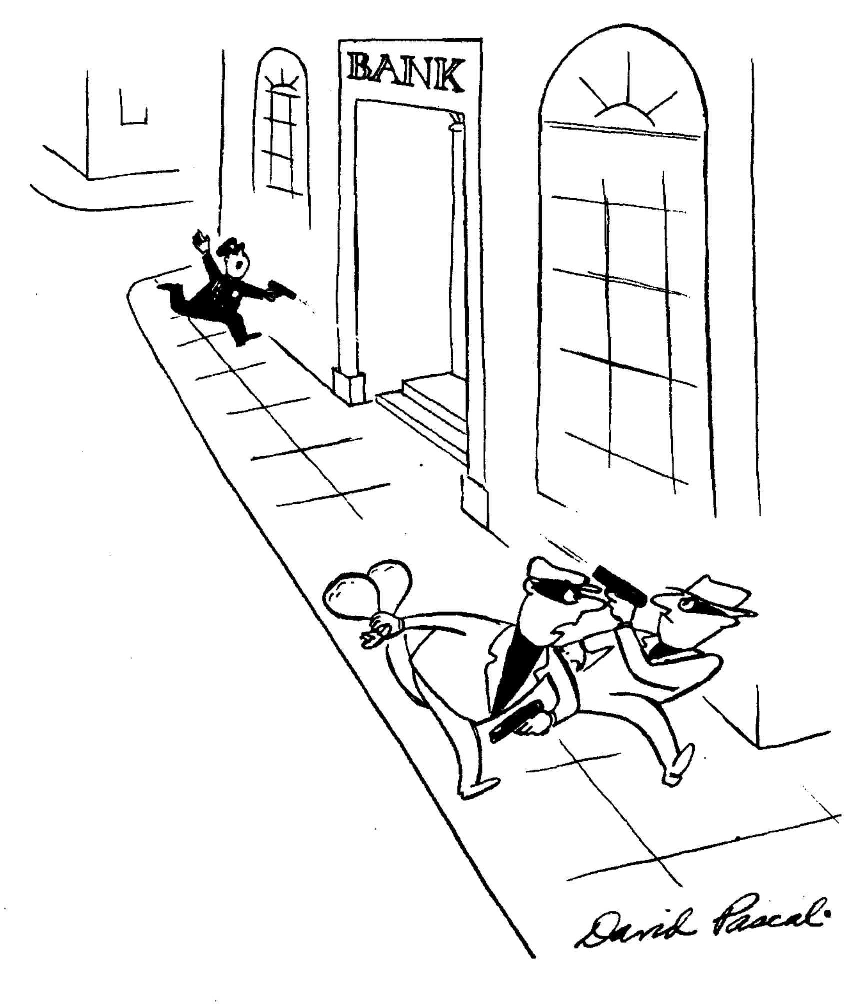
"A reputable auction house doesn't need shills," Sloan says. "We sell merchandise for what it will bring. That's our job and we do it honestly. People at legitimate auctions generally get good bargains," he adds. "That's especially true if they know merchandise."

Advice to Auction Addicts

For those with "auction fever" he has a word of advice. "Don't buy anything you haven't first examined. But if you hesitate to buy an article because it's damaged, don't pass it up until you decide whether or not it might be repaired easily. After all, you'll undoubtedly get it for a fraction of what you would pay if it were new. Go to the auction rooms during the days preceding the sales. Examine the items carefully and make your decisions in advance."

All material at Sloan's auctions, both for general and catalogue sales, is consigned. That is, it is owned by others and sold by Sloan's on a commission basis. It is all displayed at least two days in advance of the sales for the benefit of prospective bidders, seasoned and amateur. According to Mr. Sloan, these seasoned bidders are easy to identify. They are the "uninterested" spectators who seem to be everlastingly bored with the auctioneer and the world. But those masks of indifference hide the really smart buyers, the ardent collectors, the shrewd bidders who know what they want and how much they want to pay for it.

They are part and parcel of the 30,000 to 50,000 auction-feverish people who walk into and out of C. G. Sloan & Company yearly, spending thousands of dollars to prove the truth of a quotation which is painted on a ceiling beam in the center of the auction rooms. It says: THE TRASH OF ONE GENERATION BECOMES THE TREASURES OF ANOTHER. Sloan says he sees it proved every week.



COLLIER'S "I thought a person was considered innocent until proved guilty" DAVID PASCAL

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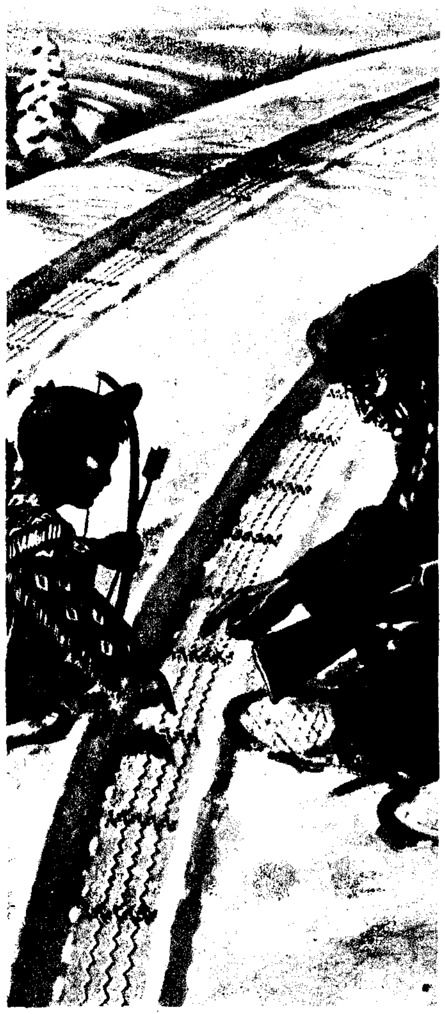

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THE 59th ALL-AMERICA

Continued from page 15

average near .500 and rates among leading ground gainers despite spotty blocking assistance from undistinguished line. Expert quick kicker. Got off surprise punt that rolled 69 yards against Texas. Best play: touchdown-hurdle while scoring, three times against Texas Christian. Significant comment from Lou Little: "When he's blocked on the ground, he flies over. No wonder all the pro teams want him and he's the number one draft pick of the New York Giants."

HALFBACK: Charlie Justice of U. of North Carolina, 24 years old, 5 feet 10 inches, 167 pounds, junior from Asheville, North Carolina. A breakaway runner, especially dangerous on kickoff and punt returns. A deft ball handler, particularly artful at faking ball to another back on the "crossover" after catching punt. Runs with ball behind hip. The only solution for puzzled opponents is to try to tackle Justice *and* his twin safety man. This attempt to get both safety men spreads defense and gives Justice opportunity to get under way in open field. Top punt return: 84 yards for touchdown that whipped Georgia. Splendid passer, especially on optional plays to right that develop into pass or run. A real triple threat.

FULLBACK: Jackie Jensen of California, 21 years old, 5 feet 11 inches, 195 pounds, senior from Oakland, California. Explosive running style makes California's attack go. Hits line with jarring force. Picks up breakaway speed in secondary. Didn't play much defense but can—and well. Hardest man to tackle near scrimmage line in our All-America backfield. Has way of rolling shoulders that shakes off high tackles. Adept at making the difficult running pass—an ability that makes him especially dangerous on wide sweeps to the right. Significant quote from Georgia's Wally Butts: "I wouldn't care to run into that young man near the line of scrimmage. All he gives you to tackle is a lot of knees and elbows."

The film evidence on which Collier's board based its selections was collected from three sources: Warner Pathe newsreels; television movies of more than 100 outstanding games photographed by cameramen under the direction of Bob Hall, adviser on films for the selection board; and official game films submitted by the 39 colleges whose players last week were named on the All-East, All-Middle West, All-Far West, All-Southwest and All-South teams picked by the *American Football Coaches Association.*

Exclusive Film Evidence

The 59th All-America marks the beginning of Collier's long term pact with the American Football Coaches Association—an agreement which gives Collier's exclusive access to film evidence on every player on every play of every game. It is the first time indisputable film evidence has been the basis of selections.

What this means to coaches, players and fans is underscored by this comment from Harvey Harman of Rutgers, president of the Coaches Association:

"The motion-picture camera is the only unbiased, all-seeing spectator at every football game. The motion-picture camera covers all 22 players on every play. Football coaches run and rerun pictures of past games 8 and 10 times to find out which players and what strategy succeeded or failed—and why.

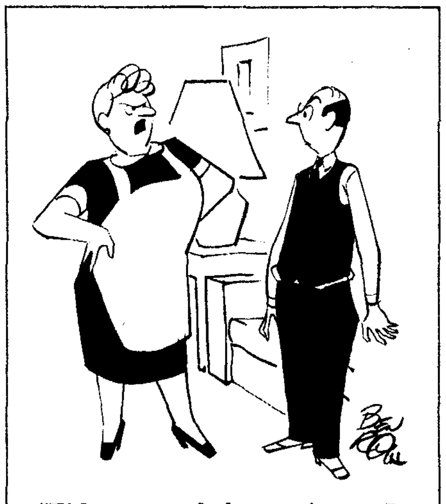
"The motion-picture camera is the only agency which can compare the best players from one section against the best players from other sections. No coach, scout, reporter or fan can see more than 10 games in a season—perhaps 5 per cent of deserving All-America candidates.

"For all these reasons, the American Football Coaches Association endorses and commends Collier's 59th All-America—the authoritative All-America selected by scientific film methods that the coaches themselves use to analyze and train their own players."

It was fortunate that Collier's inaugurated its comprehensive film studies this year, because the 1948 selections were the most difficult in All-America history for two reasons:

First, the growth of the "two team" system—which divided many excellent squads into offensive and defensive units—tended to obscure individual performances. Many strong teams (notably, Michigan and Army) trained men as offensive or defensive specialists.

Secondly, there was an outbreak of spurious "preseason All-America" selections. Publications attempting to imitate Collier's All-America presented All-Star predictions hot off the mimeograph machines of the college press agents. In early September, before the first college kickoff, the following headline names were unanimous selections on various All-Mimeograph elevens: Bill Fischer, Notre Dame guard; Rod Franz, California guard; Chuck Bednarik, Penn center; Barney Poole, Mississippi end; Doak Walker, Southern Methodist back; Norm Van Brocklin, Oregon passer; Charlie Justice, North Carolina back.



"Either you ask for a raise, or I take it out of your allowance!"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

At season's end, after Collier's cameras had pierced the fog of propaganda surrounding the All-Mimeograph elevens, only three ballyhooed stars broke into the All-America line-up: Bednarik, Walker and Justice. Bill Fischer, Notre Dame's guard-captain, was a typical casualty. Throughout the season Fischer's excellent work was highly commended by fans and writers, while Notre Dame's other guard, Marty Wendell, was shrugged off with little comment.

Frank Leahy, the Notre Dame coach, explained: "Basically, there is little or no difference between Wendell and Fischer. They are wonderful boys who give 100 per cent effort. But this year an elbow injury kept Fischer out of one game and reduced his effectiveness in two or three others. Wendell was consistently excellent offensively and defensively."

Collier's camera surveys revealed interesting and significant concentrations of material. The South and Southwest had the best backs. The Middle West had the top linemen, but failed to develop backs comparable to the 1947 headliners. The East reached a postwar high and produced two teams (Penn State and Army) capable of challenging the best in other sections. The Far West—deep in its postwar slump—has a long way to go to regain parity with the Middle West.

While the game films were being canned for shipment to the colleges whose players merited consideration, the coaches got into an argument over what system would best exploit the terrific offensive potential in the 59th All-America.

Leahy, Cravath, Butts, Little and Harman held out for the T-formation; while Bell, Tuss McLaughry and Bernie Bierman voted for the single wing.

A Strong Case for the "T"

"Think of the possibilities," Leahy remarked to Butts. "Four ponies who can pass or run. You couldn't build a defense to shackle any two or three of them, because the fourth could break up the game—running or passing—from any position."

"And the variations," Lou Little said. "Can't you see that Scott breaking around end on a direct pass from center the first time anybody tightened up the line to stop Jensen?"

"*But in the single and double wing,*" Bell pointed out, "you could break those fast backs and ends into the secondary quicker and hit them with passes. Can you imagine a pass defense that could contain Walker, Scott, Tamburo and Brodnax? With Justice or Jensen throwing and maybe running instead, once the traffic thinned out?"

"You could go back to the flying wedge and still win with this outfit," Cravath declared.

"It's a team that could go 60 minutes if it had to," Harman added.

"But it's better when a team doesn't have to go 60 minutes," Little said. "The growth of the two-team system this fall may have displeased some of the fans, but it's been a good thing for football and for the players."

McLaughry nodded. "The players like it, and anything the players like, I'm for."

"It's a problem," Little admitted. "With every team using more substitutes, and many teams alternating offensive and defensive line-ups, the spectator has a hard time identifying the players. But the spectators are seeing better, faster football. I believe this season produced the finest football the fans have ever seen."

"I like what Tuss McLaughry said," Butts declared. "The players want liberal substitutions and that's good enough for me. The fun in football is getting into the game on Saturday. This year almost every team used players who wouldn't have had a chance of getting into a game before the war, when substitution rules were strict. Now you can take a chance on a boy for two or three plays but you wouldn't dare use that same boy if you had to keep him in there for a whole quarter on offense and defense."

Little shrugged into his coat. "We've picked a real ball club," he said. "Now let's go home."

Television receivers can bring Collier's 1948 All-America right into your own home on Friday night, December 10th, on Bob Hall's show, Philco Touchdown. The telecast will go out over the following stations: WNBT, New York; WNBW, Washington; KSD-TV, St. Louis; WBKD, Chicago; WWJ-TV, Detroit; WSB-TV, Atlanta; WNAC-TV, Boston; WPTZ, Philadelphia; WSPD-TV, Toledo; WBAL-TV, Baltimore; WTVR, Richmond, Va.; WEWS, Cleveland; WBEN-TV, Buffalo; WTMJ-TV, Milwaukee, Wis.; KTSL, Los Angeles; WLWT, Cincinnati; WRGB, Albany-Schenectady; WATV, Newark; KDYL, Salt Lake City; KSTP, Minneapolis; and WBAP-TV, Fort Worth.

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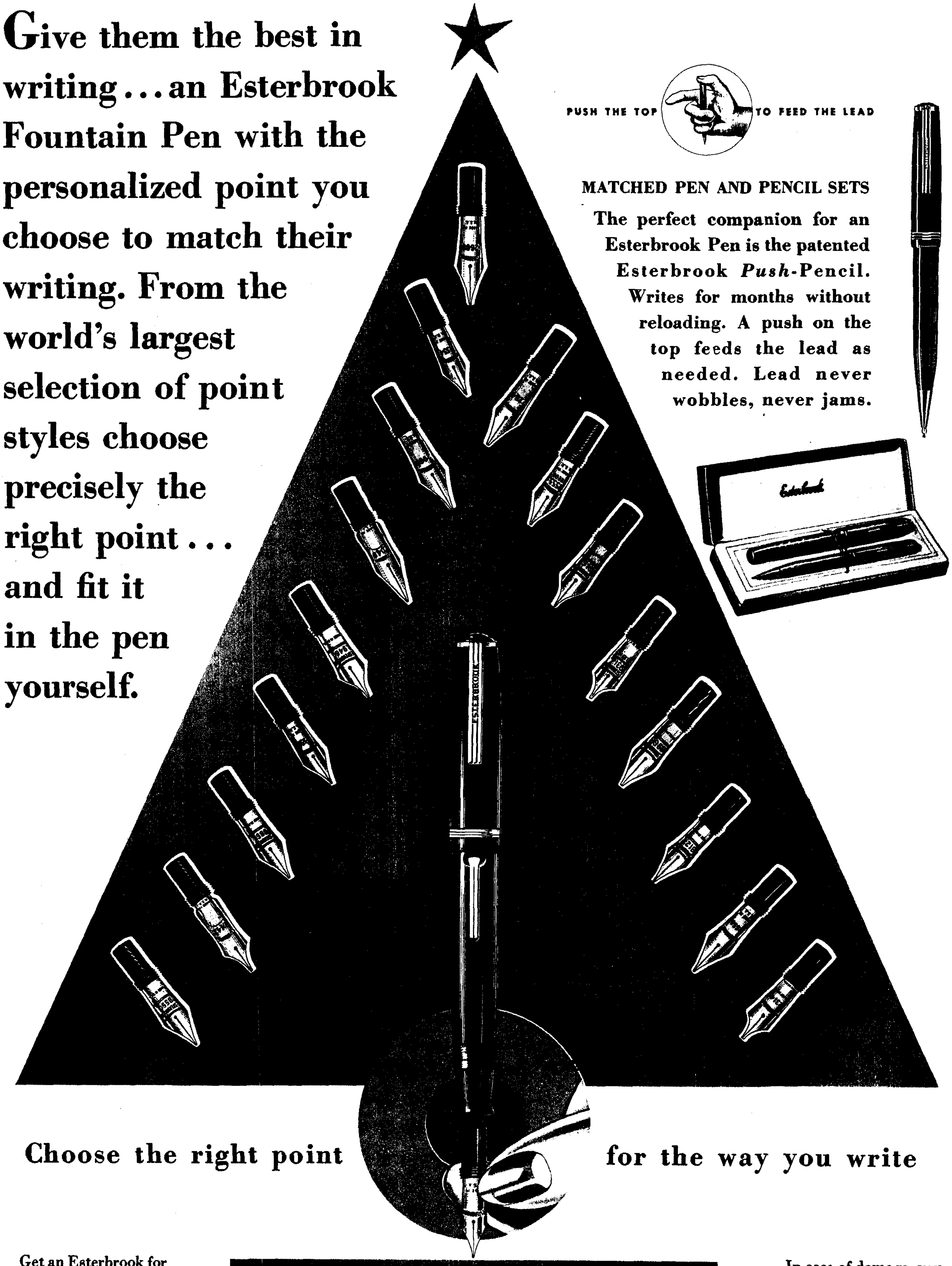

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THE WEEK'S PREVIEW

Continued from page 46

But it is the wholesome talents of Teresa Wright with which we're tangling. As the stepped-on orphan she progresses in a calm and capable way from Cinderella to raving beauty, firmly grappling with your emotions as she goes, wringing big tears from you.

Now to Teresa's life: Born in New York on October 27, 1920, her mother died when Teresa was seven. She went to Columbia High, in Maplewood, New Jersey, and on the day she received an autographed picture from Helen Hayes, she decided to become an actress.

Broadway Was a Soft Touch

After wrestling props and playing little girls at the Wharf Theatre in Provincetown (where Bette Davis had learned how to act) for two years, little Teresa decided Broadway was ready for her. Did long hungry months of discouragement follow? They did not! Miss Wright had barely tacked Helen Hayes over the mantel of her New York digs, when a call came from Jed Harris, and she found herself understudying the lead in Our Town. Later she played the part on the road.

Another summer of stock, then Teresa gunned her way into the role of Mary, in Life With Father, which opened back when Father was still a boy. Sam Goldwyn caught her in the part and she wound up in Hollywood being sweet and young in that vial of vitriol, The Little Foxes.

Teresa arrived in Hollywood and almost turned the joint upside down by reporting for work immediately. "She always seemed to be panting a little," William Wyler, who directed The Foxes, recalls.

Such devotion to duty pays off. In a year Teresa was playing Mrs. Lou Gehrig opposite Gary Cooper's Lou in Pride of the Yankees. While she was doing it, she met Niven Busch, then Mr. Goldwyn's story editor. Niven saw her in the daily rushes and fell in love with her. One day he called up her agent and wangled an introduction. Six months later they were engaged, then in May, 1942, married.

Today the Busches live without a swimming pool in a simple ranch house overlooking the San Fernando Valley. They have three dogs, six cats and several horses, which keep breaking loose and galloping off in the general direction of Gene Autry's studio.

"They want to star," observes Teresa, as the family piles in the car and gives chase.

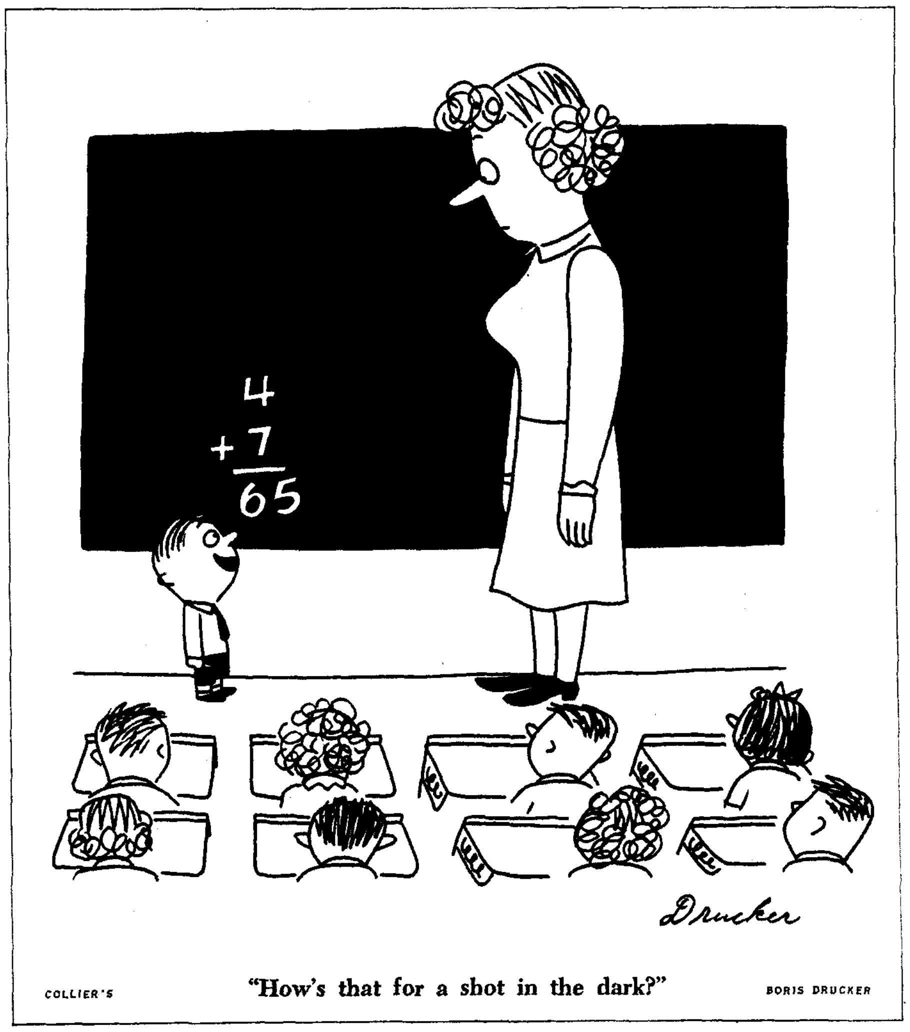
The Busches also have four children. Busch has two by a former marriage. He and Teresa have two—a boy and a girl. It is a happy little madhouse from which Busch escapes to an office when he has a novel spawning.

Most Busch novels are written with Mama in mind for the screen play. Teresa was booked to play the Jennifer Jones part in Duel in the Sun, but had to bow out because she was expecting at the time. She always gives Niven advice when he's writing, and he isn't averse to kibitzing her about a new part.

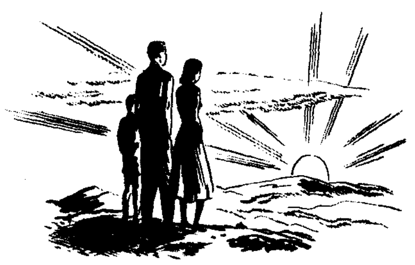
On the personable side, Teresa is five feet two and a half, about 105, has brown hair and green eyes. She likes to garden, and hates to play card or parlor games. She's shy of snakes and phony parts. She likes to eat, doesn't smoke and likes to get her eight hours per night. She'd just as soon go on playing good girls as long as they're good enough. She's absent-minded and often wears a new dress with the price tags waving.

Her great extravagance is buying a dozen hats at a time—and not wearing any of them.

As for Mr. Goldwyn, we are reliably informed he is enchanted with Enchantment. When he first viewed it after its assembling, he is said to have cried out between tears of pride and emotion, "It's a beautiful picture. I love it so much I don't want to make any money from it. I just want everybody in the world to see it."



COLLIER'S "How's that for a shot in the dark?" BORIS DRUCKER



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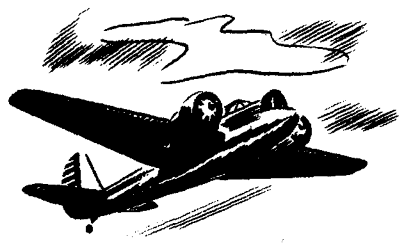

YESTERDAY: The Martin B-10 bomber, faster by 100 m.p.h. than the best bombardment aircraft of its day and speedier than most pursuit ships, won the 1932 Collier Trophy for Glenn L. Martin. Ten years later, these tough old-timers, serving with the Netherlands East Indies Air Force, sank several Jap ships and shot down many modern Jap fighters.

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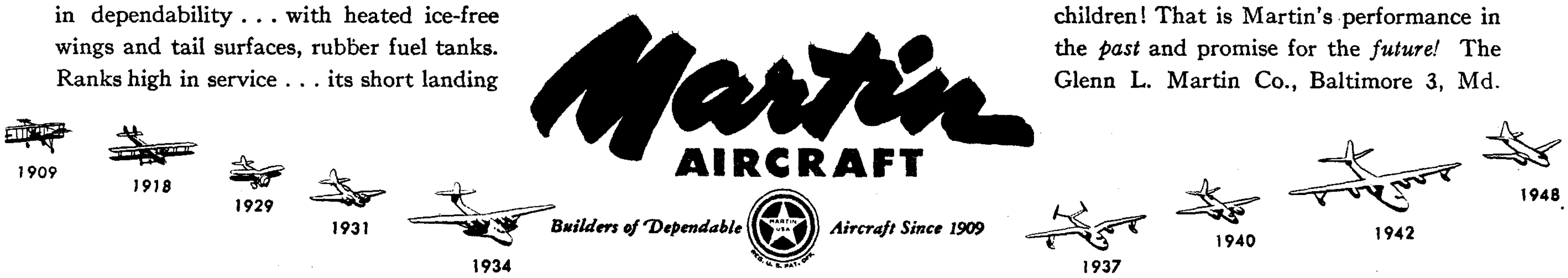

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THE SHEIK IT WAS WHO DIED

Continued from page 23

The Inspector glanced at the tapestried wall of the harem and noted that the hangings moved. His voice was clear as he went on, "It was, of course, known to me that your brother had taken a second wife, one named Furja, and was soon to be blessed with child. The hope of an heir must have made him very happy."

"He was a man of years, twelve more than I, but the hope made him young."

"And the Lady Mariya shared his joy?" Chafik asked delicately.

"What man knows what a woman thinks? But she nurses Furja. To bring her *shineena* while she rested was surely an act of kindness—"

Inspector Chafik said softly, "Do you say 'surely' because you wish to convince yourself?"

Jabir's slender hands tightened on the camel-stick and bent it. His mouth was a thin line. Then, yielding with distaste, he said, "If there is doubt in me it is caused by rumor. It is known she sorrowed because the years were barren. And when he took a young wife and a child was conceived—"

"Rumor suggests jealousy was also conceived?"

Jabir stood up, his eyes clouded by anger. "They say the bowl was prepared for Furja. They say it was only chance my brother came hot from the hunt, entered the harem, took the bowl and drank. Otherwise—" The camel-stick snapped between his convulsive hands and he threw the fragments to the ground. "By God and by God, this thought is indeed evil!" he said bitterly. "May wisdom guide you to prove it a lie, for, in truth, I am blinded by my brother's body and can think only of vengeance." . . .

Inspector Chafik stood in the doorway of the harem. With an exquisite bow he expressed respect for the two wives of Ibn-al-Karibi, and sorrow for their loss of a husband. He said, "The name is Chafik J. Chafik. I am of the police. Am I permitted to enter?"

A woman reclined on a divan near the partition of the *makaad*. She was young and pretty. Her arms were heavy with bangles, her hands with rings, and her body with child.

Chafik said, "A thousand pardons! If the moment is inopportune, I will withdraw."

A deep voice replied from the shadows, "Furja is strong enough to answer your questions. Enter."

He bowed again. The second woman, who had risen from a stool, was aged by desert standards, but traces of great beauty lingered in her face, which had the clean lines of an etching.

"You are the Lady Mariya, Al Khatoon," he said, giving the title of honor accorded the elder wife of a great sheik.

"What would you hear from us?"

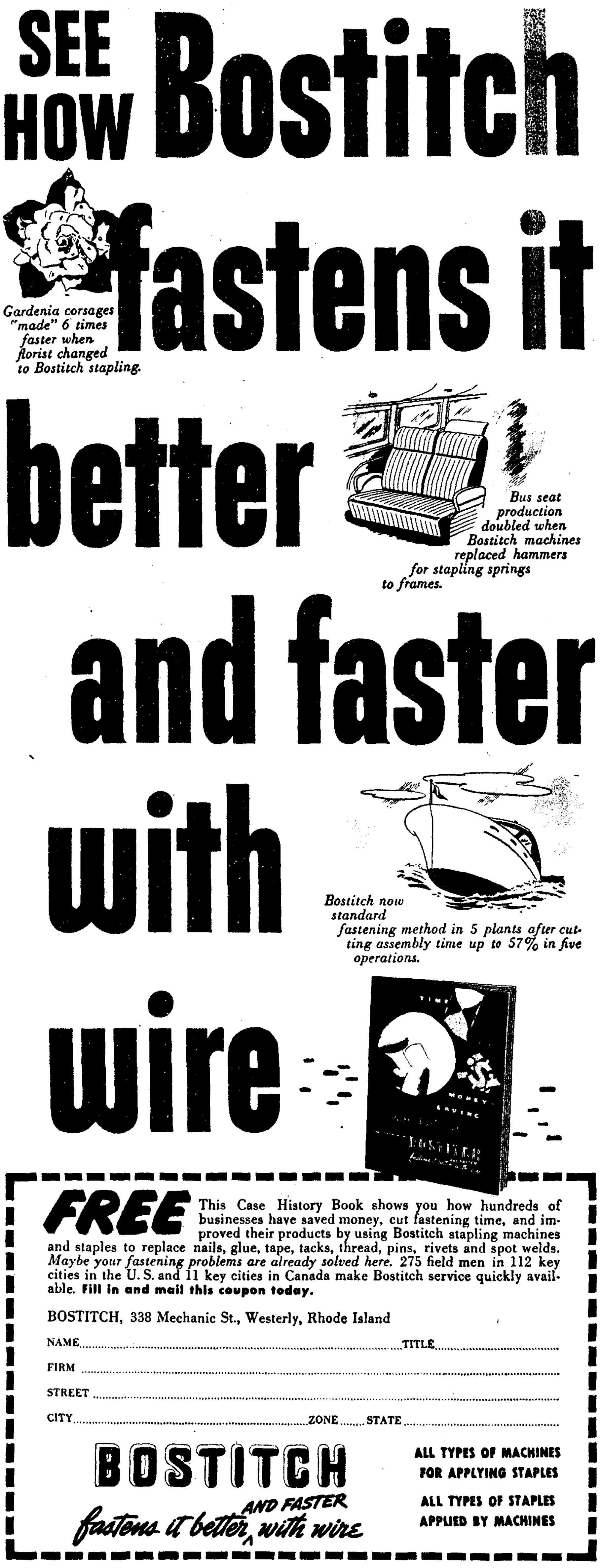
"The story of what happened here. I regret the necessity of asking you to relive events which brought you such sorrow, but—"

"I am not weak," Mariya said, glancing at the other woman. "We shared

Science Lurches On

THE SCIENTIST	THE DISCOVERY
Internist, London Medical School	A woman sitting perfectly still for one hour throws off enough calories to brew a pot of coffee.
Physiologist, Yale University	Only one cockroach out of four wiggles its antennae when exposed to the odor of oil of cloves.
Acoustician, Pennsylvania State College	A mosquito drops dead in 10 seconds when it hears a sound pitched at 30,000 cycles.
Surgeon, Johns Hopkins	A cat becomes ultraplacid when part of its forebrain is removed, and superferocious when all the forebrain is removed.
Physicist, Bloomfield, New Jersey	A rotten egg glows purple when exposed to ultraviolet light.
Agriculturist, University of Wyoming	Eggs will hatch at 7,000 feet above sea level if the incubator is flooded with oxygen.
Hematologist, Cornell University	The dog and the pig are the only mammals besides man that suffer from hemophilia.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN



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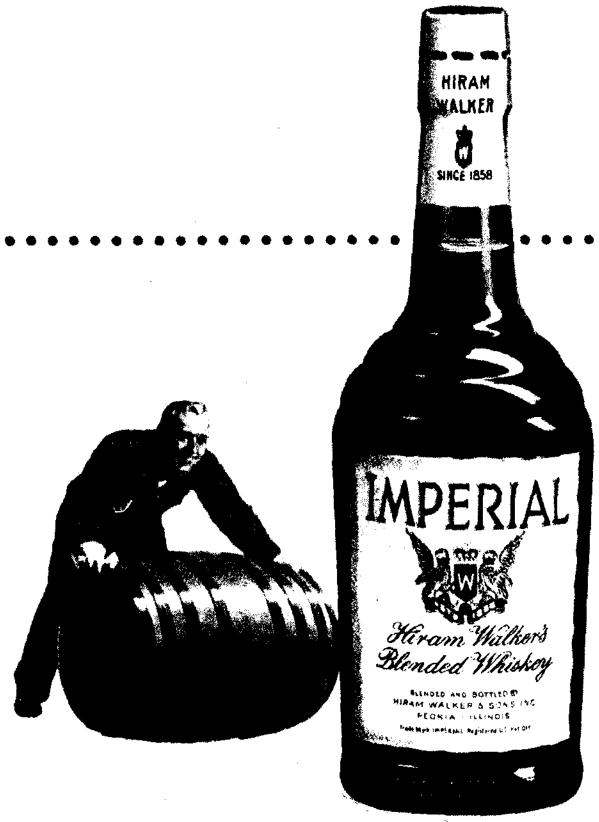
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thirty years, my man and I. They were not always fat years."

"To appreciate a soft bed, sleep first on a hard one," said Inspector Chafik.

"A soft bed breeds envy—"

"And also enemies, Lady Mariya. Do you think Ibn-Nu'uman of the Raki did this thing?"

She shook her head. "Nu'uman has courage. Poison is a coward's weapon. You follow a false trail if you share Sheik Jabir's suspicions."

He looked at her shrewdly. "I wish to know how it came about the sheik drank *shineena* prepared for your sister-wife."

Mariya answered without hesitation. "Our husband came to give us greeting and news of the hunt, as was his custom. When he saw the bowl by Furja's side, he said, 'The desert is in my throat,' and Furja offered him the milk—"

"I said, 'Drink, husband,' and so killed him," moaned the woman on the divan.

Chafik interrupted sternly, "Enough! When he drank, did he say anything?"

"He said, 'This is bitter,' and put the bowl down. I mixed honey with it and he drank again, very deeply. Then he said it was still bitter and called for water. Afterward—"

INSPECTOR CHAFIK turned to the elder wife. "Tell me where and how you prepared the *shineena.*"

"I made it in the cook tent behind the harem. I took a jug and put in it *libin,* well soured and thickly curded. I beat into it fresh milk until the whole had the consistency of cream."

"Was some left in the jug?"

"Perhaps half a bowl—"

"What did you do with it?"

"I gave it to Ibla, my tiring woman, who was with me. She is also with child. No harm came to her."

Inspector Chafik looked at the shadow humped across the doorway, made by his assistant who stood discreetly outside. "Go question this woman, Abdullah," he called.

"But I could have told Ibla what to say," she said.

"Abdullah is hard to deceive." He shrugged and continued the questioning. "Did you bring the bowl straight here from the other tent?"

"Yes, and Ibla walked with me."

"Show me where you put it."

Mariya pointed to a low, ivory-inlaid table placed in the narrow gap between Furja's divan and the wall of the men's quarters. "She was sleeping, so I put it there at her side."

"You left the bowl. Where did you go then?"

"I sat in the doorway for nearly an hour, waiting for my man."

"Who saw you?"

Mariya considered the question. "Several passed me. Jabir stopped to speak. He had lost a ring which he valued as a talisman and had turned back from the hunt to look for it."

"Did he find it?"

"I do not know. He went into the *makaad* saying he might have dropped it there."

"Was that all that happened?"

"Except for Furja's bad dream. She thought she saw a snake."

Inspector Chafik turned to the sheik's other wife. "Tell me of your dream."

Furja made a pretty little gesture of protest. "It was not a dream. I saw a snake, or a lizard with a very long tail. It was near the table, the bowl. But when I made a movement it vanished into the hangings of the wall."

Chafik pulled aside the table and examined the partition between the men's quarters and the harem. There were several slits in the woven fabric, made with a sharp knife at the level of a person kneeling. He opened one by spreading two fingers and had a clear view into the *makaad.* When he finally stood up he noticed the two women were embarrassed.

"The harem has eyes," he said gently. "And possibly ears, too. How soon after you brought the bowl, Lady Mariya, was this snake or lizard seen?"

He noted she gave his question careful thought. "It could not have been very long. First Jabir came and spoke to me. Furja had her dream a few minutes later. When I told her not be foolish, she went to sleep without drinking her milk."

"Let her be thankful she did not drink." Chafik's voice was harsh. He went on. "I must review everything as it happened. Will you make me *shineena* as you made it for your sister-wife?"

Mariya said, "I will do it."

When she had gone, he moved slowly around the tent, touching things but saying nothing. He was unusually pale, his lips tight. Furja lay back against the cushions and watched him.

Finally Chafik said, "Lady, why are you afraid?"

"Afraid?"

"There is trouble between you and the Lady Mariya."

Furja shivered as if with cold and huddled under the folds of her heavy robe. "Mariya used to love me," she said.

"When did the change begin?" Chafik asked.

"I don't remember—"

"Before the news there was to be a child?"

"Perhaps about then." The words came in a whisper.

"She has been cruel?"

"No. Never cruel. But she is always watching me. She makes me afraid—I am so afraid."

"Of what?"

"That she may have—" Furja checked herself, but after a moment added abstrusely, "It was so untrue."

"What was untrue?"

"Nothing—nothing!" She hid her face in the cushions and began to cry.

Chafik said with compassion, "Rest, and forget your fears. The child may be a son, the sheik's heir."

He salaamed and left the harem.

MARIYA came from the cook tent carrying an earthenware bowl in which was a white, creamy liquid flecked with minute particles of butter. She gave the bowl to Inspector Chafik and said, "It is not poisoned."

He raised it and drank. "The flavor is delicious. It would be sacrilege to spoil it with strychnine—"

"How was it put in the *shineena?*"

"When I know that I shall know who killed the sheik." Chafik peered into the bowl like a crystal-gazer. "Could anybody have entered the harem while you talked with Jabir?" he asked.

Mariya answered, "Impossible."

"My profession teaches that to the wicked nothing is impossible. How long did you talk to the sheik's brother?"

"Long enough to become irritated. Perhaps three minutes." She noticed the Inspector was puzzled, and divining his next question, said, "Jabir annoys me because his hands are unstill. He twirls a stick incessantly, usually a camel-stick."

Chafik smiled. "I have noted his habit."

"Addiction is a better word. If he is without a stick he picks up anything that comes to hand, such as the reed with which he annoyed me while we talked. But you wish to know if anybody could have passed us. I say again it was impossible—"

"Tell me, Lady, what is between you and your sister-wife. You do all for her physical welfare, but your affection is withdrawn."

"You are very observant," the woman said. "You have eyes like a chameleon, watching all ways." She turned toward the harem and then came slowly back. "My affection for Furja was withdrawn when suspicion came to gnaw within me like an evil worm."

"Suspicion of what?"

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"Shortly after my man took her to wife, she looked on another—"

"Who was this man?"

"Mitkhal, our nephew. He is young as she is young." Mariya clasped her hands, wrung them, and added, "May I be forgiven for what I say. There should be loyalty between women. In my heart I believe Furja only looked foolishly, as a young girl looks. And I acted quickly to have Mitkhal sent elsewhere. Then came the blessed news of the child—"

"You were pleased?" Chafik asked.

She said fiercely, "I would love my man's child as my own. Yes, I was happy, even as an expectant mother, until the day I sat alone in the harem and heard talk in the *makaad*. My husband had gone to Baghdad and the men were free with their talk."

"What did you overhear?"

"They discussed the possibility of an heir being born, and then Jabir said, 'May the son resemble my brother,' and laughed. Laughed!"

THE guest tent was spacious, rich with rugs and hangings of Damascus silk. But the brass bedstead was incongruous; the coverlet a sour note of purple. A lantern slung from a pole threw light on the little man in jade pajamas who squatted tailor-fashion in the middle of the bed, smoking while he stared at an earthenware bowl and a glass jar with a screw top.

He said to the gaunt police sergeant who towered against the lowered flap of the door, "Abdullah, what do you see here?"

"Sir, I see a bowl containing *shineena* and a jar two-thirds filled with transparent crystals, resembling granulated sugar—"

"A bitter sugar," said Inspector Chafik. "I found this jar in the medicine chest of the sheik, in the men's quarters. The crystals are strychnine. There was no lock to the chest. I was informed by Sheik Jabir that anyone needing poison to kill a jackal, or other carrion creature, helps himself."

"As did the murderess—"

The Inspector raised neat, plucked eyebrows. "Which murderess?"

"Sir, I confess this case is overgenerous with feminine suspects, but I have formed an opinion, based only on facts. Have I permission to speak?"

"I welcome your voice, Abdullah."

"Sir, it is a fact the sheik's younger wife carries the child never granted the other wife. A fact the *shineena* was prepared by the Lady Mariya. A fact, by evidence of Ibla the tiring woman, the bowl was not poisoned when it was taken into the harem. Therefore—"

Chafik said, "Wait. Let us poison this bowl and establish another fact."

He unscrewed the jar and poured some granules of strychnine into a folded paper, then carefully shook it into the milk. The crystals had a perceptible glitter as they floated on the surface, mingled with the minute clots of cream. The Inspector glanced at his watch and lighted a cigarette.

"Continue," he said.

"Sir, I see this as a crime of passion, not a political assassination. I am also of the opinion the bowl was poisoned within the harem."

"I share both opinions."

"The Lady Mariya is a clever woman. It is inconceivable she would have added poison after bringing the milk to her sister-wife without preparing an alibi. If Furja had died, the guilt would have been on Mariya, and her husband would surely have killed her as is the harsh law of the desert."

"Abdullah, I listen with both ears. Who then killed Ibn-al-Karibi?"

The long face of the sergeant became even longer. "Who else," he said sadly, "but the woman who was afraid to let her husband see the child soon to be born? And by killing him in such a way that it seemed an accident, did she not implicate the woman who had knowledge of her unfaithfulness? The murderess is—"

Chafik said, "I do not see it." He was looking into the bowl.

"Sir?"

"I refer to the poison I scattered on the *shineena*. These crystals are almost insoluble, but they have disappeared. Their weight has carried them below the surface in a very few minutes. The poison now lurks in ambush, coated with this creamy substance. If I lifted this bowl and drank, as the sheik drank, the crystals would slide like oysters down my throat. It is a cup equaled only by Borgia. But, Abdullah, you have woven the facts into a terrifying design. I do congratulate you. But one thread is left unused—"

"Sir?"

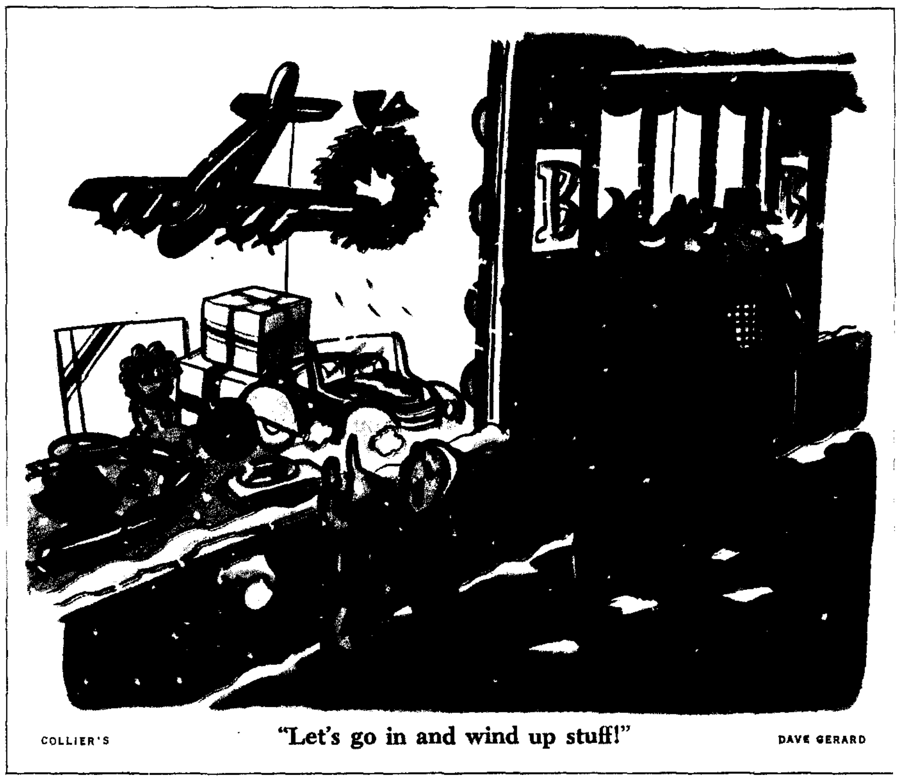
"You forgot the snake, Abdullah."

"The snake?"

"The snake that hissed. Tomorrow we will look for it." . . .

The sky was the hard blue of a Damascus blade. The patches of desert grass had lost their freshness and were beginning to shade to the dull brown of the sun-conquered land.

Within the harem it was cool, but the



COLLIER'S "Let's go in and wind up stuff!" DAVE GERARD

"I did explain what a mud pack was, but she's still shaking!"

COLLIER'S PERRY BARLOW

air had a stale smell. The woman on the divan whimpered; the other rose and placed a cloth dipped in orange water on her sister-wife's forehead.

Inspector Chafik, freshly shaved and mildly perfumed, was apologetic. He had arrived accompanied by Sheik Jabir and the inevitable Abdullah. "I wish to reconstruct what happened here," he explained. He went to the harem door and came back with a bowl. "This is not your delicious *shineena,* Lady. It was made by Ibla, your tiring woman. But favor me by placing it where you put the other bowl."

She took it silently and placed it on the table by the side of Furja. The young woman shuddered and shrank against the cushions.

Inspector Chafik clasped his hands and bowed over them. "But I have set a stage. I ask you to play your parts. Let the Lady Furja try to sleep as she did before. I ask the Lady Mariya to sit in the doorway, and Sheik Jabir will talk with her."

Jabir said, frowning, "You mock God with this play."

"I mock Satan," Chafik corrected in a hard voice. He viewed the scene and nodded. "Excellent. The curtain is about to rise. The impresario leaves the stage to the actors." His right hand quivered in a salaam, and abruptly he left the tent.

SILENCE reigned in the harem. The pair in the doorway made no effort to exchange words, but Jabir as usual fondled his stick nervously. The woman on the divan, weighted with child and drugged by the stale air, began to drowse; but now and then her eyes opened, drawn to the low table and the earthenware bowl.

Silence. A fly buzzed briefly and was gone. Again silence.

And then a hiss; faint but sharp like the tag end of air released from a toy balloon. The younger wife of Ibn-al-Karibi sat upright, hands to her face, screams mounting. "I saw it! The snake —the snake—"

Mariya rose quickly, ran to her and enfolded her in protecting arms. "Hush!" she said. "You saw nothing, my *zaroot.* A shadow perhaps. The shadow of an old dream—"

"I heard it hiss. I saw it, very thin, swaying over the bowl. It vanished as before through the partition of the *makaad*—"

Jabir came, tall, dignified, pointed beard quivering and knuckles whitened with clenching the camel-stick. He said with anger, "Let there be an end to this thing. The police are without decency. They shall go."

A voice from the doorway said, "The police are ready to depart. The play is ended."

Inspector Chafik entered, stepping as daintily as a cat and equally watchful. He carried a dry reed, all of three feet long.

He put the reed by the side of the *shineena* bowl and said to Furja, "There is the snake. The deadly poisoned snake."

WHEN he took the bowl between both hands, his actions were nicely timed. When he turned he bowed, and said very softly, "A sheik drank. Let another sheik drink." He offered the bowl to Jabir.

The man stepped back. "Has madness touched you?" he shouted.

"Drink!" Chafik took a following step and offered the bowl again. "Are you frightened because a snake hissed? Do you think the reed *I* inserted through the slit in the harem wall was loaded with strychnine? Do you think *I* blew poison into this bowl?"

"You accuse me—"

"I accuse." Authority gave the Inspector stature. "For thirty years you saw no impediment to ultimate succession to your brother's power. Mariya could give him no child. But then he took another wife. And she carries what may be a son, Al-Karibi's heir."

Furja whispered from the divan, "Because of that he wished to kill me."

"Yes, Lady. And by planting unjust suspicion of the child's fathering, he made your sister-wife act coldly toward you, to give evidence of jealousy and so establish a motive. If you had drunk the *shineena* and died, there would have been overwhelming evidence against Mariya."

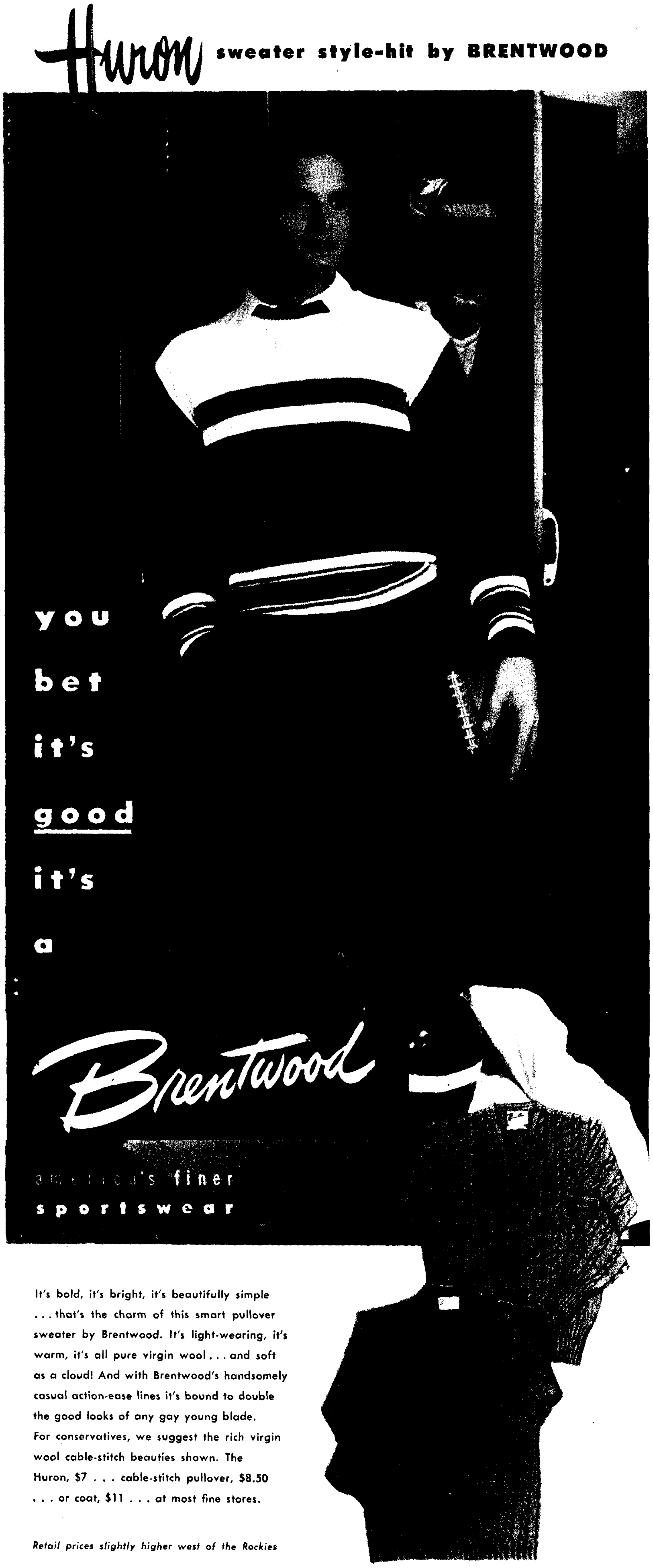
"My husband would then have killed me. He was a just man," Mariya said. She drew the head of the younger woman to her bosom and rocked her gently.

The Inspector nodded. "Then we of the police would have come and taken him away, since the Mosaic law is not favored in Baghdad. So by arithmetical progression, Jabir planned to remove all three. Or should I say four? The young wife and the possible heir. The elder wife who wields authority in the tribe; and the brother who ruled too long. But an inscrutable and compassionate God intervened in this diabolical plan. It was the sheik who died."

Turning suddenly to the man who had edged to the doorway, Chafik's next words slashed like a sword. "I arrest you for the murder of Ibn-al-Karibi. The mark of Cain is upon you."

Jabir dropped the camel-stick and threw back his robe, exposing the holster of a gun. As he felt for it a shadow closed behind him, and Sergeant Abdullah embraced him in a strangler's grip.

Inspector Chafik said in a pitiless voice, "Abdullah, I beg you. Do not cheat the hangman of his fee—"



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EDITORIAL

Humanity looks to the White House

THE HOPES AND FEARS of all the world are centered upon you, Mr. President. What you do as spokesman of the American people will influence mightily what men around the world can accomplish and even hope for themselves. You know, Mr. President, better than anybody else the burden and the responsibility of the office to which you have been elected. You won your victory almost singlehanded. Your character, your courage, your unwavering determination appealed to tens of millions of your fellow Americans.

Your own career is a true summary of the American story. Anything can happen to an ambitious, energetic, gifted, honorable child born in the United States. To you it happened. You were not born with a silver spoon in your mouth, as the saying goes, although doubtless some relative or godfather did provide with a silver spoon in due course. But nobody surely in your Middle Western town foresaw your destiny.

All of your fellow citizens wish you well. You were chosen by men and women who listened to what you and your rivals had to say. Debate was unlimited. Choice was utterly unhampered. Nobody controlled our votes. Nobody guessed accurately how a majority of us would decide. Nobody ever had a gift of election more freely bestowed. You are beholden to nobody except a majority of the American electorate.

The time in which you must lead and serve is complicated and difficult and almost beyond endurance. The wisdom and the will of any man are small enough in the face of the difficulties, the problems and the threats which lie before you.

A strong United States is and will be for the years ahead the only rock of refuge on which freemen anywhere can rely. It will be natural for you, Mr. President, to center your vision on keeping the American people secure, prosperous and united.

Your fellow citizens know you to be a man of good will and of courage and of generous impulses. The need and the opportunity for such qualities are very great. We can use profitably good will between groups, factions and parties. We can use courage in dealing with our own domestic problems.

May we hope, Mr. President, that your new term which begins next month will inaugurate a fresh era of good feeling as between Americans. Whatever you may accomplish toward increasing the sum of friendly human understanding will surely be gratefully received and remembered.

Political power and economic power have been shifted during the years you have been in Washington. Labor organization and collective bargaining have been legally and permanently recognized as parts of the American way of life. The right of farmers to share equitably in the prosperity made attainable by the American economic system is now embedded in our laws and in our customs.

We think, Mr. President, that these changes will be and ought to be permanent. As a result of the very wide organization of labor and of governmental price policies, workers and farmers now enjoy a prosperity unapproached elsewhere or at any other time.

To keep this prosperity and the production upon which they rest steady and assured will require all of the statesmanship, all of the resources of skill and character that can be found. We hope you will have great success in assuring the advantages and the benefits already attained.

We hope under your direction our American economy will remain strong, fertile and prosperous not for ourselves alone. We realize that every people in Europe, Asia and everywhere who are threatened by want or the ambitions of an expanding Russian imperialism will call upon you for aid.

We hope that the United States continues to be the friend and ally of freemen everywhere. That is the policy you have hitherto pursued. It has been generously implemented in the Marshall Plan. We hope you are able to advance in the same direction toward recovery of the free peoples of western Europe and peace throughout the world.

Your success in aiding freedom-loving people to regain and safeguard their own independence and prosperity depends upon a strong, resourceful and united American people. By your own action you earned the privilege of exercising this tremendous responsibility. Grave as is the responsibility, the opportunity is superb.

We wish you well, Mr. President, during your years of struggle ahead. . . . W. L. C.

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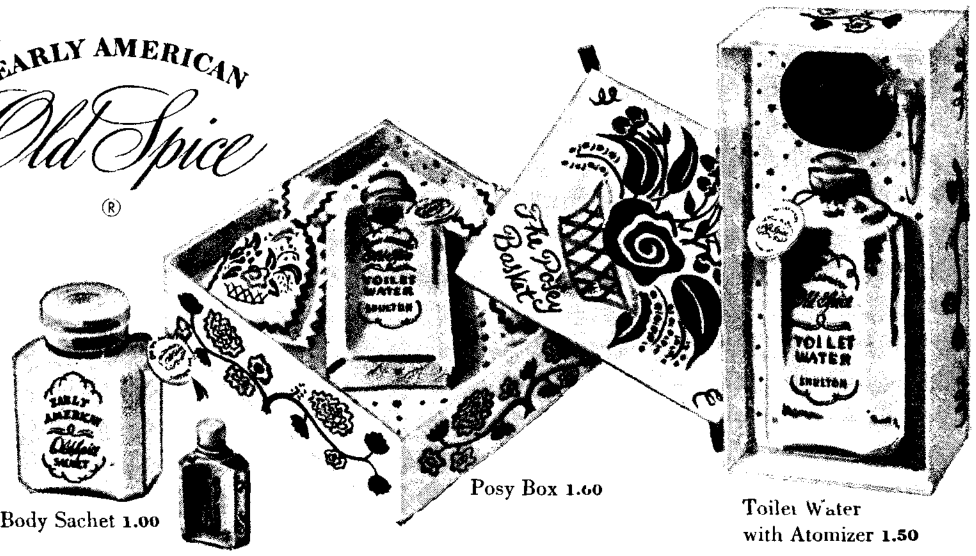
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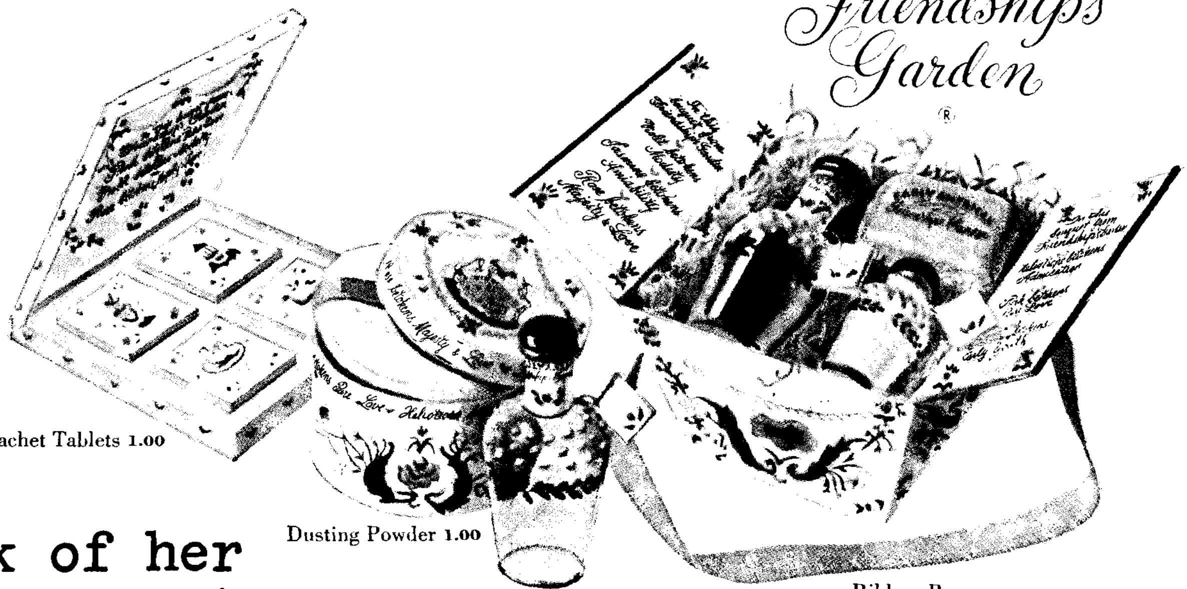

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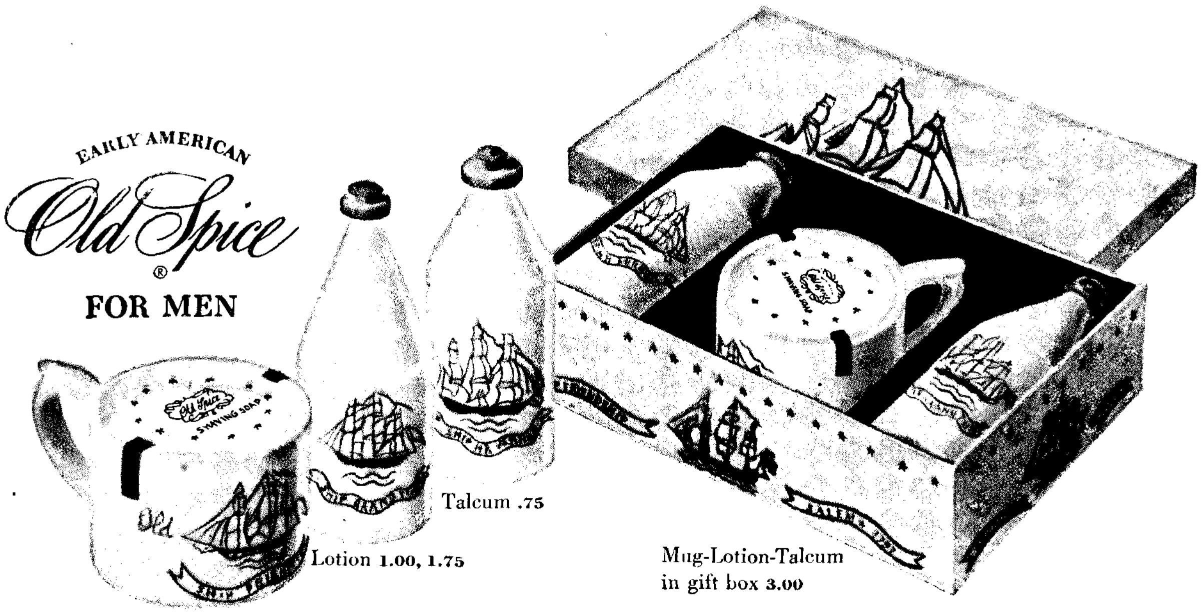
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